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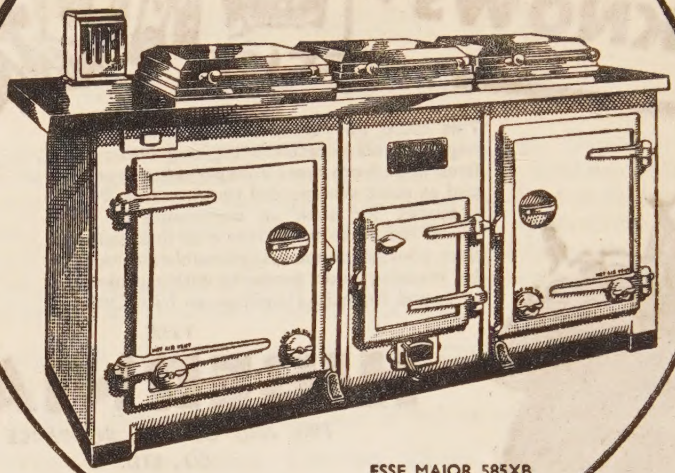

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STUDIES

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THE WORLD CRISIS AND THE CATHOLIC SOLUTION*

BY REV. P. J. GANNON, S.J.
Professor of Theology, Milltown Park, Dublin

IN the September issue of STUDIES Professor Tierney concluded his interesting and thoughtful article "Nationalism and Revolution" with these words: "The future is dark with the threat of interminable conflicts brought on by a series of false doctrines." Since then the conflicts have begun, and those who sought transient comfort by refusing to face the threat have now to face the reality—and the reality is stern indeed. However, we may draw some comfort from the fact that the ideological character of the struggle has become clearer; the dynamic of ideas, for good or evil, has been made manifest.

First of all, the superficial attitude of nineteenth century Liberalism is discredited. That attitude was based on the conception that abstract theories could be divorced from conduct; that the philosophy which men held mattered little in practical affairs; that thus a universal tolerance, even a welcome, should be extended to speculation of every kind—no matter what was the logic inherent in it. The robust good sense of mankind, it was thought, would separate the wheat from the chaff, assimilating all that was good and rejecting all that was evil. Freedom of thought was accounted the necessary condition of progress, and any attempt to define and delimit this freedom was dubbed dogmatic intolerance—the chief, if not the only, sin against the *Zeitgeist* or Spirit of the Age.

Nor can it be denied that, to outward seeming, this large-mindedness, which was prepared to accord equal right of city to contraries or contradictories, worked satisfactorily enough

* *Le Retour offensif du Paganisme.* Par Gustav Combès. (Lethielleux. 1938. 30 fr.).
Divided Christendom. By M. J. Congar, O.P. (Geoffrey Bles. 1939. 12/6).
Encyclical Letter of His Holiness Pius XII. (Vatican Polyglot Press).

for a time. The nations in general prospered. The sciences made rapid progress and armed man with powers so amazing that there was some excuse if, forgetting his lowliness, he came to worship himself under one formality or another. The arts also enjoyed a vogue which, if it failed to foster genius, brought about a vast extension of their influence and appeal.

We see all this exemplified in what is known as the Victorian Age, which was—all things considered—a great cultural era. Men felt themselves living in a time of progress, of great discoveries, of stable institutions and the reign of law. Tennyson voiced this sentiment when he described himself as "heir of all the ages" and preferred fifty years of Europe to a cycle of Cathay. Macaulay gave it still more optimistic expression in his eloquent prose. Thanks to the "glorious revolution" of 1688 and the triumph of Whig principles, liberty was widening down from precedent to precedent. Even on the Continent the French Revolution, though marred by certain excesses (due to the Gallic temperament), had broken feudalism and emancipated man's soul from its age-long Bastille. There remained, of course, some battles still to be fought and some tasks to be done; but they would be achieved by "wise concessions made in time." And Macaulay vouches for the fact that he knew of no revolution in history which might not have been prevented by such concessions. Carlyle, it is true, took a gloomier view and, curiously anticipating Nazi philosophy, believed in the necessity of an autocratic ruler like Cromwell or Frederick the Great. But then this attitude was attributed to dyspepsia; it was quite out of harmony with the optimistic temper of the age.

Yet even before the century ended, misgivings arose and found voices. The search-light of criticism was turned on the seamy side of things. The discreet veil of Victorian reticence was lifted and a whole host of family skeletons, which had been carefully concealed or quietly ignored, was revealed. The smug bourgeois satisfaction of previous generations was succeeded by a pitiless analysis of social conditions,

which ultimately in the Edwardian age became as exaggerated and one-sided as the earlier complacency. A deep-seated discontent within the various states betrayed internal cracks and stresses, which accompanied, if they did not cause, increasing tension between the peoples. And this grew, through the ambition of rulers or the incompetence of diplomatists, until the train of powder was fired at Serajevo in June 1914. Then followed the Great War, which was to have made the world safe for democracy; but instead it has given us the dictatorships of Communism, Fascism and Nazism. It is true that the post-war exhaustion gave us some years of comparative peace, and it is equally true that the prophets again and again warned us that a repetition of the folly of 1914–1918 would end our civilization. The next great war would be Armageddon—the end of all things. But the next great war is upon us, and it has already destroyed the old and honoured nation which for six hundred years had held the marches of Europe against Tartar, Muscovite, Cossack, Turk.

The first thing to be noted about the present world crisis is that it is above all a moral and religious crisis. The refusal to acknowledge the moral and religious factor in history has largely led us to the edge of the abyss. In recent centuries half-thinking had given us a succession of "isms," passionately held and vehemently propagated, each of which professed to hold the key to the solution—the "open sesame" to a millennium. They have only augmented the confusion. Many of them were just pitiful in their foolish and extravagant pretensions, while the best of them offered only partial or utterly inadequate solutions. They isolated one or other feature and made it the totality or at least the dominating factor of the problem. They neglected what logicians call the *causa adequata*, and as a consequence, their well-intentioned endeavours only made matters worse. Further, as a rule, they started with unfounded presuppositions: for example, that the spread of education would of itself make men wiser and more virtuous; that material prosperity and a more equitable distribution of wealth would produce general contentment; that free trade and friendly intercourse amongst

nations would generate sympathy and harmony and peace. We see now that these ideals, though good in themselves, leave out of account Original Sin and the Fall of Man. Belief in their adequacy rests upon the romantic and sentimental naturalism of Rousseau and his followers, one of the most potent of the false doctrines referred to by Professor Tierney.

Again, all enthusiastic supporters of the "isms" simply take for granted that there *is* a solution, an infallible panacea, for all our difficulties—some magic formula to eliminate the numerous ills to which flesh is heir. St. Paul's warning that "we have not here a lasting city but seek one that is to come," fills them with a sense of irritation; it seems treason to the city of their dreams. The irony of all this is that, by exaggerating the possibilities of life on earth, they actually lessen them. They thus exemplify and confirm the Gospel paradox: "Seek first the kingdom of God and His Glory, and all these things shall be added unto you." By seeking first and last and always the kingdom of this world, they lose both. Even, then, instead of realising their mistake and retracing their steps, they lose their temper and blaspheme against the Gospel for not bringing worldly salvation to those who have persistently ignored or contemptuously rejected its teaching. G. K. Chesterton has well said that Christianity has not failed, because it has never been tried. It has never been made the basis of international law and international relations. Men prefer the arbitrament of war to the arbitrament of Christian principles. "Diplomacy has never been baptized" it has been said, and the same might be said of international finance, which is playing no small part in the present world crisis.

Our civilization is then in danger, in the very gravest danger, because it has forgotten the rock from which it was hewn. A spiritual achievement, like all civilizations worthy of the name, it rested above all else upon the spiritual dynamic inherent in the Christian religion. It owed much to Greece and Rome in matters of the spirit—in art, literature, philosophy, law—but none of these, nor all of them put to-

gether, nearly equalled the effect upon European man of the teaching and the example of Christ. All that is best and noblest in the ideals of our whole culture is deeply rooted in the Gospel.

Further, it was the Catholic Church which was the vehicle of communication of this Gospel to Europe and the world. This again is history, and neither the solemn sneer of Gibbon nor the mordant wit of Voltaire nor the meaner malice of Goebbels can disprove the fact. Mr. Belloc is right, exactly and eloquently right, in the concluding words of his *Europe and the Faith*: "In such a crux there remains the historical truth: that this our European structure, built upon the noble foundations of classical antiquity, was formed through, exists by, is consonant to, and will stand only in the mould of the Catholic Church. Europe will return to the Faith or she will perish. The Faith is Europe. And Europe is the Faith." These proud words may sound hollow and meaningless to the modern world, which has long regarded the Faith and the Church as antiquated and hostile to progress. "Hostile to progress" is an old accusation, a *vieux cliché*, which needs no refutation. That the principles which the Church has taught and defended through the centuries are not antiquated —well, Europe will know and realize it before the present war comes to an end. And when the war does come to an end, let us hope that these principles will have some say in the terms of peace, so that we may not have a repetition of the Treaty of Versailles. If they had been respected and put in practice by rulers and subjects, the war would never have started. If they are not respected and put in practice at the end in the making of the peace, we shall have but a repetition of the Treaty of Versailles—if not something worse. "Europe will return to the Faith or she will perish."

The three works placed at the head of this article are concerned first with the aberrations from the Faith and then with the return to the Faith. M. Combès, who presents us with what might be called "a tragedy of errors," has traced the course of philosophic aberration in European culture since the sixteenth century. While rightly recognizing that

Nominalism was a germ of disease in the Scholasticism of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, he knows that Occam, Biel and D'Ailly had little influence outside the schools. The danger began with the pagan humanism which arose after and in consequence of the fall of Constantinople in 1453, when the flight of Eastern scholars to the West gradually led to that revival of letters known as the Renaissance. The movement was very far from being wholly pagan at any time, and, in the beginning, owed most to quite orthodox churchmen. But it soon, through an exaggerated admiration of ancient art and literature, developed a pagan side to its character. From an imitation of ancient art and literature the admirers soon passed to an imitation of less admirable things in the ancient world: scepticism, infidelity and immorality—sometimes among ecclesiastics—reached a point not surpassed in the eighteenth century. The time was ripe for a revolution, and the most disastrous revolution in European history followed, though it is more euphemistically called the Reformation.

The Reformers might seem, at first sight, the very antithesis of the pagan humanists, and in point of fact they were for the most part unsympathetic to the whole Renaissance. Erasmus accused them of having largely arrested or discredited it. Further, so far from seeking to undermine the virtue of faith, they exaggerated its role, insisting on its unique importance and quasi-mechanical efficacy. But, ironically, what they ultimately effected was to pervert the definition of it, to falsify its operation, and so render it unacceptable to thinking men. Their bitter polemic against Rome, to which was soon added an equally bitter polemic against one another, spread a feeling of contempt for theology throughout Europe. Educated laymen in particular deserted it for philosophy. And here too the propaganda of Protestantism against Scholasticism had done its destructive work. The genius of St. Thomas Aquinas went unrecognised, while his writings were either neglected or put aside as dated and outworn. Even a loyal Catholic like Descartes thinks he has to start *ab ovo*; and he takes a radical scepticism as the true method-

ological approach to the pursuit of wisdom. Doubting of everything that he cannot prove, he finds his first firm foothold in the enthymeme *Cogito, ergo sum*—not seeing that it is an enthymeme only in form ; for *cogito* is entirely equivalent to *ego sum cogitans*—the premise asserts formally not only the conclusion but something more. What Descartes thinks he proves is really already presupposed. This illustrates the danger to which men of good-will expose themselves when they refuse to learn from the past. Even in natural knowledge tradition must be respected, not thrown out of doors. It may be corrected and augmented ; it cannot be just despised.

Through the breach made in the ramparts of orthodoxy and Catholic tradition every kind of false philosophy entered—not in Protestant countries alone, but in all the lands of European culture. Indeed in Catholic lands scepticism and infidelity became peculiarly radical and rabidly antireligious. Encyclopædism in France gathered up all the elements of perversion and welded them into an incomparable weapon of antichristian warfare. M. Combès, with great erudition and patience, differentiates the various thinkers and their teaching. The value of his book lies in his cautious and very objective treatment of so many different theories and in the demonstration that, though they start from different standpoints and arrive at different conclusions, they one and all tend to the progressive subversion of the christian faith—substituting for it either an aggressive materialism or a cloudy pantheism or a misty idealism. Rationalism, which began with exaggerated claims for the autonomy of reason, ended by undermining man's trust in reason ; it fell upon its own sword. To-day a vague relativity permeates the thought of the world, so that " the truth of to-day is the lie of to-morrow," as Mommsen has put it. Irrationalism has come to occupy the field vacated by reason.

But M. Combès is aware that so long as this metaphysical Babel was confined to pundits and *literati* its effect upon the masses was negligible. But with the rise of political organizations which aimed at remoulding our institutions from the

base upwards, the virus gradually penetrated to the masses. The most important of these organizations was Freemasonry, whose programme and methods of action are described by M. Combès. Its slogan was Liberty, Equality, Fraternity and the Rights of Man; its aim the laicisation or secularisation of life; its great instrument the *école laïque et unique*. It worked everywhere for the separation of Church and State; for unfettered freedom of speculation and expression—in art, literature, science, politics; for divorce and the freedom of morals which that implies. Voltairean in temperament and Rousseauesque in thought, it could and did come to terms with the Protestant tradition. Catholicism on the other hand, with which comprise was neither desirable nor possible, was the supreme enemy, and against Catholicism it has never ceased to wage war.

Though bourgeois and capitalist in origin, Freemasonry is in essence so iconoclastic and radical that it can accommodate itself to almost any "ism"—Socialism, Communism, Anarchism—provided it is allowed to retain its power. Hence it has normally ended in revolution and chaos, out of which reaction necessarily produces a dictatorship of the Left or the Right. It is thus the parent of Totalitarianism—which, by a just nemesis, now turns on the parent and tries to devour it. At bay, but not conquered—for it controls vast wealth—its latest tactic is to identify civilisation with democracy and to rally whatever forces it can influence to the defence of both.

But democracy is really rooted in the Christian philosophy and not in the Social Contract of Rousseau, and it fails and must fail when it lacks the moral discipline of Christianity. There was thus in the democratic liberalism of the nineteenth century a fatal flaw, which was masked for a time by the success it achieved through the Anglo-Saxon sense of moderation and gift for compromise. Yet even in the Anglo-Saxon world the decay of democratic institutions was inevitable and has already set in; the survival of liberty calls for a better metaphysic than it has hitherto rested on. To repeat once again Mr. Belloc's solemn warning: "Europe will

return to the Faith or she will perish." Four centuries ago Europe took a wrong turning, and since then it has been going farther and farther astray. M. Combès has given us in his *Retour offensif du Paganisme* the best and clearest account of the voyage that has so far appeared. Whoever wishes to understand the real origins of the present world crisis, will find the answer in this able book.

And the remedy ? Obviously it lies in the undoing of the harm done by the schism and heresy of the sixteenth century ; that is, in the restoration of Christian unity—a dream which has haunted the consciousness of good Europeans since Europe was first divided. The story of their efforts to realise this dream has been told again and again—for instance in Dr. Jackson Slosser's *Christian Unity : Its History and Challenge* (1929). The story makes sad reading in many ways : so much good will, such fine idealism, and still so little by way of results. Yet the movement subsists, and no one interested in religious problems (which are now seen to involve so many others) can be indifferent to it. Père Congar, in his *Divided Christendom*, has taken up the question again from the Catholic standpoint, as Father Pribilla, S.J., had done some years earlier (1929).

Both these authors approach the subject with sympathy and understanding. They avoid controversy—at least in the provocative sense of the word ; they realise that the long separation has produced radically different outlooks. The non-Catholic bodies have changed the whole concept of the Church and replaced it by definitions which make argument difficult. These separated brethren conceive reunion as the recombination of divided elements into a new body—a new synthesis—elastic, comprehensive, ideal, theoretical rather than practical. The result would resemble what geologists call puddlestone, in which stones, sand and gravel of various sorts are petrified and unified without losing their distinctive character. Hence a reunited Christendom would preserve unchanged the properties—or what they call the values—of all its component parts. It is accepted as a starting point that all existing bodies are in schism ; that all have erred by exaggerating one or other aspect of the Christian revelation ;

that each, therefore, has a contribution to make to the sum total of the Christian heritage. It is an act of pride and presumption for any one existing church to claim exclusive possession of the complete deposit of faith. The constitution of the Church such as Christ really founded it was much more flexible than the rigid framework of the Middle Ages; its unity was not so much a matter of authority, custom, ritual or even dogma as of spiritual outlook and affinity. It is true that the episcopacy was the form of government from the earliest ages of the Church, and it is not lightly to be set aside. But it is not of divine origin; it is not of the *esse*, but of the *bene esse;* it might be modified or replaced. It is also true that the primacy of Rome is very ancient and venerable; it was gladly accorded to that great church from the first centuries. But to insist that it flows from Matthew xvi, 18, or from any other text, or that it is absolutely essential for unity, seems to all non-Catholic bodies an erroneous view. A primacy of honour might possibly be conceded, in the new synthesis, to a Rome purified of abuses and ready to accept her titles humbly from the Church Universal. But she has no divine authority for the claim that she is the one and only true Church founded by Christ.

Thus argue non-Catholics in general. They do not believe in defined dogmas, unless those defined by the early Oecumenical Councils, nor in rigid discipline and ritual. Scope must be left for the exercise of that liberty with which Christ has made us free. In the traditional formulas a latitude of interpretation is not only permissible but even desirable. Only thus can dogma adapt itself to the inevitable differences of outlook in so many different peoples and in succeeding ages. Likewise, ritual and discipline, though needed in some degree and form, may be left to the judgment and initiative of the local churches. It is for them to evolve the ritual and discipline most appropriate to the genius of the different peoples and to the standard of culture attained by each. So long as all are inspired by the same Holy Spirit, the fountain-head of wisdom and the seat of unity, there will be as much conformity as is desirable. After all, diver-

sity, too, has its charms, and a leaden uniformity is fatal to the spirit of worship and of faith alike.

Catholics in general find it hard to enter into the minds of men penetrated with such ideas ; and they may very easily be unjust to the sincerity or seriousness of a movement inspired by them. Yet this would be a grave mistake, and Père Congar is very careful to avoid it. He sees these notions against their background of history. He realises the entire good faith, earnestness and genuine devotion to Christ inspiring so many of the participants. He warns us against narrowness of view or lack of charity. He has, however, no difficulty in pointing out the impossibility of reunion based upon principles so vague, fluid and amorphous. With arguments that are peremptory, though couched in the most courteous terms, he justifies the abstention of Rome from the Lambeth, Stockholm and Lausanne Conferences. But he acknowledges, as all must, the immense effect which these Conferences have had in softening the asperities of theological debate, in bringing about a respect for other creeds, in establishing friendly contacts between the different leaders and thereby creating what is known as the eirenical spirit.

These are great gains. But Père Congar has to note also the dangers inherent in efforts to square the circle. The eastern Orthodox bishops who participated had to shed a good deal of their orthodoxy or depart. The Anglican Episcopalians had to make concessions to their Nonconformist and Evangelical brethren which only rendered still more remote the prospect of any corporate reunion with Rome—though all admit that without Rome it would be an abuse of language to speak of a united Christendom. Rome, however, can never be a party to any compromise which would destroy the very principles of unity, and these remain what they have always been.

There is then little hope of any dramatic, large scale corporate reunion—at least in the West. But is there no hope of modified or working union, some form of co-operation—a united front against the common enemy of Christendom ? Père Congar, in a concluding chapter, does outline a practical

programme. Too long to reproduce, it may be summarised thus: all who believe in Christ should try to grow in His spirit and, by prayer and charity, endeavour to work for mutual understanding, peace and true toleration. The various sects or branches remain cut off from the central trunk more by inherited prejudices and misunderstandings than by purely theological or intellectual differences. The elimination of these differences should be the aim of men of good will in all camps. Much has already been accomplished; more can be done; and Catholics no less than others have to bear this in mind. The very fact that we Catholics can yield so little on theoretical questions makes it doubly incumbent upon us to reach out hands of fellowship to the many truly devout men and women still detained by stress of wind and wave from the haven they seek.

Instead of looking at the points of difference, let is look rather at the points of agreement, which can be the basis of common action in face of the danger now threatening our civilisation. The present situation calls for a fighting alliance of all groups that profess allegiance to the one true God, the moral law, the claims of human personality—to any valid religion based on Christ the Son and God the Father. We have seen that four centuries of scepticism and agnosticism have given us political and social systems which, inhuman in the exercise of their powers, are fundamentally atheistic in their philosophy of life. They deify the State and degrade man to the position of automaton, from whom a service of blind obedience is demanded: his not to reason why; his but to do and die. If he cannot be prevented from thinking for himself, he certainly can be and is prevented from saying what he thinks. "Two great centres in the world today, Berlin and Moscow, are now the temples of militant heresies, one teaching that there is nothing higher in the world than the power and wealth of the German Volk, the other that there is no morality but only the question of the right tactics to ensure the world-wide triumph, through despotic socialism, of the atheist and Communist State" (*Tablet*, Nov. 4). These two centres refuse to recognise any law higher than what they judge to

be the national interest; for them the good of the State or the Volk is the supreme standard of good and wrong—a criterion obviously destructive of all true morality. And this is precisely what our Holy Father has pointed out in his first Encyclical—which, as eirenical as it is oecumenical, could well serve as a rallying cry not less necessary than the "Deus vult" which inaugurated the Crusades. I cannot, therefore, do better than end this article with some citations from this important document :—

> Before all else, it is certain that the radical and ultimate cause of the evils which We deplore in modern society is the denial and rejection of a universal norm of morality as well for individual and social life as for international relations; We mean the disregard, so common nowadays, and the forgetfulness of the natural law itself, which has its foundation in God, almighty Creator and Father of all, supreme and absolute Lawgiver, all-wise and just Judge of human actions. When God is denied, every basis of morality is undermined . . . .
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> The denial of the fundamentals of morality had its origin, in Europe, in the abandonment of that Christian teaching of which the Chair of Peter is the depository and exponent. That teaching had once given spiritual cohesion to a Europe which, educated, ennobled and civilized by the Cross, had reached such a degree of civil progress as to become the teacher of other peoples, of other continents. But, cut off from the infallible teaching authority of the Church, not a few separated brethren have gone so far as to overthrow the central dogma of Christianity, the divinity of the Saviour, and have hastened thereby the progress of spiritual decay . . . .
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> Once the authority of God and the sway of His law are denied in this way, the civil authority as an inevitable result tends to attribute to itself that absolute autonomy which belongs exclusively to the Supreme Maker. It puts itself in the place of the Almighty and elevates the State or group into the last end of life, the supreme criterion of the moral and juridical order, and therefore forbids every appeal to the principles of natural reason and of the Christian conscience . . . .
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> To consider the State as something ultimate to which everything else should be subordinated and directed cannot fail to harm the true and lasting prosperity of nations. This can happen either when unrestricted dominion comes to be conferred on the State as having a mandate from the nation, people, or even a social class, or when the State arrogates such dominion to itself as absolute master . . . .
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> But, on the other hand, to tear the law of nations from its anchor in divine law, to base it on the autonomous will of States is to dethrone that very law and deprive it of its noblest and strongest qualities.

LITERATURE AND ANOTHER WAR

BY PROFESSOR J. J. HOGAN, M.A., B.LITT.

SEEKING among the wars that have found great expression in English literature for a parallel to that now in course, we must go back more than a century. Something in the nature of the last war, perhaps the fact that it was only the unclear beginning of this, made it uncertain of utterance. The little wars of the nineteenth century produced only their petty celebrations. But the English struggle for existence from 1791 to 1815 is our mark ; and the closeness of the parallel may lend some interest to a sketch of the literature that arose from and played a part in that struggle.

I

The French Revolution and Burke's great music against it. Burke's voice called up the English resistance, and, until the wars were over, all other voices were echoes of his. If you would read deeply into the spirit of that time, and perhaps of this, you should take down the *Letters on a Regicide Peace.* For a moment, simply to show how history is repeating itself, and not because I want to draw any further conclusions from it, look at this passage :—

> The geographical position of Poland was a great obstacle to any movements of France in opposition to this, at that time, unparalleled league [Russia, Prussia, Austria]. To my certain knowledge, if Great Britain had been willing to concur in preventing the execution of a project so dangerous in the example, even exhausted as France then was by the preceding war, . . . she would have at every risk taken an active part in this business. But languor with regard to so remote an interest, and the principles and passions which were then strongly at work at home, were the causes why Great Britain would not give France any encouragement in such a enterprise. At that time, however, and with regard to that object, in my opinion, Great Britain and France had a common interest.

He is writing of the 1773 Partition of Poland. His main theme is that France is the great danger to the balance of power

and the freedom of nations. But he can see what may lie further ahead. The Eastern powers, dividing Poland, have gained an advantage which France cannot in the long run counterbalance. French weakness may be the next danger to Europe. He argues somewhere that the disgust of French statesmen at their monarchy's weakness over Poland led them to contrive its overthrow. I do not know what the historians have to say of this; and I only mention it casually.

Our real concern is with something larger—Burke's account of the *monster* which had arisen in Europe. He presents the new France as monstrous in its perversion of the nature of a European state, terrible beyond example in its lust and power to force others into its likeness; his picture, whether toned with indignation or with ridicule, is always on the scale of reality, and therefore sublime, since the object was one of the greatest of human phenomena. There is then the desperate courage, the completeness of sacrifice he calls for in those who must resist, not coldly spoken of but prophetically realised. There is the *sursum corda*, the appeal to the ultimates of hope and faith. And lastly, there is the ability to turn upon himself and allow that he may have condemned good with evil.

A few years back, Burke himself had foretold the dissolution of such a monster as inevitable; now, knowing it better, he rebukes those who flatter and console themselves with his former thought. Let it not be hoped that the French will learn wisdom from extreme distress, for no people ever has. Nor that they will find out their deceivers, since the credulity of dupes and the invention of knaves are alike infinite. Nor will they shrink from barbarism; humanity, once the reins are off, loves that only too well. The revolutionaries are not without a strong positive principle for their new order of living—vanity, Rousseau's ruling virtue—and with that they will regenerate man's moral constitution. Their dogma is false, but not weak; and the new republic, unnatural and monstrous indeed, is yet terrible in its efficiency :—

> Out of the tomb of the murdered monarchy in France has arisen a vast, tremendous, unformed spectre, in far more terrific guise than

any which ever yet have overpowered the imagination and subdued the fortitude of men. Going straight forward to its end, unappalled by evil, unchecked by remorse, despising all common maxims and all common means, that hideous phantom overpowered those who could not believe it was possible she could at all exist, except on the principles which habit rather than nature had persuaded them were necessary to their own peculiar welfare and to their ordinary modes of action . . . The poison of other States is the food of the new Republick . . . The design is wicked, immoral, impious; but it is spirited and daring; it is systematick; it is simple in its principle; it has unity and consistency in perfection . . . To them, the will, the wish, the want, the liberty, the toil, the blood of individuals is as nothing. Individuality is left out of their scheme of Government. The state is all in all. Everything is referred to the production of force . . . Unity in design, and perseverance, and boldness in pursuit, have never wanted resources, and never will . . . With an annihilated revenue, with defaced manufactures, with a discontented, distressed, enslaved, and famished people, they have conquered the finest parts of Europe.

If an English statesman had said that yesterday, changing one word, I think we should not marvel at his matter but only at his style.

Burke feared, even more than the material efficiency of France, the spread and attraction of its doctrines. The rationalism of the encyclopaedists, the sentimentalism of Rousseau had passed beyond the borders of France and undermined almost everywhere, he thought, the foundations of the Christian states. England must fight as a divided people, for she had Jacobins at home. Here the parallel is close enough. Totalitarianism has to-day had its prophets and has everywhere its adherents. Do not many of those who are under twenty-five and have some means of information, now feel much of the enthusiasm for the new system that Wordsworth and Coleridge felt for the Revolution? In an indecisive peace, an interval of war, this might grow so as to make the situation very much what it was then.

"In France is the bank of deposit, and the bank of circulation, of all the pernicious principles that are forming in every state." This was no mere war of nation with nation; it was like the factional wars of Greece, of Guelf and Ghibelline, of the Reformation. A general democratic faction had arisen to

connect the discontented of all countries under the leadership of France; and France was ready to form a universal empire by producing a universal revolution.

How foolish, then, were all efforts at making an unreal peace, a peace which must be the enemy's opportunity and victory. The French show by the manner of their negotiations that they intended no peace; they profess a general love of it, but refuse even to discuss the return of the countries for which the war is being fought. Prescription and the balance of power are no reasons to them, but only physical nature, political convenience, and their "dignity." Burke makes bitter fun of the eclipse of the old British article and of the shining forth, in new manners and a new garb, of the novel republican dignity, when he shows an uninvited envoy confronted in Paris by "a strange uncouth thing, a theatrical figure of the opera, his head shaded with three-coloured plumes, his body fantastically habited, [who] strutted from the back scenes and [delivered] a short speech in the mock-heroic falsetto of stupid tragedy."

There will be no peace until France is brought to reason. It will take a long war. "Let us not deceive ourselves; we are at the beginning of great troubles." Without a long war "no experience has yet told us that a dangerous power has ever been reduced to measure or to reason." He names the Peloponnesian, the two Punic, the Thirty Years, that of 1689 to 1713.

The French are strong with an unnatural strength. The free nations, necessarily, are weak. Their constitutions are not systematic, directed to any particular end, but to an infinity of ends. The states have been made to the people, not the people conformed to the state. Thus has been produced a high degree of personal liberty, even in forms of government apparently adverse to it; something far beyond the liberty of the ancient commonwealths. The dissipated and balanced force of these states will not easily match the concentrated force of the new republic.

The British state, weakest of all in this way, has an off-set in its wealth. But Britain's wealth will not help her, unless

she is willing to lose it. "We have an enemy to deal with who never regarded our contest as a weighing of purses . . . That people which bounds its efforts only with its being, must give the law to that nation which will not push its opposition beyond its convenience . . . It is laid in the unalterable constitution of things—none can aspire to act greatly but those who are of force greatly to suffer." This is no war of profit and plunder, like that with Spain. Let ministers then address our magnanimity and our reason, since "in the awful hour that Providence has now appointed to this nation" no lower motives will be strong enough. "Nothing can be directed above the mark that we must aim at. Everything below it is absolutely thrown away." If, as may be, victory on a close estimate of forces seems impossible, we may not therefore desist. "We are never authorized to abandon our country to its fate or to act as if it had no resource. There is no reason to apprehend because ordinary means threaten to fail, that no others can spring up. Whilst our heart is whole, it will find means, or make them." The war was just and necessary, and it continues to be so. "If to preserve political independence and civil freedom to nations was a just ground of war, a war to preserve national independence, property, liberty, life, and honour, from certain universal havock, is a war just, necessary, manly, pious; and we are bound to persevere in it by every principle, divine and human, as long as the system which menaces them all, and all equally, has an existence in the world."

The war must preserve political independence by restoring the balance of power and civil freedom by destroying the faction which has ruined it in France; the two are inseparable, since the faction, by its strengthening of France and the foothold it has given her elsewhere, is what has upset the balance of power. Europe has hitherto been, essentially, one commonwealth, having the same basis of general law. The French did more than change their government; they made a schism with Europe. Within the European system, the balance of power was the recognised common law. It was a complicated balance, or set of balances. France played

a great part in it, guarding for example "the independence and liberties of Germany," which now doubtless Prussia and Austria will extinguish for ever. But at all times England has been and must be the principal defender of the balance and of general liberty. "The grand resource of Europe was in England. Not in a sort of England detached from the rest of the world and amusing herself with the puppet show of a naval power . . . We cannot arrange with our enemy without abandoning the interest of mankind."

Of all this, three things are to be said. First, that Burke's attitude was rational. Contemporary New Whigs and Jacobins affected to deplore the ravings of a great mind fallen into frenzy; and some later critics, liberals and optimists, thinking that dreadful things do not happen, have repeated that judgment. But not all the critics have been so mistaken; scarcely any could to-day, with an analogy before them. Second, that it was grandly rational. Burke rose to the magnitude of the hour. Like the revolutionaries themselves, he sets no limit to his effort; his writing is the *levée en masse* of his intelligence, his imagination, his moral being; the most powerful of English prose, most multitudinous in its effects. Thirdly, and this is a part both of its rationality and its grandeur, his attitude was moderate and humble. He does not think of France as an eternal enemy, and there is no hatred for the French people. He will not, because he is combating the excess of liberty, give up liberty itself; he bids his countrymen take a lesson from the persecution of the speculative no less than the practical atheist by the *ancien régime*, and beware how *they* persecute for opinion. In his famous account of what constitutes *the people*, he even accepts from the French a more democratic view of society than he had ever held or defined before. Lastly, he can turn upon himself and acknowledge a suspicion that his judgment may have been narrow and foolish upon a great process containing evil but also unseen and predominant good:—

> If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope, will forward it; and they who

persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate.

II

Burke's influence was immense. I cannot speak now of his influence abroad, giving new thought to French and German conservatism, though that was great. He brought England to see what was attacked and to concentrate about and upon it. "The aristocracy," Courthope records, "shook off their dilettante tastes, and took up in the public cause the literary weapons of wit and satire, rhetoric and philosophy." English poetry once more became public and political. The *Anti-Jacobin* newspaper was the great vehicle for Burke poetised. Its more serious efforts, such as the satire *The New Morality* we may leave aside, though they are good, to dwell a moment on its lighter productions, not less telling in their commonsense ridicule of republican sentimentalism. Few parodies are better than Canning's *Knife Grinder*, a parody of Coleridge's dactyllic and Jacobin *Soldier's Wife*:—

"Needy Knife-grinder! Whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the Squire? or Parson of the Parish?
Or the Attorney?

Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the Justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish—
—Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
A pot of beer if you would give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, Sir."

"*I* give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first.
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance.
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

(*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*)

Courthope spoke of these writers as if they were true and entire followers of Burke. But it was not so. They were far less profound and far less moderate. They were turning England into a faction that she might be strong for the war; changing liberal conservatism to mere reaction, repressing the people, persecuting for opinion. Between the admirable verses of the *Anti-Jacobin* an Irish reader is shocked (as Burke would have been had he lived) at what he finds about his own country. Moore, whom we are not accustomed to take very seriously as a political poet, protested with spirit and boldness. How can England be her best self and fight as a good cause and a mighty adversary demand, if she is led by the tyrants of Ireland?

But oh, poor-Ireland! if revenge be sweet
For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit
And withering insult—for the Union thrown
Into thy bitter cup, when that alone
Of slavery's draught was wanting—if for this
Revenge be sweet, thou *hast* that demon's bliss;
For oh! 'tis more than hell's revenge to see
That England trusts the men who've ruined thee!
That in these awful days, when every hour
Creates some new or blasts some ancient power,

When proud Napoleon, like the burning shield
Whose light compelled each wondering foe to yield,
With baleful lustre blinds the brave and free
And dazzles Europe into slavery!
That in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,
When Mind should rule, and Fox should *not* have died,
All that devoted England can oppose
To enemies made friends, and friends made foes,
Is the rank refuse, the despised remains
Of that unpitying power, whose whips and chains
Made Ireland first, in wild adulterous trance,
Turn false to England's bed, and whore with France!—
Those hacked and tainted tools, so foully fit
To the grand artizan of mischief, Pitt,
So useless ever but in vile employ,
So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy!
Such are the men that guard thy threatened shore,
Oh, England, sinking England! boast no more!

But whatever were Pitt's crimes, he was a great English patriot and statesman; and the spirit of those who were with him had a sufficient core of soundness. Pitt watched steadfastly every worsening of that map of all Europe which Burke had held to be England's concern until he could endure no more. "Roll up that map," he said after Austerlitz, the defeat that killed him, "it will not be wanted these ten years." But it was wanted at once to see where was Trafalgar, and later on to follow the fortunes of English battles in Spain. And all this was worthily celebrated in verse.

Scott, in the prologue to the first canto of *Marmion*, wrote noble epitaphs, in appropriate neo-classic form, upon those three heroes of the resistance who had fallen, Nelson, Pitt and Fox. To Scott, Pitt was no represser of his people, but one who wisely guided their immoderate love of freedom—

Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's laws.

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,

Our pilots had kept course aright;
As some proud column though alone,
Thy strength had propped the tottering throne.
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver voice is still,
The warder silent on the hill!

And Fox, though it might be that he had risked his country's cause in his love of liberty, served it well in the end :—

Record that Fox a Briton died!
When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was bartered by a timorous slave—
Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,
The sullied olive-branch returned,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nailed her colours to the mast.

Leaving aside the rest of the poetry of those wars, even such masterpieces as *The Burial of Sir John Moore* and Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic*, let us turn to Wordsworth. Narrowed though he undoubtedly was by the necessary narrowing of the times, Wordsworth was yet the one, of all those that poetised Burke's creed, who felt something like its full depth. His patriotic poetry is as noble and profound as any. If later critics have called it superficial or dishonest, that is a measure of the decay of the civic spirit in modern literary circles. Wordsworth did not write to make his countrymen lust for power and glory, but rather to purify and strengthen from within. *The Happy Warrior* is an antidote to the corrupting influences of passion, power and blood; the warrior may be one who,

through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made and sees what he foresaw.

He may still be

a Soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes.

Milton is a clarion call, not directly to arms, but to purity

of mind, to *plain living and high thinking*, to *pure religion breathing household laws*. Not without doubts and fears can he feel that England is herself, and fit to be a bulwark for the cause of men. There is no Pharisaism; when he condemns the yielding to a tyrant, he knows that it is a weakness of which we are all potentially guilty:—

> Never may from our souls one truth depart—
> That an accursed thing it is to gaze
> On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye;
> Nor—touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt
> For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
> And justice labours in extremity—
> Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
> O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!

The great sonnet, *It is not to be thought of . . .*, full of Burke's thought and imagery, suffers from over familiarity and from being read in peace time; but the values come right when we remember that it was written in the middle of the doubtful conflict, a self-rebuke and recall rather than a boast over others:—

> In our halls is hung
> Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
> We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakespeare spoke; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
> Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

It would take us too far afield to show that much of Wordsworth's best poetry which is not obviously patriotic, is yet civic; *Michael*, for example, a seeking into the worth of the common Englishman and his impugned traditions.

The poetry we have glanced at is in the tradition of English war poetry. It does not celebrate military skill, nor glory, nor heady eagerness for battle; it does not see red. The English have never been a nation of soldiers, and their poetry lacks many notes that the French have sounded loud and clear. They are soldiers unwillingly and their poetry of war is cool, grim, resolute. The strain began very nobly in the Anglo-Saxon *Battle of Maldon*. When Shakespeare had to deal with those conquests in France that were only half national, he concentrated on the episodes wherein little bands of Englishmen resisted mighty armies.

III

England and her allies won. Would Europe and England be the better for it? And would English literature, having taken with Burke a large view of the whole at the beginning and then narrowed itself but still spoken well with the satirists and Wordsworth, now find a literary genius capable of a new expansion, of ordering it all in imaginative retrospect and giving inspiration to good causes in their new forms? It is a glory of England that in Lord Byron she produced such a one. The great Goethe looked on, but after one deep word at the outset had made no comment. French and Italian poets came in only as Byron's refrain.

Are Byron's poetic pilgrimages merely the grand tour of the English *milor*, compulsorily intermitted for a generation and thus enjoyed with a keener zest? Are they, as English insularity has since uncomfortably felt, just an anticipation of the vulgarities of conducted tourism? No. They are the first serious view of Europe in a new light. They grapple with and realize the greatness and complexity of the *object*, Europe, which had been contested. They set forth in proper grandeur the rights of the reality against all the theories and all the tyrannies; now in a spirit of awe, again in a hardly less profound spirit of comedy.

No other English poet has anything like Byron's sense of place. Here are Waterloo, Cannae, Morat, Marathon, the castled crag of Drachenfels, Spain, the Isles of Greece, Venice, eternal Rome, not mere names but the very scene and spirit of each. Byron, again, can seize upon and fix with a strong objectivity the people of many nations and creeds. Witness Juan's tutor, about to be bled to death:—

> first a little crucifix he kissed,
> And then held out his jugular and wrist.

The dying Moslem (the Moslems of the imitators are all costume, but not Byron's own):—

> But him the maids of Paradise
> Impatient to their halls invite,
> And the dark heaven of Houris' eyes
> On him shall glance for ever bright.

The gladiator of old in the Coliseum :—

> He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
> But where his rude hut by the Danube lay . . .

Is not this the sense of humanity in all its local and temporal modifications we associate with Burke and with Shakespeare ? He can sum up the great names of the closing age with mastery : *the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau ;* Napoleon, *The fool of false dominion, and a kind Of bastard Caesar, following him of old With steps unequal.*

The characters of *Don Juan* are astonishingly varied and alive. They bear marks of race and profession, and they are good, bad and mixed. All are viewed objectively, but with the Chaucerian or Shakespearian sympathy which gives them the right to live. One of Byron's ruling paradoxes is that of the multitude and anonymity of modern life and modern war, and the ignored but infinitely valuable humanity that is in every one. He shows us the mass of men, and repudiates it for the individual. Lambro, Suwarrow, the Sultan, the old Khan, the Pacha, Johnson ; Julia, Haidée, Gulbeyaz, Leila, Catherine, Adeline, Aurora—what a company they make. Above all, Byron likes them uncompromisingly themselves, like the Pacha at Ismail :

> In the meantime, cross-legged, with great sang-froid,
> Among the scorching ruins he sat smoking
> Tobacco on a little carpet ; Troy
> Saw nothing like the scene around . . .

As becomes a realist, Byron, filling his poem with politics, yet offers no easy solution. The Revolutionaries destroyed more than they created, ruining *things which grew Breathed from the breath of time.* Yet the restorers have made no improvement with their *patched up idol ; Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we Pay the Wolf homage ?* As for Liberty, it is a hope against hope :—

> the deadly days which we have seen,
> And vile Ambition, that built up between
> Man and his hopes an adamantine wall,
> And the base pageant last upon the scene,
> Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
> Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his second fall.

Yet, the poem goes on, a second spring will bring forth less bitter fruit; and Freedom's flag streams, like the thunder-cloud, *against the wind.*

Byron was the first to order into tragedy the late bloody confusions on the stage of Europe; to feel and represent at once the folly, weakness, nobleness, waste. The Waterloo stanzas are the initial masterpiece in this kind, from their opening *Stop, for thy tread is on an Empire's dust, An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below*, through their objective balance of the dance and the battle (*Beauty's circle* and *battle's magnificently proud array*), to the description of the next year, *with all her reckless birds upon the wing.* But Byron's historical instinct leads him to seat the tragedy of Europe not in France, where some scenes of it have passed, but in Rome—the parent source of our arts, laws and religion, whose decay is felt to be the cause of all our decays. In this time of broken nations and broken individual minds, he turns for enlargement and purification to the greatest of overthrows :—

> Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
> The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
> Lone mother of dead empires; and control
> In their shut breasts their petty misery.
>
> A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The final images of eternity and restoration are St. Peter's dome and the Ocean. Byron, by the way, was European enough to make the Christianity of his poems Catholicism; as *Childe Harold* leads up to St. Peter's so does *Don Juan* to the Catholic Aurora, finest of his characters.

Of *Don Juan*, *Blackwood* said: "The moral strain of the whole poem is pitched in the lowest key. Love, honour, patriotism, religion are mentioned only to be scoffed at, as if their sole resting-place were or ought to be in the bosoms of fools." Not at all. The imitations are treated in every tone from vehement denunciation to indulgent mockery; the real things are honoured. Never has mind played so freely, so liberatingly, over the life of a continent and an age—with a desperate seriousness, though, as starting and returning point.

Let us examine it only on this one point of *war*. He satirizes it. The love of glory is vanity, the slaying is bestial cruelty, the whole venture is squandering folly. What is a great general but a butcher in big business? War is not even epical now, for what can the poet do with

> Bombs, drums, guns, bastions, batteries, bayonets, bullets,
> Hard words, which stick in the soft Muses' gullets?

Let us look with the ironist on the scene at Ismail:—

> Also the General Markow, Brigadier,
> Insisting on removal of the *prince*,
> Amidst some groaning thousands dying near—
> All common fellows, who might writhe and wince,
> And shriek for water into a deaf ear—
> The general Markow, who could thus evince
> His sympathy for rank, by the same token
> To teach him greater, had his own leg broken.
>
> There the still varying pangs, which multiply
> Until their very number makes men hard
> By the infinities of agony,
> Which meet the gaze whate'er it may regard—
> The groan, the roll in dust, the all-white eye
> Turned back within its socket—these reward
> Your rank and file by thousands, while the rest
> May win perhaps a riband at the breast.
>
> Yet I love glory; glory's a great thing—
> Think what it is to be in your old age
> Maintained at the expence of your good king.

And yet after all the mocker is ever acknowledging that there are good causes:—

> War's a brain-spattering windpipe-slitting art,
> Unless her cause by right be sanctified.

A conclusion identical with Burke's, for both saw war steadily and saw it whole: *the blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man; the rest is vanity, the rest is crime.* As for the hero, to Byron he is a fool; but then we are all fools, and the *differentia* of heroism is something. Scenes of purpose amid futility, virtue in chaotic evil stand out, not

diminished by the meiosis of mocking rhymes, as when Juan rescues Leila :—

> Their sabres glittered o'er her little head,
> Whence her fair hair rose twining with affright,
> Her hidden face was plunged amidst the dead :
> When Juan caught a glimpse of this sad sight,
> I shall not say exactly what he *said*
> Because it might not solace ears polite ;
> But what he *did*, was to lay on their backs,
> The readiest way of reasoning with Cossacques.
>
> One's hip he slashed, and split the other's shoulder.

One might speak of the lyrical or personal in Byron, of how a sense of guilt inherited from those wars and crimes produced itself as the *mal du siècle* in the individual, and first in him, and how this worked itself out poetically. But I will rather keep to Byron as a public commentator, and refer back to Burke. My idea is that these two expressed in their turn the best English mind upon those troubles and that their attitudes were not wholly different. I do not know that anyone has ever linked Burke with Byron. Superficially everything is against it. What can connect Burke who, Grattan said, would not sleep easy on his pillow unless he were assured that George III had the right to take it from under his head, Burke the upholder of peers and bishops, with Byron, to whom Ruskin attributes " a schoolboy's love of getting into mischief and a general instinct for never doing anything he was bid, which extends up even as far as the commandments themselves ? " Burke, though, could attack a Noble Lord with " a considerable degree of verbal asperity ; " and as for Byron and the commandments, Ruskin adds that " he never either recommends you to break them or equivocates in the smallest degree about what they are."

Burke's task was defence, Byron's attack, destroying the rubbish accumulated in defence. Burke laid upon Englishmen one of those supreme efforts from which the reaction must always run into disillusion. There are other differences, arising from differences of problems and of temper. But there are resemblances. First, in matter and scope ; both

are full of politics, history and the map. Then, Burke thought of his contest with the revolution as a defence of liberty ; his observations " come from one almost the whole of whose public exertion has been a struggle for the liberty of others, from one in whose breast no anger durable or vehement has ever been kindled but by what he considered as tyranny." Kings and nabobs, the " Protestant lay elders who govern Ireland," French demagogues and militarists, all to him were one. As for Byron, under established reaction it is chiefly with kings that he makes his quarrel, but he has " a plain, sworn, downright detestation Of every despotism in every nation." He can call democracy " an Aristocracy of Blackguards." His scorn of the mob, as Mr. Wilson Knight[1] points out, is deeper than snobbishness ; it is the assertion of individual personality against a tyrannical group-consciousness. How often did Burke react in just the same way to the levellers of France. Liberty to Byron meant above all the sanctity of personality. But he thought of personality as social ; he did not agree with Shelley that being free meant isolation or Utopia. His liberty is very like Burke's *real rights of man.* Burke's two great props of liberty, chivalry and religion, are deeply reverenced by him. He had all Burke's sense of the past and its rights. If he seems without a plan, it is because he knows how complex is society, how tyrannical the planner. A sense of humility and reverence underlies his scepticism and mocking of orthodoxies, and solves the apparent contradictions of his work.

Byron was the poet of the fears and hopes of the age, the public voice of Europe. Materialism and smugness drowned this voice ; and the withdrawal of poetry into coteries, cultivating itself for its own sake, so over-refined the ears even of lovers of poetry that they have long been unable to listen to it.

These present times are not unlike those. Has England such a political prophet and philosopher, will she have such a poet ? If they are not heard, will there not be a narrowing under the stress—worse than that of Pitt and Castlereagh ?

J. J. Hogan

[1] *The Burning Oracle*, 1939 : Professor R. W. Chambers also writes well of Byron in *Man's Unconquerable* Mind, 1939.

THE UKRAINIAN CHURCH AND ITS LEADER

BY DONALD ATTWATER

Author of *The Catholic Eastern Churches* and *The Dissident Eastern Churches*

I

THE occupation by the U.S.S.R. of the eastern part of the Polish republic and the immediate beginning of its sovietization is particularly horrifying for Christians, since it portends the extension of formal atheism to a large territory whose inhabitants, whether as Catholics or as Orthodox, have remained faithful to Christ through centuries of trial and difficulty and frequently of oppression. This horror is undoubtedly keenly felt, and not only by Catholics and Orthodox: at the same time the significance of what has happened is not widely appreciated in its fullness for lack of knowledge of the ecclesiastical history and religious importance of the territory concerned and of the people who occupy it. For example, it is no exaggeration to say that most people think that the inhabitants of the new soviet lands are mainly Poles by race, and the headline of its Russian correspondent's article in a recent issue of the *Catholic Herald*, " Soviets' New Subjects Are *Still* Not Poles " (or words to that effect), caused much surprise. Nevertheless it is so.

The former Polish provinces concerned are, from north to south, Novo-Grodek, Bialystok, Polesia and Volhynia, whose inhabitants may together be conveniently, but not accurately, referred to as White Russians (" white " has here no political significance). Before the last war these provinces were part of Russia, and there is a large district of White Russians forming one of the soviet republics across the pre-September U.S.S.R. frontier. The fifth province concerned is Eastern Galicia (Galich, Halicz), a small part of the vast territory called The Ukraine which extends beyond Kiev in the north, beyond Kharkov and to Stavropol in the east, and to the Black Sea and Crimea in the south. Before the last war Galicia was part of Austria-Hungary.

The native White Russian and Ukrainian inhabitants of these five provinces belong fundamentally to one race, of which the third and largest element is the Great Russian or Muscovite people of Russia proper: each element has now its own language, descended from a common tongue that was spoken by them all before the twelfth century.

The Ukrainians may be justly regarded as the original Russians, and it is a tenth-century grand-prince, St. Vladimir, of their "God-protected mother of cities" Kiev, who is venerated as the father of Russian Christianity. But after the fall of Kiev to the Mongols in 1240 the centre of political power gradually shifted to Moscow; and eventually the Muscovites, who were much less purely Slav than the people of the south-west, reserved for themselves the name of Great Russians and called the others Little Russians. This name is repudiated by the Galician Ukrainians, for during the nineteenth century considerable cultural self-consciousness arose among them, which by the end of the Great War developed into an acute nationalism. They even reject the time-honoured name of Ruthenians, which is still the official ecclesiastical designation of those of them who are Catholics of the Byzantine rite, and insist that they are simply Ukrainians (a word which means "people of the border").[1]

Actually in the territory under review the province of Volhynia and the southern part of Polesia are mostly inhabited by Ukrainians too; but, as I have said above, it is convenient here, for ecclesiastical reasons which will appear, to count them in with the White Russians.

The chief hierarchs of the Russian Church (which depended hierarchically on the Oecumenical Patriarch at Constantinople until the setting up of the Moscow patriarchate in 1589) continued to call themselves, and to be, metropolitans of Kiev for two hundred years after they had resided at Moscow.

[1] Outside the Ukraine proper there are about 550,000 Ukrainians in the Podkarpatska Rus (familiar as "Ruthenia" in the newspapers during the autumn of 1938), formerly part of Czechoslovakia; some 100,000 in the Bukovina district of Rumania; 25,000 in Hungary (excluding those formerly in Czechoslovakia and those living in the great plain and elsewhere who are quite magyarized); 600,000 in the U.S.A.; 300,000 or more in Canada; and about 67,000 in South America. The members of these groups are mostly Catholics, of the Slav-Byzantine rite. There are said to be over forty million Ukrainians in the world some thirty-eight million of whom are now in the U.S.S.R.

Accordingly, from the conversion of St. Vladimir in 988 until the Metropolitan Isidore had to flee from Moscow in 1443 after promulgating the Florentine union with Rome, the religious history of the White Russians and Ukrainians was the same as that of the Russians in general. Their relations with Rome after the schism of Cerularius in 1054 were intermittent and ambiguous, as were those of all the Eastern Orthodox until the official denouncing of the Union of Florence by Constantinople (under Turkish pressure) in 1472; but the general support given by the Russians to the refusal of their great-prince, Basil II, to accept Florence definitively involved them in schism. However, Kiev and the parts of Little Russia west of it were at this time under the political suzerainty of Poland–Lithuania, and in the second half of the sixteenth century the abortive Union of Florence began to bear belated fruit, largely owing to the activity of the Society of Jesus—notably Father Antony Possevino and Father Peter Skarga. In 1595 the metropolitan of Kiev, Michael Ragoza, with five of his suffragans (Vladimir, Lutsk, Polotsk, Pinsk, Kholm) met at Brest-Litovsky and petitioned the Holy See to admit them and their flocks to Catholic unity. These dioceses were, of course, of Slav-Byzantine rite, and were peopled by White Russians and Ukrainians; henceforward they were to be known ecclesiastically as Ruthenians.

Events immediately following the Union of Brest-Litovsky, such as the martyrdom of St. Josaphat Kuntsevich, bishop of Polotsk,[1] by dissidents in 1623, are outside the scope of this paper. Though Kiev returned to schism under the famous Orthodox theologian Peter Movila in 1633, the union (in which political pressure played its part) prospered on the whole and spread to the other Slav-Byzantine eparchies under Polish rule. In the eighteenth century the Catholic Ruthenians must have numbered about twelve millions, in spite of the fact that practically the whole of their nobility and landowning gentry (*boyary*) had, for snobbish and other temporal reasons, become polonized and passed to the Latin rite, in

[1] Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., contributed an account of another martyr of this time and place, St. Andrew Bobola, to STUDIES, September 1938. The feast of St. Josaphat was added to the general kalendar of the Western church by Pope Leo XIII (November 14).

total disregard of the instruction of Pope Urban VIII in 1624 forbidding them to do so.

Then came the partition of Poland, in which Russia eventually got back all the territory in which there were any Ruthenians, except Galicia; and she proceeded to force into her dissident state church all Catholics who were of the Byzantine rite. It is a curious reflection that the view held by some Catholics to-day (contrary to the known mind of the Church), that Eastern rites should be left to the Orthodox and other dissidents and that all Catholics should be of the Latin rite, was shared by the despotic politicians of imperial Russia. This forcible "conversion" was strongly resisted in many places, but was pressed with relentless severity under Catherine II, Nicholas I and Alexander II, so that by the middle of the nineteenth century the Catholic Ruthenian church was, to all intents and purposes, dead on Russian soil. This grievous persecution was not primarily religious, but arose from the political notion that every member of the Russian state should be a member of the state church. Latin Catholics were also persecuted, but their Catholicism was not regarded as so iniquitous, because they were not racially Russians or "perverts from Orthodoxy."[1]

The Ruthenians who came under the rule of the emperors of Austria—namely, the Ukrainians of Galicia—had a less unhappy fate. Their Catholicism in its Eastern form was respected, serfdom was abolished, and in 1860 they were given a measure of civil autonomy and their own assembly. As I have said, they had lost their natural leaders by polonization and none but peasants were left; but from the middle of the nineteenth century an enterprising middle class and cultured intelligentsia began to develop, and for this the Ukrainians had to thank their clergy, who were married according to Eastern custom and from whose children this new class was chiefly recruited. There was much ill feeling between the Galician Ukrainians and their former overlords the Poles, and this was aggravated by the later policy of the

[1] Excluding Poland proper, there were in Russia at the revolution of 1917 only about three million Catholics, mostly of foreign blood and in the west and south-west of the country—and all, bar a handful, of Latin rite.

Austrian government, which favoured the Ukrainians in order to counterbalance Polish influence, and looked not unfavourably on the Ukrainian nationalist movement as a check to Russian politics (this was a contributory cause of the war of 1914–18). Nevertheless, the Ukrainians in Austria were not themselves of one mind politically, and in August 1914 they were divided into five parties.

During the nineteenth century the misfortunes and disappearance of Byzantine Catholics in Little Russia were balanced in a measure by an increased solidarity and progress among those of Eastern Galicia. In 1807 they had only two dioceses, both episcopal, Lwow and Peremysl (the last two sees to join the Union of Brest, in 1692 and 1700 respectively, are the only ones that have survived); in that year Lwow (Lviv, Lemberg, Leopol) was made an archbishopric, the revived former metropolitan see of Galich being united with it. It was not till seventy-eight years later that this huge eparchy was made smaller by the formation out of it of another suffragan see, Stanislawow. Two of the archbishops of Lwow became cardinals—in 1856 Michael Levitsky and in 1895 Silvester Sembratovich, whose talented and vigorous nephew, Father Leo Sembratovich, died in the U.S.A. only this summer.[1] The reform of the local Basilian monks (now called "of St. Josaphat") was carried through successfully, though they became practically clerks regular in the process; the Hieromonk Jeremy Lomnitsky founded in 1892 the Handmaids of Holy Mary, who have seventy-six convents in Galicia; and the monks now have the direction of the Ruthenian College at Rome, which was founded by Pope Leo XIII, with a liberal subsidy from the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. An outstanding difficulty was that, as so often in peasant countries, the scattered population required more clergy than were available: in the archdiocese of Lwow nearly half the numerous parishes had no resident pastor. There was an increase of voluntary celibacy among the parochial clergy, but even so

[1] There have been very few oriental cardinals, since that office is radically in relation to the local church at Rome. In addition to the above there seem to have been only Bessarione, Isidore of Kiev, the Armenian Hassun, and our contemporary the Syrian Tappuni.

80 per cent. of them to-day are married, which makes a considerable addition to economic difficulties.

During the present century, under the great leadership of Mgr Szepticky, the Catholic Ukrainian church prospered for fourteen years; but of that and of its subsequent sufferings I shall speak in the second part of this article.

At the restoration of Poland after the war of 1914–18 the White Russian and Ukrainian districts of Novo-Grodek, Bialystok, Polesia, Volhynia and Eastern Galicia were separated from Russia and Austria respectively and became part of the new republic. The ensuing ecclesiastical and political problem must be looked at in two parts, of which the Galician part is referred to later. In the other part, western White Russia, there was a minority of Poles and polonized elements who were Catholics of the Latin rite, the majority being dissident Orthodox White Russians and Ukrainians. The dependence of these Orthodox on the Church of Russia was politically obnoxious to the Polish government, which entered into various negotiations to make them ecclesiastically independent. The opinion of the people themselves was very sharply divided, but in 1924 the Patriarch of Constantinople, in defiance of the Russian patriarchate, recognized the Orthodox throughout Poland as forming an autocephalous church under a metropolitan at Warsaw and four other bishops.

Now to the Poles in general and to their civil authorities in particular the Orthodox Church and the Byzantine rite—whether used by Orthodox or Catholics—stands for ecclesiastical schism, for Russian nationalism and Russian oppression of Poles in times past, and for Galician Ukrainian nationalism and separatism.[1] The government has therefore done all it can to neutralize possible anti-Polish political activity among its Orthodox subjects, and to polonize and assimilate the "White Russian" elements into the Polish nation, by binding the Orthodox Church of Poland to the state, so that the relationship between that church and that

[1] A Polish Catholic newspaper in Volhynia referred to Orthodoxy as "the hallmark of the Devil": Pope Pius XI said that it kept "a holiness worthy of veneration." It is interesting to note that the famous picture called Our Lady of Czestochowa, venerated by Poles throughout the world, is a Byzantine eikon.

state tends to reproduce in miniature the position in Russia in tsarist days (with the difference that the Polish government is composed of Catholics): the Orthodox governing synod includes a lay procurator who, on the old Russian model, represents the civil power.

More recently the government has gone further and sunk to allowing persecution of the Orthodox by organizations which try to coerce them into the Catholic Church by hampering their clergy and by destroying their churches.[1] On this painful subject it is sufficient to quote from a protest issued by the Catholic Ukrainian archbishop of Lwow, Mgr Szepticky, on July 20, 1938: "Nearly a hundred churches [around Kholm] have been pulled down and many others burnt . . . People have been forced to join the Catholic Church in her Latin rite, and many harmless priests have been prevented from carrying out their pastoral duties by expulsion, fines, and imprisonment. They are forbidden to preach and to give religious instruction in their own language."

Mgr Szepticky went on to point out that the circumstances of this attack on the Orthodox were such as to appear to make the Holy See responsible for the persecution, and he accused its instigators of causing harm to the Church in general, and to the Ukrainian Catholics in particular, by their proceedings against the Orthodox as alleged "enemies of the state." That many members of the Latin church in Poland supported this policy towards the Orthodox (without, presumably, realizing what it involved) there is ample evidence. Mgr Szepticky wrote in the same letter to his suffragans and other clergy: "This attack on the Catholic Church has tacit approval, and sometimes wild applause, from many Catholics. I have not appealed to our fellow Catholics of the Latin rite for help: they would have had to refuse it, since they regard us [*i.e.*, Ukrainian Catholics] as disloyal citizens in spite of every proof to the contrary."

At the present time we all have in mind Poland's heroic resistance to the assaults of Islam and of Bolshevism in the

[1] For example, the Korpus Obrony Pogronitcha (Frontier Defence Corps) in Volhynia, which, according to Senator Lutsky speaking in the Polish senate on July 14, 1938, forced Orthodox people to attend Catholic churches.

past and the manifold misfortunes of her history culminating in yesterday's invasion from two sides ; but these things must not prevent us from facing the fact that for twenty years her government's chauvinism has led it to behave in ways most discreditable to a Catholic state. The ecclesiastical record of official Poland since 1918 is dreadful, and the complaint that Polish statesmen have for centuries used religion as an instrument of national politics is unhappily justified. And some Ukrainians have been guilty of the same abuse.

Most of the Orthodox in Volhynia and Polesia are descendents of the Catholics of Byzantine rite who, as stated above, were forcibly reaggregated to the state church of Russia under the tsars, and when they were freed from Russia domination after the last war they showed a certain disposition towards reunion with Rome. Actively to encourage this disposition was obviously a work for Ukrainian Catholics of the same rite from Galicia, and some Polish propagandists have tried to make capital out of the fact that the Galicians did not undertake the work. But the reason was this : The government would not allow it ; it insisted on the Holy See forbidding Galician Ukrainians to work outside their own dioceses, as was laid down in the concordat between the Vatican and Poland in 1925. So special missioners had to be organized, who were mostly priests of the Western church, Jesuits and Redemptorists, who had changed to the Byzantine rite. They have had some success, about 20,000 Orthodox being reconciled (though this was somewhat offset by defections in Galicia), who were to be incorporated in a new diocese immediately subject to the Holy See. But again the government intervened, insisting that the bishop should be suffragan to a Polish (Latin) metropolitan ; it is significant that Rome refused this, and got out of the *impasse* by appointing a semi-permanent visitor apostolic, Mgr Nicholas Czarnecky, in 1931. Reconciliation of the Orthodox was still further retarded by the action of some of the Polish bishops in trying to recover certain churches and shrines formerly in Catholic hands ; some of their claims were so weak that they were not upheld by the civil courts, as at Lublin in 1935 when the

court of appeal dismissed an action brought against the Orthodox Church by the Catholic diocese of Lutsk for the recovery of fifty-eight sanctuaries, including the ancient monastery of Pochaev. Outstanding among the Polish bishops who had a better understanding of the reunion problem was the late Mgr Henry Przezdiecky of Siedlce (Podlachia).

The ecclesiastical position in western White Russia at the time of the U.S.S.R. invasion in September was then this. The majority of the people, numbering probably some three and three-quarter million, were Orthodox White Russians and Ukrainians, with a small minority of Great Russian refugees. They were divided among themselves along racial lines, and the tendency of some of them to reunion with Rome had been almost extinguished by domestic events. The Orthodox metropolitan lived at Warsaw and one of his suffragans at Vilna ; the other three eparchies, Volhynia, Pinsk and Grodno, are now in soviet hands. The Orthodox had ten monasteries of men, the most important being that of Pochaev, near Dubno, and six of women, and two seminaries. There were about $2\frac{1}{2}$ million Catholics of the Latin rite, mainly Poles, in the dioceses of Vilna, Lomza, Pinsk and Lutsk, and the 20,000 Byzantines mentioned above. The chief institution of these last was the great Jesuit house at Albertyn, near Vilna, a completely oriental establishment where fifty scholastics were being trained for work among the Byzantine Slavs.[1] The same order conducted an oriental seminary for secular priests at Dubno ; the Redemptorists had an establishment of Byzantine rite at Kovel ; and there was a small Studite monastery at Khutory-Merlynsky in Polesia.

II

While in western White Russia when it again came under Polish rule the Orthodox were in a majority, the former Austrian province of Eastern Galicia was solidly Catholic ; moreover, though it contained a considerable number of Poles and polonized Ukrainians of the Latin rite, its racial

[1] In so far as they are Westerners in origin, " training in the Byzantine rite " does not mean simply external liturgical observance alone but also the formative factors and habits of mind which have produced these forms of worship.

complexion was predominantly Ukrainian and its religious complexion Byzantine. And the outstanding figure in Galicia at this time, head and shoulders above all his contemporaries, was the Ukrainian archbishop of Lwow, Andrew Szepticky.

Count Alexander Szepticky was born on his father's estate at Przbyblce on July 29 (old style), 1865, and prepared for a legal career by taking a brilliant degree at the university of Krakow. But at the age of twenty-three Alexander caused a sensation by returning to the Byzantine rite of his forefathers (his family had passed to the Latin rite, and his action was looked on by the true-blue Polish nobility as tantamount to apostasy) and entering the Basilian monastery of Dobromil. Here he took the name of Andrew, and in 1892 received the great habit (" solemn profession ") and was ordained priest ; he was already a doctor both of philosophy and theology.

For seven years the Hieromonk Andrew was engaged in the pastoral work of his order, and after this short period was made bishop of Stanislawow. He occupied this see for hardly a year, during which he issued four pastoral letters, established a diocesan library, had his cathedral church of the Resurrection decorated in fresco by the Byzantine artist Makarievich, and traversed his eparchy from end to end on visitations. This last episcopal activity was always a first charge on the time of Mgr Andrew, and in 1902 he wrote a pastoral letter on canonical visitation that is well worth translation.

During 1900 the archiepiscopal see of Lwow fell vacant and on December 17, at the age of thirty-five, Andrew Szepticky was promoted to it. This office carried with it the titles of Metropolitan of Galich and Bishop of Kamenets-Podolsky, a fact which was to have unexpected importance later on ; and the archbishop was vice-president *ex officio* of the legislative assembly of Galicia. In the eparchy of Lwow at this time there were 752 parishes and nearly 1,400,000 faithful, and by devoting two or three months in every year to visitation Mgr Andrew came to have a personal knowledge of every one of these parishes. Nor were they merely formal visits : in each one he preached, heard confessions, gave conferences and called on the people in their homes. Every week when

he was at Lwow he presided personally at the meeting of the diocesan consistory, and he issued every year one or more pastoral letters on such subjects as the obligations of the priesthood, marriage and the family, the social question, and frequent communion—some of these before the Holy See had issued its modern magistral pronouncements on the same matters. An outstanding quality of these pastorals was their very practical and concrete quality. Moreover he extended his solicitude to the Ukrainian colonies in the Americas, addressing a letter to those of Canada on Christian doctrine and inducing the Holy See to appoint a special bishop for those in the United States. He took the opportunity provided by the international eucharistic congress at Montreal in 1910 to make a visitation of the faithful of his rite and nation in Canada, where he subsidized the establishment of a house for the recruitment of the clergy. In his own eparchy he completely reorganized the metropolitan seminary in 1901, and took other steps for the training of Ukrainian priests.

One of the greatest achievements of Mgr Szepticky—an achievement now threatened with disaster, if not already destroyed—was in the monastic sphere. Since all the Ukrainian monks were engaged in the work of the active ministry, he was anxious for the re-establishment of monasteries in which the traditional oriental contemplative life could be led without modification. This he began in 1903, when he gave land at Skynliv to some peasants who had started monastic life on their own ; and by 1906 the *laura* there, dedicated in honour of St. Antony Petchersky, was well established—its rule being based on the *typikon* drawn up by St. Theodore for the Studion monastery at Constantinople in the eighth-ninth century. These Studite monks were dispersed and their house burned during 1914–18, but after 1919 they prospered and spread under the fostering care of the archbishop, who appointed his brother, the Hieromonk Clement, as hegumenos (abbot) of their principal monastery : Mgr Andrew reserved to himself the office of archimandrite (superior general).

Those of the Studite monks who were drawn to intellectual work were urged to occupy themselves with the conserving

and promotion of the specifically Ukrainian culture, for the archbishop was keenly aware both of the value of the Slavonic cultures to civilization and of their lack of appreciation in the West. It was one of his ambitions to found a Ukrainian university at Lwow, and as a step towards this he established a museum there in 1913, to which gifts were sent from all over European Russia ; it had in connection with it a library and an *archivium*. Two years earlier Mgr Andrew had constituted at Rome an historico-ecclesiastical mission with the object of searching for, cataloguing and copying documents of Ruthenian and Ukrainian importance from the archives of the Vatican, the Congregation *de Propaganda Fide*, etc. ; it was put in charge of Father Cyril Korolevsky, whose account of Mgr Szepticky, published at Grottaferrata in 1920, is indispensable for a study of the earlier part of the archbishop's career and its background.

From very early days Mgr Andrew was preoccupied with laying foundations for possible future work for reunion with the Holy See, not only of those eparchies of the province of Kiev torn from Catholic unity after the partition of Poland but of all Orthodox Russia, work of whose difficulties and possibilities he had a unique knowledge. In 1907 he submitted to Pope Pius X a plan of action based on the fact that, as mentioned above, he was bishop of Kamenets-Podolsky, an eparchy entirely in Russian territory and, though without subjects, never canonically extinguished. The pope's comment was " Utere iure tuo," and he later accorded to the archbishop, for his personal use *ad nutum Sanctae Sedis*, powers and faculties for use in Russia of a very wide and extraordinary kind. Pius X prophesied that the day would come when these powers would be needed. It did ; and in the meantime Mgr Andrew took under his care the tiny flock of Catholics of Byzantine rite in Russia, incardinating their priests to himself, ordaining, and giving dimissorial letters as bishop of Kamenets. This all had to be carried out with the greatest secrecy, not only because Byzantine Catholics were officially forbidden in Russia but also because Mgr Szepticky was an

Austrian subject : discovery of his religious activities might have had very serious political consequences.

At the outbreak of war in 1914 there was a very complicated political and social situation in Eastern Galicia, even apart from the ever-present dislike and distrust subsisting between Poles and Ukrainians. The majority of Ukrainians (and of course all the Poles) were for Austria as against Russia—but nevertheless in a Ukrainian nationalist sense ; among the minority parties were two that were pro-Russian, one inclining to schism with Orthodoxy, the other firmly Catholic. Mgr Andrew's part was that of moderator : he kept before his people the necessity of religious unity with Rome, civil loyalty to Austria, and preservation of Ukrainian nationality and culture ; his reputation as a man of wisdom and goodness extended beyond national borders and the Orthodox of the Russian Ukraine looked up to him with great respect. Directly war began, the Austrian military authorities took steps against pro-Russian Ukrainians, in which they were enthusiastically helped by the Poles ; and suspect clergy in particular were made to suffer, including the Studite monks. Then on September 3 the Russians under General Brusilov captured Lwow, and it was the turn of pro-Austrian Ukrainians to be deported. Thus many Ukrainian parishes were left without clergy, and Russian Orthodox priests were soon forthcoming for them : it says much for the sound Catholicity of the people that, when there was so much, humanly speaking, in favour of schism, only one hundred out of 1,800 parishes succumbed, and of the twenty-nine priests who left Catholic communion twenty-seven were chased from their cures by their flocks.

In these miserable conditions General Brusilov (who would allow no outrages or terrorism on the part of his troops) made Mgr Szepticky himself personally responsible for the good behaviour of the people. The archbishop went from church to church preaching good order, but he was tripped up in his own speech ; some words of his were misrepresented, and on September 18 he was carried off to Kiev with three companions. Seeing that he might never return, he decided that the time had come to use the powers accorded by Pope Pius X.

Accordingly, in a hotel at Kiev, he celebrated the Holy Mysteries and conferred the episcopal order on one of his companions, Father Joseph Bocian, sending him back with jurisdiction over the six suppressed Catholic Byzantine eparchies in the Kievan province which, non-existent in fact, were still canonically alive and had certain Catholic elements which, now that nearly all Ukrainians were under Russian sway, Mgr Andrew by the exercise of his extraordinary powers took under his care.[1] He had already provided a special *synkellos* (vicar general) for his own archdiocese.

Mgr Szepticky was a prisoner in Russia for two and a half years. His secret activities during this time are a matter of much interest, but they cannot be detailed here. When he was released by the provisional government at the revolution of 1917, he at once went to Petrograd and there organized the growing body of Catholic Russians of Byzantine rite : he presided at their first synod and appointed the Hieromonk Leonid Fedorov to be, subject to himself,[2] their exarch. It was these activities that first aroused the anger of the bolshevists against Szepticky, for they saw (as the archbishop and the Holy See itself saw) a possibility of Catholic Byzantines in Russia producing a common Christian front against atheistic communism in a way that Western Catholics could never do there. After wandering about Europe in an endeavour to get to Rome to report to Pope Benedict XV, an attempt that was frustrated by the hysterical suspicions of the French and Italian chancelleries, Mgr Andrew made a triumphal entry into Lwow in October 1917.

He was " carried on the shoulders of his people "—but in other respects it was a sad home-coming, for both spiritually and materially the religious and cultural work of a lifetime seemed to have been destroyed in a country that had been twice ravaged by military advance and retreat. And worse was to come. After a period of incredible confusion, Poland

[1] The Polish ecclesiastical authorities in western White Russia greatly hampered Mgr Bocian's work : they would not even allow Ukrainian army chaplains to reconcile Orthodox who came to them for the purpose, since they wished (or the civil power had ordered), for reasons of polonization, all such accessions to be to the Latin rite. Mgr Bocian died in 1926.

[2] An account of the Exarch Leonid, who died a confessor of the Faith in 1935, was contributed by the present writer to *Thought*, New York, December 1938.

in the autumn of 1918 assumed sovereign authority over Galicia. Civil war followed immediately.

The war was pursued with detestable bitterness and unscrupulosity on both sides. When one reads the outrages perpetrated by Catholic Poles in the churches, monasteries, libraries and so on of their fellow Catholic Ukrainians, one can hardly be surprised if certain Ukrainian priests so far forgot their Christian duty as to " preach in their sermons the extermination of the Poles "—as the Polish government, whether truly or not, alleged. And after this the Russian bolshevist army occupied Galicia nearly to the gates of Lwow. Through all this horror Mgr Andrew was almost continually interned in his house by the Poles and subjected to attacks in the press, having to look on helplessly at the sufferings of his people. He was not completely at liberty until 1920.

In 1923 the Conference of Ambassadors in Paris recognized Polish sovereignty over Galicia on condition that minority rights were guaranteed and that the province should be given an autonomous constitution. The first undertaking was dishonoured and the second never fulfilled, on the plea that the Ukrainians are an artificial nationality and that their separatist tendencies constitute a danger to the Polish state. The past sixteen years have not been happy ones for Galicia : *e.g.*, the " pacification " in 1930 and the events that led up to it ; but the Ukrainians have not always behaved blamelessly. The position of Mgr Szepticky has been a terribly difficult one ; and in spite of the peacable, tactful and loyal way in which he has guided and defended his people, his enemies have consistently misrepresented him as a danger to Polish unity. On the religious side the principal thing he has had to contend with has been the policy of putting subtle pressure to bear on Ukrainians to make them leave the Byzantine for the Latin rite : this is in flat opposition to the spirit and legislation of the Church, and Mgr Andrew, as in duty bound, has most resolutely opposed it. But he never lost courage : as has been related above, so late as 1938, when pressure was aggravated against the Orthodox in the Kholm district, he issued a protest that was suppressed by the govern-

ment. Nor did he fail to use all his influence and authority against those who, discontented under Polish rule, advocated a reunion of Galicia with their fellow Ukrainians of the soviet republic across the Russian border, and he equally refused to countenance the flirtations of certain Ukrainians with the nazi power in Germany. To add to his manifold trials he was smitten with partial paralysis, and for some years now this active and energetic man has been without the use of his legs ; but though his body failed, his mental and spiritual vigour were undiminished.

In spite of all this the post-war period was in many respects one of progress for the Church in Galicia, where in September 1939 there were over $3\frac{1}{2}$ million Ukrainian faithful. There were also, sharing the fate of their Byzantine brethren, two million Catholics of the Latin rite, made up of Poles and polonized Ukrainians. It may well be that in their common sufferings Poles and Ukrainians will find a unity the lack of which has so grievously overshadowed their history.

In the autumn of this year, then, a huge territory, with some twelve million inhabitants (roughly two-thirds of whom are Catholics), has come into the hands of a ruthless power which in Russia has for twenty years carried on a persecution of religion in general and Christianity in particular that is the most implacable in history. Of subsequent events there little is known at the time of writing, but it is clear that the process of sovietization is being carried on, with its inevitable accompaniment of forcible extermination of belief in the worship of Almighty God. In such a shocking spiritual catastrophe one person is no more and no less important than another ; but it is not invidious to single out Andrew Szepticky as the particular object of our solicitude and prayers. This almost bed-ridden old man, in his seventy-fifth year, was regarded with special malevolence by the bolshevists. What has happened to him ? Some reports state that he has been deported from Lwow into the interior of the U.S.S.R. But other reports say he has been put to death. He would have asked no better end than to die for living as he had lived.

DONALD ATTWATER

NATIONALISATION OF BANKING

BY SENATOR LIAM Ó BUACHALLA, M.COMM.
Lecturer in Economics, University College, Galway

I UNDERSTAND that this paper[1] is the fourth in a series designed to review some special aspects of the Report of our recent Banking Commission. Those who have made a study of Banking, and Finance generally, and who have gone through the three volumes containing the Reports and Minutes of Evidence of the Commission, will readily appreciate how utterly impossible it would be to deal with the Nationalisation of Banking in the course of a short review such as this must necessarily be.

Nationalisation, or Socialisation, of Banking is a matter that has been hinted at pretty frequently during the past fifty years. It is a matter, however, on which little real research has been done, even in recent times, although a good deal has been said and written about it. In fact, I should say that our own Commission and its witnesses have made the most important contribution so far to the study and literature of the matter.

Nationalisation of Banking, we may take it, means the assumption of control by the State, either directly or indirectly, of the whole banking system—such control covering organisation, policy and direction. Now any proposal, at any time, in the direction of nationalisation of any service or industry must be considered a matter of grave economic and social importance. In the light of experience and of knowledge in general, such a step may be taken only when it is agreed that the leaving of such service or industry in the hands of private individuals or corporations is a source of national danger or that private individuals or corporations are likely to abuse their duty or trust with consequent injustice and injury to the community and to the State.

The Irish banks have been assailed and many charges

[1] Paper read at the Clongowes Wood College Summer School, July 1939.

have been brought against them. If these charges could be substantiated, then it would follow that government action should be taken and, if necessary, State control or nationalisation should be insisted on. If there is national danger or if there is evidence of abuse, through leaving banking in private hands, then the Government must step in. The whole question of currency, credit and banking is so important in the life of the nation that there can, no longer, be any question as to the right and duty of the State to interfere when it is clear that the public welfare demands it.

I have said that the nationalisation of any service or industry is a very grave step and one not to be taken unless circumstances warrant it. The reason for this is simply that nationalisation is, in essence, socialisation. While in some instances socialisation may be the lesser of two evils, generally speaking it implies, among other dangers, a restriction of freedom and a restriction of the development of human personality, which is so essential to a full realisation of true happiness. Nationalisation of Banking would, I believe, be a very grave step ; for in its train would follow, indeed must necessarily follow, the socialisation of almost everything else.

It might be as well to pause for a moment to consider some of the main grounds on which the claims for Nationalisation of Banking are based. These, as far as I can make out, may be reduced to five :—

(i) More efficient or more economic public service.
(ii) Elimination of interest or a lowering of interest rates.
(iii) More orderly credit-extension policy.
(iv) Elimination of bank profits or a restriction of what are called unduly high profits.
(v) That the independence of the Commercial Banks is a barrier to the effectiveness of Central Bank policy.

Now these claims have been, either directly or indirectly, urged by various witnesses before the Banking Commission, and the claims and evidence were submitted to a most

exhaustive examination by the Commissioners—a body which, I may say in passing, I consider one of the most efficient and thoroughgoing that has yet inquired into any problem in any part of the world. Whatever else witnesses may complain of, they will not complain that they did not get every facility to present and argue their case. Having studied the Minutes of Evidence and the Reports, as well as most of the relevant literature on these problems, I must confess that I have nothing new to say in regard to them. The most I can hope to do here is to recall or to emphasise some of the more outstanding conclusions arrived at by the majority of the Commissioners.

Let us review, briefly, the points I have just mentioned. In the first place can it be shown that the Irish banks are inefficient or uneconomic from the point of view of the services they render to their depositors ?

There is no questioning the fact that the Irish banks do adequately safeguard the interests of their depositors ; and since opinion is practically unanimous on this point, there is no need to discuss it further. On the question of economy or general costliness of the system, it might, of course, be argued that the number of banks competing for business—with sometimes three or four branches in provincial cities and smaller towns—must make for heavy running costs and even waste. There is something in this contention ; but at the same time it is hard to say to what extent important economies could be made by nationalisation or amalgamation. There is no doubt that the existence of competing branches does make for efficiency in regard both to banking technique and public service. Competition between banks does not, apparently, result in any great variation in the rates and charges levied for services, while the convenience of location and the " personal " service available to customers are factors of great importance and are covered by the general charges levied. Nationalisation might result in a nominal saving ; but the experience of services at present nationalised does not lead me to believe that there would be a real saving. Also, it must be remembered that, banks as at present

constituted being profit-earning institutions, there is every incentive on the part of the management to keep running expenses down. The more economically and efficiently the banks can be run, the higher (generally speaking) will be the profits.

It is claimed that the profits themselves are too high. Assuming that we accept the principle that banks, like other institutions, are entitled to profit, it must be admitted that the profits earned by the banks are not unduly high. Certainly the returns furnished on page 204 of the Banking Commission Report do not indicate excessive profits—nothing in the nature of a fleecing of the community as is so often asserted.

As regards the elimination of interest, little need be said. In the first place the principle of charging interest is neither ethically nor economically wrong. Under a state-controlled banking system interest would still have to be charged. There is no need to argue this. Any banking system must involve costs—to meet, at least, management and administration expenses as well as a return to depositors on their savings. This in itself is a reason for the charging of interest. On the other hand, an interest rate is a most important and essential economic index.

The question may be asked whether the rates charged under the present system are not too high. This is a point over which there is a considerable amount of contention. The evidence, however, goes to show that Irish interest rates are among the lowest in the world: 96·5% of the Banks' Advances are made at rates not exceeding 5% p.a., 10·8% at rates between 3% and 4%, while 24·5% were issued at rates not exceeding 3%. If the reduction of interest rates were the important argument in favour of nationalisation, the same result could as readily be achieved through the amalgamation of the present banks.

On the matter of the extension of credit, the claim for nationalisation depends on whether the present system has failed to meet the legitimate demands upon it. Witnesses and Commissioners alike are, I think, agreed that as far as ordinary economically—or should I say 'commercially'—

sound projects are concerned, no complaints could be levelled against the banks.

Most of the controversy on this matter of credit extension centres around the attitude of the banks towards what are described as 'socially necessary' or 'socially desirable' schemes. The point is frequently made that the banks are prepared to assist socially undesirable projects (*e.g.*, picture houses), while they decline or refuse to assist socially desirable ones. A State Bank on the other hand, it is held, would exercise discrimination in favour of 'socially desirable' projects. Now, as there seems to be a good deal of confusion in regard to this matter, it would be as well if it could be simplified somewhat. First, do the banks actually and as a policy assist 'socially undesirable' projects? Secondly, are the bankers the authority which should decide what are 'socially desirable' projects? Thirdly, having decided what projects are 'socially desirable,' how may they be financed?

These questions, among other important ones, are dealt with in the Majority Report of the Commission; but for a very clear and, from the strictly Catholic standpoint, an authoritative lead in our approach to them, I should specially recommend a study of Appendix 15 to the Majority Report. This appendix contains a survey of the points at issue by two distinguished members of the Commission—*viz.*, Most Rev. Dr. MacNeely and Professor George O'Brien. That survey is, in my humble opinion, eminently fair and practical, and with the conclusions of its authors I agree. I do not intend to go into a detailed review of the appendix; but I should like to summarise, very briefly, the relevant points. This summary covers pars. 17 and 18 of the appendix (pp. 508–510 of the Majority Report).

(*a*) As to complaint that 'socially undesirable' projects were being assisted by the banks, no evidence had been tendered to indicate that such had been done.

(*b*) It is the function of the *Government* to declare what are 'socially desirable' and what are 'socially undesirable' enterprises. In the absence of a decision by the Government, any attempt by the banker to judge of the purposes for which

loans are required would be beyond his proper sphere. In the absence of disapproval, implicit or explicit, by the Public Authorities, the only possible principle for the bankers is to consider each application for accommodation in the light of their duty to their depositors, of whose savings they are the custodians.

(*c*) In any system of free enterprise many 'socially desirable' goods and services are not provided. Opinions may differ as to the relative desirability of different types of services, but there is agreement that, under the spur of the profit motive, some of the more desirable services will not be produced. And even if the system of distribution were satisfactory, many 'socially desirable' goods and services would still not be produced owing to ignorance of consumers and the difficulty of pricing things enjoyed by the community as a whole. It is, therefore, the duty of the State to repair such defect either by *direct provision* of such goods and services or by *subsidising private enterprise* to produce them.

(*d*) Since such action is costly and since in many cases it would not be possible to charge the cost direct to the consumers, the burden must be imposed on the taxpayer. Certain sections—*viz.*, the richer classes or recipients of income from property or inherited wealth—may be expected to bear a large part of such taxation.

(*e*) Discussing methods by which 'socially desirable' projects might be undertaken, the signatories refer to the claim that capital and credit might be provided at less than the normal market rates. To insist on such a policy would imply discrimination amounting to *unfair taxation* of the banks. If it could be shown that the development of socially desirable projects was prevented by the action of the banks and that the only source of revenue available to provide the requisite subsidy was the banks' profits, then discriminatory taxation would be justified. Neither of these claims can be substantiated in Éire.

(*f*) Should the State desire to promote 'socially desirable' projects, it can do so directly or by subsidy. The former would imply public borrowing, thereby directing savings into

channels deemed socially desirable. Suitable distribution can be secured by discriminatory charges for the goods or services, while the interest on the necessary capital would be provided out of the fees and prices charged for the goods and services or by taxation. The requisite amount of ' socially desirable ' goods and services could be developed by the State in this way without the injustice of forcing the banks to advance capital or credit at less than the normal cost.

Now if the conclusions arrived at by Dr. MacNeely and Professor O'Brien hold good, and (as I have already mentioned) I subscribe to them fully, I submit that no case can be made here for the Nationalisation of Banking.

Protagonists of nationalisation are, as a rule, careful to declare that they do not visualise any undue interference with (*a*) the ordinary right of the ' saving ' public to dispose of its savings as it thinks fit or (*b*) with the general freedom of the ordinary Commercial Banks. At least they declare that these interests will be interfered with only to the least possible extent. A State Banking system, run on ordinary principles of prudence and honesty, would differ little from the present system. Believing this, I suggest we must accept the view expressed in the Majority Report of the Commission, that a State Bank, without power of a far-reaching nature over the public, over the Commercial Banks and over Industry in general, could not achieve the special objects laid down for it by its protagonists.

In view of the fact that the disposal of their savings by the public is a matter of paramount importance in the economic system of today, that public would have to be regimented in the interests of the State Bank. In other words, since the chief ground urged for nationalisation is the development of ' socially desirable ' schemes (which will not have received the support of the ordinary saving public because of lack of confidence), the State Bank must have power to dispose of the savings of that public. Economically the idea is, to put it mildly, unsound. As for the regimentation aspect, I offer no opinion just now.

What I have just said in regard to the regimentation of the

public, obviously applies to the ordinary Commercial Banks. These banks do have to invest from time to time, and they are in a position to provide credit. Now the success of the State Bank will depend on the extent to which discrimination is practised both as to investment proper and as to the parties to whom credit may be granted. Thus it will be seen that these ordinary Commercial Banks would be in a position to upset the plans of the State Bank, and hence it would seem unwise to allow the Commercial Banks to continue to function independently of the State Bank. The fact is that, in the absence of regimentation here, the institution of a State Banking system would amount to no more than the substitution of a state or public monopoly in place of a system of private competitive ownership.

It might appear that I am labouring this matter of the need for regimentation. In reality it is a matter of very great importance whether the State Bank could count on the support of the saving public or of depositors. There are different reasons why many people would not be anxious to entrust complete knowledge of their financial affairs to what might be termed a State Institution. Besides, a sound and effective banking system is so pre-eminently a matter of confidence on the part of the public in those charged with that system that it is readily conceivable that the public would not, of its own volition, be willing to entrust its savings and business generally to a State Bank. Refusal on the part of any considerable number of depositors to place their business with the State Bank would certainly place that institution in an impossible position.

It would, undoubtedly, be possible to prevent the public from placing its funds or business elsewhere than with the State Bank. But the serious implications of such action must be obvious, unless depositors in general are convinced of the utility and security of the State Bank—and it may not be so easy as some financial reformers believe to convince them. Whatever faith, therefore, financial reformers may have in their different schemes, I suggest to them that any step likely to weaken the confidence of depositors or investors

will be fraught with serious consequences for the whole community.

There is just one other point to which I have not referred, at least directly, and that is the claim that, as a result of nationalisation, credit could be issued on conditions differing essentially from those on which it is issued today. The discussion on this point, recorded in the Minutes of Evidence, is one of the most searching and interesting of all the proceedings of the Commission. As a result of that examination I feel it must be accepted that a State Bank could not operate on lines essentially different from those on which the present banking organisation operates today. The question No. 5034 (p. 682, vol. 1 Evid.) and the answer given to it do, I think, fairly cover the point :—

> *Q.* " The whole point is that your scheme, instead of calling it the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland, calls it the State Bank of Ireland. It is identical otherwise ? "
>
> *A.* " But control is in national, not in private hands."

In certain circumstances, as I have said before, nationalisation might be the more desirable. But as things stand, I, for one, fail to see that any advantage would accrue from a change in that direction. Nationalisation would not result in more efficient or more economic service to the community ; interest charges could not be dispensed with ; in view of all the evidence, it is hard to see how charges could be appreciably lowered ; a State Banking system could not operate on lines or principles essentially different from those on which banks operate today ; credit cannot be created free of charge or in disregard of the savings of the community ; as to the elimination of profits, if ordinary Commercial Banks are to be permitted to operate (a matter which is taken for granted by practically all the protagonists of nationalisation), they must have capital and they must build up and maintain reserves. Reserves are absolutely essential, and the lenders of the capital must be rewarded. That reward as well as the reserves come from only one source, namely, profits.

The determination of what are ' socially desirable ' schemes is the responsibility of the Government, and the only methods open to the Government to carry them through (assuming such schemes are not considered economically sound by the saving public) are (*a*) by public borrowing (and incidentally guaranteeing the safety of the sums borrowed as well as interest thereon) and (*b*) by subsidy—this latter at the expense of the taxpayers. The institution of a State Bank, with the set aims of putting through special or ' socially desirable ' projects, would entail the implementing of wide powers of a definitely socialistic nature—of powers affecting the whole public as well as the Commercial Banks. Besides that, the protagonists of a State Bank have produced no real evidence to show that the Irish Banking organisation assists undesirable projects or does not promote the national interests as far as that lies in its power. (And it must be realised that the power of banks is far more limited than many people imagine).

On these grounds, among others with which I am unable to deal here, I agree with the view of the Majority of the Banking Commission that Nationalisation of Banking in Éire would be of no advantage—of no advantage, to say the least of it.

Liam ó Buachalla

RICHARD KIRWAN *

Part II—Kirwan and Chemistry in the Eighteenth Century

BY REV. PROFESSOR P. J. McLAUGHLIN, D.SC.
St. Patrick's College, Maynooth

THE level of scientific inquiry in Ireland and in academic circles generally when Kirwan retired to Menlo after his marriage is pretty fairly represented by Rev. Richard Barton's best-seller *Lectures on Lough Neagh*, published at the *Angel and Bible*, Dame Street, Dublin in 1751. Barton was a graduate of Trinity College Dublin and had a living at Lurgan, Co. Armagh. He wrote to controvert an opinion expressed in Buffon's celebrated *Histoire Naturelle* concerning the remarkable properties ascribed to the waters of Lough Neagh. It was commonly held that these waters could turn wood into stone.[1] Buffon admitted only incrustation or sedimentary deposit, while Barton supported a transmutation or "petrification" theory. Barton's book is a mixture of classical erudition and curious arguments. His quaint natural philosophy is based on "the great and judicious Lord Verulam" and Robert Boyle, but there is more Bacon than Boyle in the dish he serves, and it is noteworthy that he quotes more

* For Part I. see September (1939) issue.

Although Donovan asserts an early English origin, there is an intense local and family tradition that the Kirwans, from whom Richard was descended, were Irish in their earliest origins. Such traditions frequently go back beyond the existing documents and are as reliable as a great deal of the censored or biassed documents that have been allowed to come down to us. Hardiman states that the name and family are Irish and refers to I Vol. Pedigrees, Office of Arms. Lynch's statement in the *Life of Francis Kirwan, Bishop of Killala*, may be quoted: "The paternal race of our Bishop derives from Roderick, who was King in Ireland, before the preaching of the Faith." Mr. Goulding of Bawnmore, Claregalway, has a delightful traditional story bearing on the origin of the name and family of the Kirwans. The ingredients are—a beautiful Meath Princess, a one-eyed rascally Connaught giant who steals the precious white comb (Cíor Bán) of the Princess as she sleeps, and a handsome youth who braves many perils and recovers the comb. He, of course, married the Princess and founded the Kirwan dynasty.

[1] The tradition about Lough Neagh water is very old. Nennius in the ninth century refers to it, and Tollius in *Gemmarum et Lapidum Historia* gives the verse:—

Est Lacus Ultoniae Neachum quem nomine dicunt,
Cujus si quivis Aquilentam affigat ad imum,
In tres septennis species distinguitur annis;
Pars fundo ferrum, cos fluctibus, arbor aprico.

often from Boyle's "Excellency of Theology compared with Philosophy" than from the "Skyptical Chymist." He makes very little reference to experimental work and performs no experiments himself, but gets a few analyses done by two Irish chemists, Robert Davies and Dr. Rutty. Barton, like Bacon but unlike Boyle, was a firm believer in the doctrine of four elements, and as an example of the kind of reasoning employed by him and common at the time, it is sufficient to quote:

> Proposition 1. Water has Earth and Fire and Air in it. Demonstration. Water has earth in it, otherwise it would not afford a terrene sediment when allowed to settle and subside, nor throw it off superficially in fermentation. It has fire in it, otherwise in a storm the waves would not emit flame, and a small portion of it thrown upon fewel in high combustion would not perhaps increase the fire, as by experiment it is known to do; and the air which rushes out of vessels in which water has been long confined, would not flame when toucht with a lighted candle. It has air in it, otherwise the fish could not live in that element nor plants grow.

The reasoning is not unworthy of Barton's chief master, Francis Bacon, the alleged "Father of Modern Science," who substituted for Aristotle and the syllogism such proofs as: "Wooden arrows without an iron point penetrate farther into wood than the same arrows pointed with iron owing to the 'similitude of substance'" (Nat. Hist. Cent. VIII. 704), and whose sole recorded contribution to experimental science—stuffing a hen with snow—carried out on a preconceived theory against the principles of his own method, gave him his death of cold. Kirwan at this period was beginning to distrust the efficacy of the Baconian method, while admitting that his early love for learning and stimulus to experiment had been due in part to early acquaintance with the *Novum Organum*. He was slowly emancipating himself from the sterile authority of Lord Verulam and was finding gleams of inspiration in the scientific works of Van Helmont, Boyle, Becher and Stahl. Unlike the eminent chemist Baumé who died in 1804 a firm believer to the last in the doctrine of four elements, Kirwan freed his mind from this doctrine even before Lavoisier's careful experiment disproved the supposed

transformation of water into earth (1770). Yet Kirwan's notions of chemical elements, in common with those of most investigators at the time, were still painfully crude and chaotic, judged by present-day standards. But he doggedly kept on experimenting, and he kept on seeking a principle of unity and clarity. He seemed to find such a principle in the primitive phlogiston theory of Stahl, and he set about perfecting this theory—to such good purpose as to be later considered by his contemporaries its ablest and happiest exponent.

Kirwan was further stimulated to continue his arduous experiments on learning of the researches of two of his countrymen, the industrious Quaker Dr. Rutty and the distinguished surgeon and physician Dr. MacBride. Rutty's work on the numerous Spas of Ireland (1757) prompted Kirwan's interest in qualitative analysis of mineral waters and eventually led to Kirwan's exhaustive treatise on the subject which appeared at the end of the century. Rutty's meteorological observations—the first attempt at scientific meteorology in Ireland—appear to have first aroused Kirwan's interest in this department of science, which Kirwan was to cultivate very successfully later, his publications being of serious value to the modern student of Irish climatology. David MacBride, a native of Antrim and one of the most eminent physicians of his day, settled in Dublin in 1751, but Kirwan appears to have learned of his important researches on scurvy and carbonic acid through French or German translations. MacBride's most valuable work was his "Methodical Introduction to Medicine," translated into Latin, German, French and Dutch; but his "Experimental Essays on the Fermentation of Alimentary Mixtures" first gained for him a European reputation and they undoubtedly mark the high water-level of Irish Chemistry at this period.

Kirwan was not allowed to pursue his philosophical studies in peace at Menlo. The Dowager Lady Blake disapproved of the disagreeable odours caused by his experiments: she thought it revolting that he should use a pig's bladder to connect up glass tubes: she objected to his devotion to research in the early hours of the morning, and she told him roundly that

she never intended her daughter to be the wife of a smelly bookish monk. Richard, a little nettled, made an unlucky allusion to the champagne he had taken the evening he proposed for Anne's hand. Anne's tears began to flow; and Richard, thus proved in the wrong, had to apologise caressingly for his brutal remark. When the tears had been wiped away, the Dowager returned to the charge. Could not Richard apply himself to hobbies more fitting a gentleman? If he could not be happy away from books, if he could find no pleasure in the ordinary pursuits of a gentleman—riding, drinking, dancing, carousing, hunting, shooting, fishing, duelling, racing, cock-fighting and wagering—why not study law books and become a barrister? Richard objected that he would have to conform to the established church before he could become a barrister. "And why not?" asked Lady Blake. "It's about time you faced up to facts and dropped sentiment. Catholics cut no ice in Society anywhere since the collapse of the Stuarts. Your present obscurity is inconsistent with your birth and fortune. Surely you can see that as a Catholic you cannot hope to retain your estates. At present you have to avoid Cregg as if the plague was there. If you conformed—or pretended to conform, as so many are doing nowadays—you could live at Cregg Castle and protect your wretched Catholic tenants against the tithe proctors and those country tyrants, the imported clergy who hire them."

Alternate nagging and pleading, worries with his wife's health and disappointment with the slow results of his experiments made Kirwan give in. He studied law with great thoroughness in England and in Germany (1761–66). Betweentimes he read Chillingworth's "Religion of Protestants," but it failed to convince him that Protestantism was a safe way to salvation. In 1763 he brought his wife to Paris for her health's sake.[1] At a bouquiniste's on the Pont Neuf a book, with the title-page missing, took his fancy. The book dealt with religious controversy. He read bits of it every morning

[1] It was on this occasion that he was challenged to fight a duel. He replied that he had the utmost contempt for persons who would decide a quarrel by such unchristian means, but he added that he always wore a sword, that he walked every morning early in a solitary allée of the Bois, and that he would defend himself if attacked. His French challenger bothered him no more.

while submitting to the hairdresser's lengthy administrations. He used afterwards attribute his change of religion to this book. He went through the form of abjuring his faith on the 15 February 1764 and was called to the Irish Bar two years later.

For a considerable time afterwards Kirwan was restless and unsettled. His wife died at Menlo while he was in London. His practice of the law brought him poor remuneration and increasing irritations, as he spent his winters in Dublin and his summers in Galway or on circuit. He found the barrister's life irksome, the hostels poor, the roads worse, and the company of extravagant Jonah Barringtons coarse and uninteresting. He found no pleasure in mixing with these racy arrogant men-of-law who drank vast quantities of rum-shrub to keep down their claret, and he could not respect judges who mocked the principles of justice in their decisions and who tried to cure their gout with Drogheda usquebaugh. He threw up the practice of law after two years and went to London, bought another large library, flung himself with abandon into learned tomes and chemical experiments, took no interest in the affairs of his estate or of his family, entrusting his daughters to the Dowager and his property to his agent, with whom he could scarcely be induced to correspond on even the most important business affairs. He returned to Dublin in 1772, took lodgings in Peter Street and placed his daughters in a celebrated French Convent in Aungier Street, not far from the greengrocer's shop kept by Tom Moore's parents. In Peter Street he indulged himself in a recreation that brought him some comfort, the society and conversation of very young persons, and he frequently invited the school companions of his daughters to his house: some of them, such as the Misses Montgomerys, were to bloom into famous beauties and receive immortality from the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The innocence of mind and simplicity of character of these young people delighted and distracted him, their company helped to develop his great conversational powers, and gradually confidence in himself returned.[1]

[1] Kirwan later became known as a brilliant conversationalist, interesting alike to old and young. "I have known," says Colonel Hill, "children to leave their toys and their

Kirwan retired with his family to Cregg Castle in 1773, built a laboratory—the present Cider House—and repaired damages caused by a recent fire. He saw no inconsistency in saying his prayers in the beautiful camouflaged oratory that had been built in the earlier and harsher penal times, and he had Mass said in it regularly for the members of his household. Resuming his philosophical studies, he revived his knowledge of the half-dozen modern languages necessary for his scientific pursuits, and at the age of forty he commenced the study of Greek, becoming so passionately enamoured of it that towards the end of his life he wrote a treatise to prove that it was the primaeval language of mankind.

After four years at Cregg, Kirwan went to London and entered on the most spectacular decade of his life. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society (24 February 1780) and received its highest honour, the Copley medal, for his first scientific publications. These papers were the fruit of eighteen years' experimental work and dealt with the difficult subject of chemical affinity. They were promptly translated into German by Crell. Soon afterwards Kirwan's acute comments on Cavendish's experiments on air gave rise to a useful discussion and won for him the esteem and friendship of the " Newton of Chemistry." In his exhaustive experiments on " Hepatic Air " (1786) Kirwan gave an account of his discovery of Phosphoretted Hydrogen Gas. But probably his most valuable work at this time was the " Elements of Mineralogy " (1784, 3rd edition 1810), which is still of great historical interest. It was the first systematic treatise on the subject in English, and it contained a great deal that was original. It was long regarded as the standard textbook and was translated into French, German and Russian. In a comparatively short time Kirwan became recognised as an authority in chemical science, and over a long period his name was to be seen more frequently quoted than that of any other chemist in the scientific journals of Europe. He

juvenile gambols to listen with delight to his numerous stories and sketches from history ... his mind and memory were so replete with varied knowledge that he had only to make choice of what he deemed at the time best suited to the taste of his hearers, and in the selection he never failed."

entered into lengthy correspondence with all the savants of Europe. He became the associate and friend of Black, Cavendish, Priestley, Sir Joseph Banks, Cavallo, Bergman and Scheele and numerous others equally distinguished. He acted as a kind of "science-exchange." Gifted with a prodigious and exact memory, remarkable powers of assimilation and masterly familiarity with modern languages, he kept scientists informed of the work of brother scientists in an age when communications were slow and difficult. He was held in such repute that, as his intimate friend Lord Cloncurry tells us in his *Recollections* (p. 255), "even during the hottest period of the war, his letters were suffered to pass free from all parts of Europe."[1] Honours were showered on him by scientific societies at home and abroad. Catherine the Second of Russia, unable to have him for the Russian Academy she was founding, was pleased with his substitute Bryan Higgins and graciously sent him her portrait. Kirwan, gentleman of Galway, was not to be outdone in courtesy even by the Empress of the Russians, and in acknowledgement of the royal gift he dedicated his "Essay on Geology" to "Catherine the Great—the Immortal Benefactress of Mankind."

This decade of Kirwan's life was socially brilliant as well as scientifically spectacular. His imposing establishment at No. 11 Newman Street, off Oxford Street—Kirwan preferred the good air and quiet of the suburb to the bustle of the city—became the resort of rank and talent. A gentleman by birth, education, manners and property, he maintained a position in society which placed him on a footing of equality with the most exalted in rank or the most distinguished in intellectual attainments. He had a gift for finding friends in all stations of life. His charm of manner, his quiet sincerity and his expansive hospitality attracted to his conversazioni every Wednesday evening a great diversity of persons, including foreign ambassadors, diplomatists trained at Cambridge, the Sorbonne and Heidelberg, and persons distinguished in the

[1] He was not so lucky with his fine Irish library. While it was being transported in a Galway ship to London, it was seized by an American privateer—commanded, strangely enough, by a Thomas Kirwan descended from the family of Cregg. The ship and Richard's domestics were allowed to proceed to London.

arts and sciences. The house in Newman Street became the fashionable resort of the many foreigners who flocked to London at the close of the American War. The Honourable Henry Cavendish, the simple gentle eccentric millionaire scientist, deserted his solitary residence on Clapham Common to call on him. A more frequent visitor was the discoverer of Oxygen, the restless fiery non-conforming Minister, Dr. Priestley, most brilliant of experimenters, destined to embrace what is called the heterodox side of every question. He and Kirwan were particularly close friends. Other scientists who were frequent visitors were Sir Joseph Banks, the botanist, President of the Royal Society, who would describe his adventures with Captain Cook during the voyages of scientific discovery of the "Endeavour," Tibustius Cavallo, the Neapolitan, who applied electricity to medicine, Dr. Fordyce whose experiments on radiation were in advance of the time, and Dr. Ingenhousz, noted for his experiments on vegetation and the nature of soils. Other notabilities included Sir George Staunton, who could discourse interestingly on the Chinese language, the Radical Horne Tooke, fresh from his year in jail for having organised collections for the dependants of the "Americans murdered at Lexington," Edmund Burke who was accompanied by Langton and Reynolds and other members of the famous Literary Club, and the Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan, who was then chaplain to the Neapolitan Embassy. Martin Dean of Galway attended and took notes of the brilliant conversations he heard around him. He noted even then a subtle antagonism between Priestley and Burke, and he was to recall his observation later when as a result of Priestley's "Reply" to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" a mob of brutal fanatics wrecked Priestley's house and destroyed his books, manuscripts and scientific apparatus. Another visitor was Dr. Bryan Higgins, a native of Co. Sligo. He had a big and well-deserved reputation as a chemist, and many of his speculations were remarkable for their acuteness and generalizing character. He had opened a school for the practical study of chemistry in Greek Street, Soho, in 1774. This school, besides being one of the best in

existence at the time, supplied refined chemicals to research workers, and Priestley and Kirwan were amongst its many customers. On one occasion when Kirwan visited the school, he met a nephew of Dr. Higgins's, young William Higgins, with whom he was to have many dealings later. It was probably at one of Kirwan's conversazioni that the meeting took place between Bryan Higgins and the Russian Ambassador which led to Higgins's visit to the Russian Court, where he found installed in high favour with the Empress the ex-Governor of Livonia (Latvia) George Count de Browne, the Limerick soldier of fortune who started the remarkable Princess Lieven on her meteoric career. Science benefited by these meetings in Newman Street, as wits did not frequent them much and no one tried to shine at the expense of another.[1]

Towards the end of this decade Kirwan became involved in the phlogiston controversy. His *Essay on Phlogiston*—which was promptly translated into German by Crell and into French by Gibelin—was considered the best authoritative exposition and defence of the theory, and it is worth recalling that the strongest attack on the phlogistic hypothesis in the English language was made by another Irishman, William Higgins, the nephew of Bryan. The theory originated with Becher and Stahl, and it was Stahl who introduced the term phlogiston (Greek "set on fire") to denote the principle of inflammability which he supposed to exist in all combustible substances. The theory did great service for over a century. It was the first great orderly principle in chemistry, and it was used to give coherence and unity to a medley of previously isolated facts: it originated, crudely of course, the modern notions of chemical combination and chemical change. It offered a rational explanation of the chemical changes

[1] Kirwan regularly attended the Royal Society meetings on Saturday evenings, and he was a frequent visitor at Sir Joseph Banks's conversazioni on Thursdays. He must have known Dr. Hussey, the first President of Maynooth, who was then chaplain to the Spanish Embassy in London and the only Catholic member of the Royal Society. Kirwan occasionally met Dr. Samuel Johnson. Once the Doctor was pronouncing in his pontifical manner a dissertation on the invention and manufacture of gunpowder, and he concluded by observing to Kirwan—then unknown to him—"Perhaps, Sir, you know something about it"; and the good Doctor seemed not a little taken back when Kirwan replied: "Yes, I have both made it and written about it." On another occasion, when the trade-winds were the subject of conversation, Dr. Johnson gave his opinion in his usual *ex cathedra* manner. Kirwan ventured to differ with him, to the amazement of the company, and brought forward such an irresistible torrent of arguments that the learned Doctor never again entered into a discussion with him.

involved in combustion and the calcination of the metals, and the later phlogistonists were aware that the process of respiration and the rusting of iron were instances of slow combustion. The theory provided a powerful stimulus to research. It had only one fault : it was basically wrong in its conception. It introduced a purely hypothetical and unnecessary element. It supposed that when anything burned, something like a flame—phlogiston—escaped from the combustible into the air. It never considered that something might have rushed into the combustible from the air. The mistake was a natural one, but an unfortunate one, for it made difficult what was simple. The mistake resembled that made by a person who on opening a tin of peaches or cigarettes hears a rush of air and concludes that air has escaped from the tin. Such faulty observation could be corrected by weighing the tin before and after opening. The tin would be found heavier after opening. The phlogistonists should have found out their mistake in a similar manner, the modern student is inclined to say, all the while thinking what silly folk these phlogistonists were. But matters were not at all as simple for the phlogistonists as for us who stand on their shoulders. It had yet to be shown that the heat and light of combustion were weightless, that no matter is lost in chemical reactions, and that the concept of negative weight is more absurd than Dirac's concept of negative energy or the mathematicians' concept of the root of minus one. The phlogistonist had " proof " of the reality of negative weight in the fire that mounts to the heavens ! Lavoisier killed the phlogistic theory because he was not a chemist. His work with Laplace had led him to regard heat or " caloric " as imponderable. He believed also that matter was conserved in chemical reactions. He had no belief in negative weight. He accordingly held that when things burned they got something from the air. This something he called oxygen because the product of combustion was an acid (Oxygen, acid-producer) or an earth. For Lavoisier all acids were simply compounds of oxygen and some other simple substance. (In this he was going too far and riding a good horse to death).

Kirwan identified phlogiston with the "inflamable air", hydrogen, and his modification of the phlogistic theory was well received by the most eminent chemists in Europe, and there was a general tendency to adopt it in all countries except France. Lavoisier and his associates considered that a refutation of the theory would be a death-blow to the doctrine of phlogiston and would constitute incidentally an admirable piece of propaganda for the theory of oxygenation.[1] Accordingly Madame Lavoisier translated Kirwan's *Essay* into French, and the five greatest chemists of France—Lavoisier, Fourcroy, Berthollet, Guyton-Morveau and Monge—under the generalship of Laplace each took a section and dealt with the points raised by Kirwan. The arguments of the French chemists were so precise, their deductions from accurate experiment so convincing, and the exposition of their doctrines so clear and compelling that Kirwan himself, "with the candour which distinguishes superior minds," acknowledged his defeat and accepted the new chemistry. Henceforth he was to be an apostle of the new system, especially in his native country.[2]

Two other Irish chemists, Black and young Higgins, were already prominent preachers of the new gospel, but Kirwan saw with sorrow his friends Cavendish, Priestley and Bryan Higgins remain obstinately loyal to their old faith. Cavendish continued to regard hydrogen as phlogisticated and oxygen as dephlogisticated water, and nitrogen or azote as phlogisticated air—that is, air so saturated with phlogiston as to be incapable of burning or of supporting respiration. The vigorous Priestley continued, till his death in exile, to regard oxygen as dephlogisticated air, refused to admit that sulphur and chlorine were simple substances and kept on calling them

[1] Here is the opinion of a contemporary chemist about Kirwan. "Among the philosophers who have not yet adopted the new doctrine, he is certainly one of those who is the most capable of producing uncertainty in the minds of such persons as decide by authority. His acquaintance with every part of natural philosophy, the discoveries with which he has enriched the sciences, and even the ingenious modifications he has introduced into the theory of phlogiston—all contribute to give weight to his opinions."

[2] He wrote to Berthollet: "Enfin, après dix années de lutte, je mets bas les armes et j'abandonne le phlogistique . . . Je donnerai moi-même une réfutation de mon *Essai*." Dr. Dickson wrote: "His theory underwent a regular siege from a phalanx of the most formidable antagonists that chemical philosophy ever mustered; their assaults were made with vigour and repelled with dexterity; and it is not less to the glory of all parties than to the interests of science that he has capitulated, and marched out of a fortress no longer tenable, with all the honours of war."

dephlogisticated vitriolic and muriatic acids. Bryan Higgins remained no less fierce a partisan of phlogiston: he threw his nephew out on the street and never again let the young Oxford graduate darken his door because he had given up the teachings of the Greek Street school and had written against the hypothetical principle of fire and in favour of the "French Revolutionaries." Kirwan was too mild to know hatred in the form of either *odium theologicum* or *odium scientificum*, and when he learned that young Higgins was in straightened circumstances, he took care that employment should be got for him in Dublin, where his talents might be put to better use than in London. William had given evidence of great originality and precocity in his book against phlogiston. In it he inaugurated the new atomic theory which was to be developed later by Dalton and was to constitute the next great step in the development of modern chemistry.[1]

Kirwan's decade in London was now drawing to a close. It was a memorable decade. It saw the death-blow administered to the ancient but perennial doctrine of the elements, a doctrine that had in one form or another dominated philosophical and scientific thought from before the time of Aristotle. The work of Black and MacBride on "fixed" air, of Cavendish on "inflammable" air, of Priestley on "pure" air, of Rutherford and Scheele on "foul" air, together with numerous researches like those of Kirwan on "hepatic" air, eventually brought realisation that air is not one but many: the chemistry of the "airs" or gases made it impossible to go on considering common air as a simple element. With phlogiston went the last claims of fire to be considered as a quasi-miraculous "element." Cavendish and others broke up water and put the pieces together again, and it was seen that they were simply the gases oxygen and hydrogen. Earth became earths, which in turn were shown to be reducible to simpler constituents.

This decade marks a great turning-point in the development

[1] A thorough and comprehensive study of Higgins's work on the atomic theory applied to chemistry has been made by Prof. J. Reilly and D. T. MacSweeney: *Scientific Proc. of the R.D.S.*, Jan. 1929, Vol. 19. "Williams Higgins, a Pioneer of the Atomic Theory." See also Von Meyer's *Geschichte der Chemie*, and *An Outline of Modern Knowledge* (Gollancz, 1931, p. 40.) There can be little doubt that if Higgins had been French, English or German, the text-books of to-day would speak of the atomic theory of Higgins and Dalton.

of the physical sciences, and Kirwan and other Irish savants certainly helped the sciences round the bend. The development of the atomic and molecular theories, which were soon to follow, was not only to constitute a new and more detailed view of the nature of matter, but was also to be the foundation that was to make possible the orderly and spectacular rise of chemistry, especially organic chemistry, in the nineteenth century. Here again Irish scientists were to play no negligible part. The history of the period is valuable not only because it records their achievements, but also because it throws light on the social attitudes of those who so greatly altered the possibilities of our civilisation. The Universities played a minor part in this evolution. Endowed learning was apt to be timid and conservative, lacking in initiative and fearful of novelty. The steady growth of the new knowledge went on chiefly in the small world of prosperous and independent-spirited people, the "private gentlemen" like Kirwan and the medical men like Rutty, MacBride and Higgins. But this decade marks, too, the end of an epoch, when the scientist could be both an amateur and an expert, covering an extremely wide range of knowledge in his inquiries. Kirwan was already feeling the strain of such activities. Eventually his health broke down, and he was obliged to leave London and return to Ireland. There I shall leave him, for the present, recuperating.

P. J. McLaughlin

SPAIN REVISITED—AND SOME REFLECTIONS

BY PROFESSOR E. ALLISON PEERS

LAST August, for the first time since 1936, I paid a visit to Spain—a country in which, from the close of the Great War to the outbreak of the Civil War, I had spent about three months annually. This new visit was not a long one, for it was rudely interrupted by the European storm before I had time either to reach Madrid or to get into touch with many of the persons whom I most wished to see. But it was quite long enough to illustrate the remarkable vitality of the Spanish people and to prove that a great deal of the information being disseminated about Spain is entirely inaccurate.

To take the latter point first, let me begin by describing an incident which took place before I crossed the frontier. One of my oldest friends in Spain was, and remained through the whole period of the Civil War, Director of one of the most important libraries in Barcelona. Being of Republican sympathies, he naturally became suspect on the entry of the Nationalists into Barcelona, but he had taken part in no political activities, and except that he would probably be temporarily suspended from his duties as a precautionary measure, I had not expected anything to happen to him. Only a few days after receiving a letter from him, dated May 24, saying that he was well and hard at work on a piece of research, I learned from a colleague, to my surprise and horror, that he had been shot. Twice, before the end of June, this news was confirmed—once by another colleague, who knew him personally, and once by a letter from a Spanish refugee in England. And not only so, but his last hours were described with a wealth of detail which, I confess, completely took me in. Long before I read his name in a list of alleged victims of the new *régime* given in a left-wing propagandist sheet I had decided that the news must be true—when, on July 24, I received another letter from him, dated July 18, saying that

the piece of research referred to above was making good progress !

It is difficult to see how such a rumour as this could arise from anything but deliberate invention. The currency of a rumour that such-and-such a person, known to have been arrested or imprisoned, has been shot is easy to explain, for when one has no news in such circumstances one is apt to fear the worst, and to assert that it has happened is only a short step farther. But the full story which reached me from three different sources, comprising what purported to be a detailed account of the trial and the circumstances of the execution, could never have arisen naturally : it must have been someone's fabrication. (The propagandist sheet, by the way, has since printed an entirely new version of the story—that the person in question was found murdered by the roadside). And if one such story can be invented, so can thousands, each with its appropriate details.

With this experience in my mind, I went to Spain determined to believe only what I saw or learned from persons for whose integrity I could personally vouch. When I arrived at Saint Jean-de-Luz, a town still full of Spanish refugees, one person after another assailed me with gloomy stories. Crossing the frontier, they said, was a long and arduous business: one man who had just returned from Madrid estimated that it would take four or five hours, and it would be best to leave in the morning so as to have the whole day for the ordeal if necessary. My photograph and finger-prints would certainly be taken, there would be various long queues, and I should probably be searched by the police. Once in the country, I should find food scarce and bad ; bread was black and there was not enough of it ; meat was hardly obtainable ; prices were prohibitive. Secret police pounced upon one unawares, and it was unwise, owing to the frequency of crimes with violence, to go out alone after dark. All this, and much more of a political nature, which need not be reproduced, so familiar will it be to readers of the press.

My experiences, admittedly limited to the north of Spain, where conditions are better than in Madrid and Barcelona,

justified none of these predictions. To cross the frontier took me exactly twenty minutes; to re-cross it, fifteen. My luggage was not opened; my passport was just glanced at and stamped; practically the whole of the time was occupied in making an exact declaration of the amount of money which I was bringing into the country and taking out of it—as to that the authorities are very strict. I motored from Irún to San Sebastián and looked in vain for any sign of the immense fortifications which were said to be visible from that road. There was certainly less food in the hotels than before the War—but all who have visited Spain know how disconcertingly abundant the hotel meals are, and it was a relief to have only four courses instead of seven or eight at each sitting. Of black bread I saw nothing, either in hotels or in private houses: there were crusty brown rolls and white rolls —the breakfast ration being, as in normal times, one of each. Tea-shops sold cakes of all kinds in abundance. On the so-called "one-dish day" there were actually three courses (soup, meat or entrée, sweet or dessert) at each meal. And, as to prices being high, the hotels, with characteristic Spanish scrupulosity, give a rebate of ten or fifteen per cent. on their normal prices to compensate for the lowering of the standard of living. The only goods as to which any raising of price was not more than made up for by the lowered value of the peseta were goods manufactured abroad: these were not merely expensive but often unobtainable.

No visitor to Spain who knew it in the old days need fear that close contact with foreign nations during the War has in any way changed the character and habits of the people. Life still proceeds at a leisurely pace, especially since the *fiestas* of pre-Republican days have been restored to the workingman's calendar. Courtesy to strangers is still the rule, and nobody (except on registration at hotels) asks a stranger's nationality. The soldiers may have passed through the fiercest civil war known to history, but they still slouch in the streets; the tobacconist, when you buy half-a-dozen postage stamps of him, still wraps them up carefully in paper; and letters take a perfectly incredible time to get anywhere.

This is not for a moment, however, to say that Spain bears no signs of the ordeal through which she has passed. Tragedy is written everywhere. Some three months after the War had ended, I was told by a close friend, who holds office under the new *régime*, that the morale of Madrid, now that the immense strain of the siege had been removed, was lower than it ever was during the months when the city, though starved and constantly being attacked, was keyed up to resistance. Another person of some authority said that the Government, so far from savagely seeking out victims for its vengeance, as its propagandist opponents declare to be the case, was actually finding itself embarrassed by the number of voluntary denunciations being made by individuals concerning the actions of other individuals during the War. All these have, of course, to be examined, and the majority of them prove to be founded on nothing more than imagination, arising from nerves overwrought by privation and strain.

I saw nothing of this myself; but, since I was in towns which had either been in Nationalist hands throughout the War or had been liberated during the first few months of the conflict, it was to be expected that the atmosphere would be very different. The outstanding impression was one of poignant contrast between post-war escapism and a deep underlying sadness. At San Sebastián the season was in full swing. There were hardly any foreigners (not even Germans or Italians!), but hotels and boarding-houses were crowded to the very bathrooms with Spaniards enjoying their first holiday for three years. Theatres and cinemas were at their fullest and most frivolous—but, once one emerged into the streets, three-quarters of the population seemed to be in mourning, and maimed soldiers were everywhere. At the same time, the atmosphere, though one of sadness, was not exactly depressing. It is difficult to describe. One had the feeling that the people had sunk to the depths of sorrow and were now consciously beginning to rise, yet could not see exactly whither they were rising. I sensed no elation of victory—a satisfaction, rather, that the traditions so long and so deeply revered were safe, a relief that the struggle to preserve them was over. "We

had to go through it all," said a village shopkeeper to me, " and, thanks be to God, we have come through it all." Just that : it has since occurred to me that perhaps, a few years hence, we ourselves shall be saying much the same. But though, as I say, the Spaniard cannot yet see what future lies before him, he is confident that it is a great future. He is definitely looking upward. " Good-bye ! Come again soon ! " said the *guardia civil* who took a final glance at my passport before I re-crossed into France. He accompanied the words with a friendly pat on the shoulder, but there was more in his voice than the conventional good-bye. " Come again soon," he meant, " and we'll show you something worth seeing." Given good fortune, I believe they will.

I had many frank and friendly talks about Spanish and international politics, both with old friends and with new. The fact which most impressed me was that no one seemed to be chafing under the severity of the Dictatorship—on the contrary, several people said that a " real military Dictatorship " would have been better. Their fear was rather that " the politicians " would return to power and stand in the way of reform, as they have so often done in the past.

Within the framework of the Dictatorship, the dissensions and group-rivalries which have never been absent from Spanish politics—Monarchist or Republican—are gradually resolving themselves into something suspiciously like a two-party system. Of this the left wing is formed by the Phalangists, or Spanish " Fascists " ; the right, by the Traditionalists, who incorporate the Requetés and the Carlists.

The Phalangists comprise the only political party which has a legal status in Spain, the cumbrously named " Falange Española Tradicionalista y de las J.O.N.S.," created by a decree issued on April 19, 1937. This party took over *en bloc* the 26-point programme of Falange Española, which may be briefly summarized as follows :

As to the structure of the State, Falange Española proclaims the necessity for welding the interests of individuals, groups and classes. There must be no regional autonomy : " separatism

in any form is an unpardonable crime"—and General Franco's treatment of the Basques and the Catalans shows how he interprets the word "separatism." Neither foreign intervention nor international isolation is to be permitted. Though the Spanish Empire is no more, the "will to empire" is still present and "unification of culture, economic interests and power" is aimed at with respect to the Republics of Spanish America. The armed forces of Spain must be as efficient and numerous as is necessary to assure her complete independence. And to this same end "Spanish existence must be moulded by a military view of life."

So far the programme might be described as an imperialistic gloss on the Phalangist motto: "Spain: one, great and free." But the next section shows why so many Spaniards accept it with their reason just as they accept the first part with their emotions. They fear, as has been said above, the return of the politicians—and, therefore, however ominous the actual position looks, they are reassured to read in their party programme that "the system of political parties . . . representation by conflicting parties and parliament on the well-known pattern will be implacably abolished." The New Spain is to be totalitarian, repudiating both Marxism in all its forms and any capitalistic system which ignores the needs of the people. "We imagine Spain as one gigantic syndicate of producers": the country will therefore be organised corporatively by means of a syndical system—not, however, horizontal, but vertical.

This *régime* is calculated to make class war impossible. The State will recognise private property, but will also insist on the obligation, as well as the right, of every man (not being physically or mentally incapacitated) to work. To the task of finding work for all the Government will at once apply itself, making one more attempt to solve the agrarian problem which successive *régimes* have attacked with no great success. The redistribution of cultivable land envisaged will create new family properties and stimulate the syndication of labourers. The Party holds itself responsible for the efficiency of those and related reforms, "by assuring for all products of the soil a remunerative minimum price; by insisting that a great part

of what is to-day absorbed by the towns . . . shall be returned to the land . . . ; by organising a real agricultural national credit which will advance money to the labourer at low rates of interest and so save him from the money-lender."

These quotations from the programme adopted by the National Party will suffice to prove that the Phalangists are radicals as things go in Spain to-day. They have also taken over the principle of free and compulsory primary education, with higher education for "all who merit it," and they hold very definite views about keeping the Church in her place, though their programme (the nearest thing Spain has to-day to a Constitution) announces only that "Church and State will come to an agreement as to their respective faculties." They have hopes of absorbing large numbers of the defeated Republicans as converts to their creed or, at any rate, as enthusiastic collaborators with them in their constructive programme. Even during the War, their attitude to enemy prisoners was markedly different from that of other sections of the Nationalist army. For the most part the Phalangist leaders are young ; their opponents, the Traditionalists, men who look back to the *ancien régime* and whose hopes are centred for the most part in *Trône et Autel*, are older.

When I arrived in Spain, the Phalangists had just scored their greatest success to date : the Caudillo had issued a decree reorganizing the National Council (since then it has been re-organized yet again) and the Government. The latter procedure, which in other circumstances might have been almost a formality, had turned out to be little less than a bloodless revolution in favour of the Phalangists. It had become clear that Phalangists and Traditionalists could not collaborate indefinitely, and the latter had therefore to go.

The credit for the change is properly given to General Franco's young brother-in-law, now President of the Phalangist Executive Council and Minister for Home Affairs, Señor Serrano Súñer. Formerly the portfolios in the Government had been fairly equally divided between the two groups ; now a clean sweep (with one exception) was made of the Traditionalist ministers and men of experience like Count Rodezno

and General Gómez Jordana went the way of the Monarchist Minister of Education, Señor Sainz Rodríguez, a man who really knew something about education but was forced by Phalangist influence into resignation last April. The ship of state to-day is manned by a body of men nearly all under fifty ; the Finance Minister, youngest of them all, is only thirty-five.

Considered opinions upon these and closely related changes were hard to obtain, as at the time of my visit the new Government had barely got into harness. It was clear, however, that the marked and still growing ascendancy of Señor Serrano Súñer is arousing strong feelings. The newspapers, apparently forbidden to refer to his relationship to the Caudillo, laud him to the skies. Privately, he is known as " the super-brother-in-law " (*el cunadísimo*) and is thought by many to be riding for a fall. Phalangism, it is believed, will have a longer reign than its outstanding exponent, and its schemes of reform will probably be given a full and fair chance. The Traditionalists, so far as I could judge, though tenacious of their principles and ideals, were in no great hurry to rule. The fact is that the main item in their programme, a restoration of the Monarchy, is almost universally admitted to be a matter for the future : General Franco's contention, expressed very clearly during the course of the War—that, if a King is to return, it must be to a prosperous and united Spain—has been generally accepted as reasonable and proper.

The slowly returning prosperity which peace is to bring is finding outward expression in the rebuilding schemes which are going forward all over the devastated portions of the country and in the repatriation of more and more Spaniards whose " ideology " during the War was more Republican than Nationalist. That confidence in General Franco's *régime* is gaining ground may fairly be deduced from the success which attended the recent issue of 2,000,000,000 pesetas of Treasury bonds, at 3 per cent., redeemable in three years. The list was opened on the morning of September 29, and at two o'clock on the same day had to be closed. Madrid alone subscribed more than the sum stated. The remainder of the total attained —5,582,000,000 pesetas—was subscribed over a wide area.

Bilbao provided 839,000 pesetas; Teruel accounted for the surprising total of 500,000; poverty-stricken Barcelona raised 372,000; and the small but relatively prosperous town of San Sebastián gave 266,000. This degree of success appears to have surprised even the Finance Ministry and the Bank of Spain, and further operations of the kind are announced for the near future.

The most interesting incident of my stay in Spain was the announcement and reception of the news of the Russo-German pact on August 22. The Press, of course, maintained a prudent reserve on the matter, and its reports both on this and on resultant events were on the whole objective; indeed, it is only as these lines are being written that Spanish newspapers are permitting themselves (or being permitted) a little more freedom in their comments on Russia's action in Poland. The comments of individuals, however, were by no means reserved. The announcement that the pact had been concluded fell with as bomb-like an effect in Spain as elsewhere. On the first morning, the editor of a leading northern newspaper could only gasp out to me his admiration for Herr Hitler's "slimness"—"that man has all the tricks of the Devil." But by the same night he was thinking it over, as was everyone else. In two days' time indignation was growing fast, and on the day I left San Sebastián for France there were angry demonstrations outside the German Consulate. The Spanish idealist was experiencing the uncomfortable feeling that he had been fooled. The men who had gone out to battle proclaiming a crusade against Bolshevism, and to whom victory would have come (as they averred) in two and a half months, instead of in two and a half years, had not Russian money and war material closed the gates of Madrid to them, now saw their ally in that crusade, who had attacked Soviet Russia more violently than any other statesman in Europe, making a non-aggression pact (and perhaps more) with the common enemy in order to further his own national ambitions at the expense of Catholic Poland. The Spaniard, an idealist through and through, has suffered grievously for his idealism since 1936,

but he has also conquered through it, and as he wears it to-day it shines more brilliantly than ever. With opportunism and compromise he had little sympathy ; and though Spain will, in all probability, remain neutral in the war between Germany and the Allies, one cannot doubt that the Hitler *régime* has lost the respect of most Spaniards for ever.

Allusion has already been made to the exaggerations and fabrications circulated about Nationalist Spain by those who have been determined that General Franco, though unconquered, shall not emerge unmuddied from his campaign. Some of these are too trivial to need refutation ; more serious ones have been disproved by events one after another. When it became clear last January that Barcelona was about to fall, we were told that the greatest massacre of the Civil War was in contemplation. No such massacre took place, and the capture of Barcelona was marked principally by the distribution of food on an unprecedented scale to the starving people. Republican resistance all over Spain showed signs of collapsing—and we were told that General Franco was drawing up a black list of over one million persons (one-twentieth of Spain's population !) : the total grew, and was freely quoted as two million before the close of the War in March put a stop to this ridiculous assertion. Next, we were asked to believe that the Germans and Italians who had fought for the Nationalists were to be allowed to stay in Spain, with sinister consequences in the near future. When it was announced that they would leave after the Victory Parade in Madrid, the critics were pleased to deduce from the postponement of that function (which was caused by the extent of the damage done to the capital during the siege) that it would not take place at all. The Parade was eventually held on May 19, only seven weeks after the termination of hostilities : the German legion sailed on May 26, the Italians less than a week later. All the critics' predictions having been disproved and a number of political events having discredited the further assertion that General Franco was going to be dictated to from Berlin, they began to speculate upon a more distant future. Germany's annexation of Czecho-Slovakia and Italy's seizure of Albania had

brought the possibility of a European War into the foreground. If such a war were declared, they said, Spain would at once line up with the aggressors.

In the United States, where I was lecturing on Spanish politics during February, March and April of this year, I found left-wing audiences completely convinced that this would happen. They would neither consider any other hypotheses nor listen to any modification of their own. The thing, they declared, was axiomatic. Germany and Italy had helped General Franco; therefore, General Franco would help Germany or Italy. Nor was it simply a question of gratitude: a "Fascist" could not be trusted to respond to such a stimulus as that. No; he would ally himself with Germany because (for some unexplained but apparently all-compelling reason) he had "got to."

I have always been convinced that, in the event of a European War, Spain would, at worst, remain neutral, and the arguments in favour of her intervention have seemed not only thin in quality but insignificant in number compared with those which support the contrary belief. Obviously, there is no question of compulsion: that Germany sent Spain war material and a few thousand men in return for material payment in no way, either legal or moral, obliges Spain to involve herself in a war which affects none of her direct interests. The only other arguments appear to be summed up in the words "ideology" (which cuts both ways, for Spanish and neo-German ideals are poles apart) and (a small and shadowy prize, this, for years of warfare) "Gibraltar."

On the other side the arguments are formidable. As everyone in Spain knows (and many know only too well), German help given during the Civil War is being paid for in goods; and, high though the price may seem, the almost normal way in which production went on in Nationalist Spain over the whole period of hostilities fully justifies it. The importance of Great Britain and France to Spanish development, and the difficulty she would have in obtaining essential commodities were she linked with Germany should give her pause before she so committed herself. Her national tradition, which has never

been so deeply venerated as under the present *régime*, favours isolation from European conflicts. She is fatigued after nearly three years of war on her own territory and needs a long period of peaceful reconstruction. Finally, she will not have forgotten that her neutrality during the Great War worked out greatly to her material advantage, and she needs any such advantage far more now—a few months after the war of 1936-39—than she did in 1914—sixteen years after the war of 1898.

But not only did those who were determined that Spain should be our enemy refuse to give these arguments due consideration : they also failed to notice, or to see the importance of, a most significant event in Spain's international relations. I do not refer to General Franco's declaration, made two days before the Munich conference in September 1938, that he " desired " to remain neutral in the case of war : at that time he was still at war with the Republicans and his attitude when peace had come could hardly be deduced from it. A much more important—one might almost say a decisive—indication of the Generalissimo's intentions in the event of a European war is to be found in the ten-year treaty of non-aggression and friendship signed between Spain and Portugal on March 17, 1939.

The date of the signature is of particular significance. My American critics took the signing of the Anti-Comintern Pact by Spain on March 26[1] as proof of her desire to stand in with the Axis Powers, and it was useless to reply that this Pact was vague and (as has since been conclusively proved) had no practical meaning. The fact which stands out above all others is that, nine days before declaring his solidarity with Britain's present enemy, a fortnight before the Civil War ended, when Madrid was still unconquered, he made a treaty with Britain's oldest ally.

This, the first major diplomatic act of his *régime*, binds Spain and Portugal as follows : They undertake to respect fully each other's frontiers and territory and to commit no act of aggression or invasion the one against the other. Each party promises to give no assistance to any aggressor against the other

[1] The announcement of its having been signed was not made until April 7.

and not to allow any attack, whether by land, sea or air, to be directed against the other from its territory. Each party undertakes to enter into no pacts or alliances directed against the other or which may aim at aggression against the other. Finally, both undertake to safeguard the principles of the treaty in their future treaties with third powers.

It is difficult to see how even the letter of this treaty could be kept—to say nothing of its spirit—in a general European war in which Spain was fighting on one side and Portugal on the other. It may be better to defer a fuller consideration of what Spain's attitude in the present war is likely to be until the relations between some of the other possible belligerents have become clarified. But even at this stage, bearing in mind the habitually slow action of outside events on Spanish politics and the ever-deepening impression which the Russo-German Pact and the Russian invasion of Poland are making in Spain, I should not hesitate to prophesy that, if Spain forsakes the position of neutrality defined by General Franco last September, it will be to throw in her lot, not with Germany, but with the Allies. For, on the one hand, Herr Hitler has given her a cynical exhibition of his attitude to the idealism which permeates the New Spain through and through. And on the other, a century and a quarter ago, she herself, attacked and invaded by Napoleon, was in much the same position as is the would-be Napoleon's latest victim, Poland, to-day. Great Britain came to her aid then, as she is now coming to Poland's. It would hardly be surprising, then, if sooner or later events combined to bring Spain into the Front of Peace and Freedom.

E. Allison Peers

THE SWEDISH SOLUTION *

BY JOHN J. HORGAN

SWEDEN is not only one of the most interesting but also one of the most civilised countries. Its high level of culture, its liberty of opinion, and its economic stability are alike remarkable. These things are not the result of chance, but have grown through the design and purpose of a free community. Thus, from the gradual fusion of an ancient and powerful bureaucracy with a modern democracy, has emerged one of the most stable, peaceful, and harmonious states in Europe. Some account of this achievement and the lessons to be gained therefrom may not be out of place at a moment when its free life is threatened and European civilisation is once more thrown into the melting pot of war. This country—whose people, by the way, are really Nordic, though they do not boast of it—is neither a great power nor, as yet, dependent on any great power. Its only close political ties are with the other Scandinavian states. But at one time it dominated the Baltic and North Western Europe. So late as 1700 a Swedish Empire existed. Like other Scandinavian countries it has developed from a past of adventure, piracy, and power politics into a state which has no designs on any other country and only asks to be allowed develop its own philosophy of life in peace. When Sweden, after twenty-one years of war, made peace and surrendered her East Baltic possessions, her status as a great power was at an end. In 1809 she lost Finland in a war with Russia and later, on the mutual dissolution of the union with Norway in 1905, she finally withdrew within her natural frontiers. She has now enjoyed one hundred and twenty-five years of unbroken peace, which have been devoted to economic and cultural development within her own land. Her people, whilst deeply conscious of their national history, mourn no lost glories and

* *Democratic Sweden.* A Survey of the Swedish political and economic system by the New Fabian Research Bureau. Routledge. 1938. 12s. 6d.
Sweden, Ancient and Modern. Swedish Traffic Association. Allen & Unwin. 1938. 5s.
Sweden. Its Economic and Social Life. By Mauritz Bonow. Swedish Government.
General Report of Swedish Royal Commission on Population.

cherish no hatred for their neighbours. Outside the main stream of European life and politics they have, except in so far as their economy depends on world trade, been able up till now to direct their home policy as they wished. This has had important results in both the political and social spheres.

An eminent Swedish historian has said that " the history of Sweden is the history of her Kings " ; and it is true that from the days of Gustavus Vasa (1521–1560), who was the creator of modern Sweden, to the present the Swedish monarchs, with few exceptions, have been men of outstanding personality whose influence has helped to shape both the inner destiny and the foreign policy of their country. The present monarch, Gustavus V, a direct descendant of Napoleon's marshal Bernadotte, is no exception. His legal powers under the Constitution of 1810 include the making of political and administrative appointments and the dissolution of parliament. But, although comparable to its British counterpart in many respects, the social foundations of the Swedish monarchy are much more democratic. Wealth in Sweden, if less, is more evenly divided, hereditary titles are no longer created, and the royal family is not exceptionally rich. Nothing is thought of the fact that the King's brother goes to an office every day or that he himself may often be seen playing tennis on the municipal tennis courts at Stockholm with his humblest fellow-citizens. There is in fact a completely dignified relationship between prince and people, and the creation of this situation has been King Gustav's greatest service to his country. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that although the parties of the Swedish left are still theoretically republican, they never attack the monarchy, regarding the King as cheaper and more satisfactory than a President.[1] But if the King is

[1] *The Times* of October 21 had a leading article headed " Three Kings at Stockholm," of which the concluding sentences were : " To sit secure upon a Throne for twenty-five years is in itself a distinguished achievement, possible in these days only to a Sovereign who loves peace and devotes himself wholeheartedly to his people's welfare. But the three Kings who have just broken up their session at Stockholm are the same three who met at Malmö in the dark days of 1914. They are still working in the common cause. All three deserve the world's congratulations, which are perhaps due in special measure to King Gustav of Sweden, who was the prime mover in bringing them together twenty-five years ago and who this week has appropriately acted as host."

far more than a figurehead, he is not by any means the architect of modern Sweden. This is the fruit of the people's own industry, intelligence and character.

The Swedish Constitution is interesting in many ways. The two Chambers of the Riksdag or Parliament have equal authority; but the Senate, or Upper Chamber, is elected indirectly by the county and municipal councils. In case of conflict concerning financial questions the two Chambers sit and vote as one body, but as the Upper Chamber is considerably smaller than the Lower its power is then correspondingly less. Both Chambers are elected by a system of proportional representation. Civil servants can take part in politics and be elected members of parliament. In 1930 nearly one third of the Upper Chamber and one tenth of the Lower were government officials. In spite of this freedom, there are no complaints of disloyalty or abuse and parliamentary debate is enriched by the experience of these officials. Parliamentary Committees, of which there are eight, play a large part in the system of government. They are composed of an equal number of members from each house in proportion to the strength of the various parties and each of them deals with a special class of laws. The most important are those concerned with Agriculture, Taxation, Banking, Constitutional Law, Social Law, and Foreign Affairs. This method of legislation reduces considerably the sittings of Parliament, for there is only one reading of a Bill in each Chamber after it has returned from the appropriate Committee. No alteration can be made in the laws governing the Constitution, the Succession to the throne, or the freedom of the press, unless they are passed by two independently elected Parliaments. This simple method of revision affords ample protection against any attempt to interfere with the people's rights and avoids the complicated and unsatisfactory device of a referendum. The Constitution is not considered sacrosanct, and every proposal for its alteration is judged solely on its merits. The King formerly selected the Ministers, but during the last European War the Swedish Parliament forced him to accept the Ministers they desired.

Since 1932 the Government has been carried on by a coalition representing the working classes and the farmers. By mutual concessions and good government this vocational combination have attained a stability which it will be difficult to upset so long as their alliance continues. The Social Democratic or Labour Party vote of 1,300,000 is based upon a Trade Union movement of nearly 800,000 members. The famous Swedish co-operative movement has no direct political affiliations; but a large proportion of its active members are Social Democrats, and the desire to raise the standard of living generally has provided a common ground and policy for both movements. The Social Democrats have also received considerable support outside the trade unions from fishermen, forest workers, miners and small farmers. The Farmers' Party is primarily a vocational organisation supported by holders of medium-sized and small farms with the backing of the agricultural population as a whole. This party, which has no love for banks, is determined that the country districts shall share equally with the towns in the benefits of improved social services. The two main Opposition parties represent different policies and interests. One, the People's Party, as its name implies, originally led the struggle for constitutional reform to which the King, as already mentioned, had to make concessions during the war years. It now draws its chief support from middle class sources. A prominent official in the National Debt office is its leader. It is strongly individualist, anti-bureaucratic, and critical of the growing amount spent on social services. The other opposition party, the Conservatives, represents capitalist interests. But although only 33,000 people in Sweden have incomes over £500 a year, this party secured half a million votes at the last election, which goes to show that conservative tendencies are a matter of temperament as well as pocket. Very few members of parliament are professional men. In the Lower House farmers and small holders now number thirty-two per cent. of the members. Sweden in fact has vocational representation as the result of voluntary vocational organisation arising out of the people's necessities and common sense. In other words

external relations are not allowed to interfere with domestic realities. On the whole the political system seems remarkably stable, and so long as the standard of living continues to rise, the trade unions increase their strength, and the co-operative societies succeed in their policy of checking private monopolies, the Social Democrats can easily repel any attack on representative government whether from left or right.

How has this combination of farmers and trade unionists worked in practice? To answer this question it is necessary to outline briefly the physical, social, and economic position of the country. In the first place one must grasp the fact that whilst Sweden is nearly twice as large as Great Britain, its population of six and a quarter millions is approximately only one-seventh of the British. Moreover, whilst the industrial revolution in England was fully developed by the beginning of the nineteenth century, Swedish industrial development did not start till the rise of the timber industry fifty years later. It was not indeed till the closing years of the nineteenth century that Sweden began to build up a series of industries in woodpulp, paper, and engineering, to create a merchant shipping fleet and an extensive banking system, to develop her latent waterpower and her mighty resources of iron-ore. These developments were at first financed by foreign capital; but this was soon repaid, and from 1925 onwards Sweden became a creditor country. Side by side with this industrial development, largely based on the country's natural resources, the agricultural population relatively and actually declined. In 1840 out of a population of three millions 2,500,000 were engaged in agricultural pursuits. In 1930 out of a population of 6,000,000 only 2,400,000 were so occupied. But during the same period, owing to improved technique, the total volume of agricultural production considerably increased. Forty per cent. of the Swedish population to-day provide all the food stuffs which can be grown locally. In other words intensive division of labour and technical and economic rationalisation in both agriculture and industry form the basis of the enormous improvement in Swedish economic life.

Agriculture remains, however, the basic source of Swedish prosperity, its contribution to the national income being about twenty-three per cent. Through tireless energy in cultivation and intensive work in improving plant strains climatic difficulties have been successfully combated. The agricultural industry has also developed its marketing methods by voluntary effort on co-operative lines. But it must not be forgotten that more than half the country is covered with forest, that one third is composed of useless wastes of rock and bog, and that only about twelve per cent. of the soil can be directly utilized for agricultural production. Most of the farms are relatively small—nearly half the cultivated area consisting of units of under forty acres. Of all farms over half an acre less than two per cent. are over 125 acres in extent. These small peasant proprietors are the backbone of the Farmers' Party and realise that the higher wages which the Social Democrats have secured for the urban workers increases their purchasing power and the sale of farm produce. Although the state purchases large estates for the purpose of creating medium-sized farms, it buys in the open market and has no compulsory powers. The new tenants of such holdings pay an annuity and eventually become owners of the freehold. There is complete interdependence between live-stock and crop-farming. In short it may be said that the development of Swedish agriculture is due to the technical efficiency and organisation of producers and research workers rather than to political assistance. Having regard to its natural possibilities, it would be difficult to find anywhere a sounder, more productive and better developed system of farming than that now existing in Sweden.

Industrially Sweden is equally progressive. It commands a wealth of natural resources, an abundant supply of cheap water-power, an excellent geographical situation, and a personnel of considerable administrative and technical ability. Its greatest natural resource, the forests, became vitally important only when the application of steam and electric power to saw-milling became possible. In fact the lack of coal in Sweden postponed its industrial development and

enabled it to avoid the dirt, squalor, and vested interests from which Britain, Germany and France are still suffering. Moreover the process of industrialization seems to have benefited the country as a whole, for real wages are now some fifty per cent. higher than they were in 1913. Companies such as the Swedish Ball Bearing Co., the Ericsson telephone group, the H.B. Separator, the Aga group (which makes the famous stoves), the Asea electrical equipment firm, the Electrolux vacuum cleaner specialists, and the De Laval steam turbine company are firms enjoying an international repute based on Swedish technical discoveries and craftsmanship. The lack of coal has also had the effect of spreading factories all over the country, many in rural districts. But the Swedish Government has consistently refused to develop secondary industries at the consumer's expense. It has adopted a moderate tariff policy and only in a very few instances has assisted an industry to defend itself from foreign competition. Indeed it behaves in a way which would horrify some Irish manufacturers and politicians. For instance, although match manufacture is one of the most important industries in Sweden, the Government has refused to exclude foreign matches from the home market, and one can even purchase Finnish matches on the Swedish state railways.

The powerful co-operative movement has also exercised a healthy check on commercial rapacity by acting as a watchdog on behalf of consumers' interests. When a serious price-raising monopoly seeks to control a consumers' goods industry, the Swedish Co-Operative Wholesale Society establishes or threatens to establish a competing factory. When this factory comes into production, it immediately reduces the price of the article in question to what the Co-Operative Society considers to be a reasonable level. This method of dealing with monopolies has been successful in nearly all cases. Notable examples have been those of milling products, rubber goloshes and electric lamps. The Co-Operative Society never embarks on the manufacture of an article unless it has a definite case for doing so, can obtain good plant and technical advice and can meet the capital requirements from its own resources.

The Government directly controls most of the public utilities, the post office and railways, most of the electric power, a great part of the forests, the Riksbank, the radio, air transport, tobacco manufacture, and the wholesale liquor trade. In addition it holds a half interest in the largest iron-ore mining company. These state-owned utilities just about pay their way. The idea of a state company, formed in the same way as a private company but with the state owning a controlling interest in the shares, which has now become so universal, originated in Sweden. The export of iron-ore, of which Sweden owns nine-tenths of Europe's high quality supply, is strictly controlled by the Government. The export of this ore may not exceed by more than ten per cent. in any one year the average of nine million tons. In recent years seventy-five per cent. of the ore exported has gone to Germany. There is a complete prohibition of the export of ore containing more than five per cent. of phosphorous and therefore especially valuable for use in war. A law passed in 1938 provides that Swedish armament firms must not be controlled by foreigners, and that armaments can only be manufactured under government licence. The reason for this restriction was the growth of German influence in these directions.

The chief contributions of the present Government to Sweden's prosperity have been concerned with financial policy and the development of the social services. The slump, in Sweden as elsewhere, was accompanied by a sharp fall in private capital investment and by a rise in unemployment from a monthly average of 10,000 in 1929 to 164,000 in 1933. The Government policy aimed not only at increasing employment but at counteracting the fall in private investment by enlarging Government expenditure. The capital required for this policy was raised by means of loans to be repaid over a period from additional taxation. No attempt was made to conceal this departure from strict financial practice. Huge public works schemes of an unremunerative character were inaugurated, and these were financed by grants free of interest and with no definite provision for repayment. The principle underlying this policy is that the national Budget shall not

merely balance current revenue against expenditure but also exercise a stabilizing influence on the whole economic life of the country. Financial policy has thus been deliberately used to reduce both the peaks and the depressions of the trade cycle and, so far as possible, to redistribute wealth more evenly. In short the deficit of expenditure over revenue in bad years is met by loans which are repaid out of the excess of revenue in good years. This Swedish experiment would seem to establish that to borrow during a depression will not necessarily lead to disaster so long as there is a succeeding boom. In this connexion it is interesting to note that ninety-five per cent. of the Swedish National Debt is held internally. The public works which accompany this policy are directed primarily to provide work for the unemployed and to stimulate trade recovery. Steps have been taken to prepare definite schemes which can be put into operation in the event of another period of depression, such as undoubtedly lies ahead. Prompt repayment of public loans raised for these purposes and planning for future eventualities are essential ingredients of this policy. The principal difficulty is that this involves postponement of public expenditure in times of prosperity, a procedure which is never popular with politicians.

The Swedish Government has naturally not neglected the social services, although in some respects their benefits are unevenly distributed and in others they fall below our standards. Health insurance, for instance, is voluntary. The housing schemes carried out in the large cities by the Tenants Saving Bank and Building Society, popularly known (from its Swedish name) as the H.S.B., which is the largest co-operative working class concern in Sweden, are excellent in conception and execution. The central society buys the sites, builds the houses, and then sells them to the tenants, who form a separate society to own and control each block of flats. In Stockholm, for example, approximately 12,000 people, of whom sixty per cent. are working class and forty per cent. professional, live in H.S.B. flats, the rents of which are twenty per cent. less than of those in the open market. These flats, many of which I have personally visited, are well

built with central heating, lifts, mechanized laundries open to all the tenants, rubbish shoots feeding incinerators, children's playgrounds and day nurseries, gymnasia, and sometimes central kitchens. Garden cities are also being built under municipal direction and assistance near the large towns. Some of these consist of cottages erected under a unique system for people whose income is under £325. Under this scheme the municipal authority gives a loan of ninety per cent. of the cost, not in money but in materials, and the labour of erecting the cottage, which is a standard sectional wooden building, is provided (generally in person) by the tenant and his family. Such cottages, which are well planned and comfortable, cost about £550. It is, however, unfortunately true that there is a great deal of overcrowding in the big cities even though slums, in our sense of the word, have been virtually abolished. In the north, amongst the mining population and the foresters, housing conditions are bad.

But, as is proved by the report of the recent Government Commission on that subject, the principal fly in the Swedish ointment is the population problem. This report establishes that the present Swedish birth-rate is about thirty per cent. below the minimum level required to maintain a stationary population at the present figure. About half of all Swedish households have one child or none. It will be necessary to reduce this number of households from one-half to one-third and for the remaining families to have at least four children each if the population is to be even kept stationary on the basis of the present marriage rate. This drastic conclusion, supported by unanswerable statistics, has emphasised that there is little hope of raising the birth-rate unless the average citizen is given better social conditions and greater economic security. The report shows that more than forty per cent. of all Swedish urban families with more than three children and more than half of all similar working class families live in tenements of the one room and kitchen type. The Commission concludes that such improvement in the housing of the working classes as has taken place in the past two or three

decades has been due not so much to the provision of better houses or tenements as to the birth of fewer children. Conditions are even worse in Stockholm, where an ordinary middle class couple cannot normally have more than two children without overcrowding. The middle classes, particularly in Stockholm, seem to be so bent upon comfort that they have lost interest in the family. The Commission considers that economic reforms alone will not increase the population, unless the coming generation is made to realize that the family is an essential social institution and that it is upon its children that the future of Sweden depends. So long as overcrowding remains widespread and large sections of the people live around or below the poverty line, no increase in the birth-rate seems likely. The average income of Swedish wage-earners is £85 a year, but more than half the wage-earners earn less than £50. These low wage-earners are to be found principally in the rural districts; hence the policy pursued by successive governments for the purpose of raising the incomes of the rural population. Amongst the poorer urban families under-nourishment is also prevalent and increases with the size of the family. It is calculated that if the consumption of primary goods were brought up to the proper average standard, the demand for Swedish agricultural produce would increase by at least £5,000,000 a year. To remedy these evils the Government had planned a nationalisation of consumption which was designed not only to promote the egalitarian ideals of socialism but to prevent the decline in population. They proposed a twofold redistribution of income—horizontal as between different types of families and vertical as between different social classes. Planned as a national co-operation among citizens in a democratic country on the principle of national solidarity and financed through the national budget and therefore paid for according to capacity and ability, this rather grandiose scheme was intended to distribute the national prosperity more evenly. But the European War must unfortunately have the effect of halting if not destroying this project.

Already, after only a few weeks of war, Swedish trade is

in a precarious position and her shipping subject to serious attack and destruction. It seems clear that Russia and Germany, who now between them control the Baltic and its inner approaches, propose, as a reply to Britain's sea-blockade of Germany, to attempt a revival of Napoleon's continental blockade against British trade. In such a struggle Sweden must suffer serious losses and may even have to fight for her existence as an independent state. Germany, now deprived of the Lorraine iron mines which supplied her needs in the last war, must turn to Sweden for an increased supply of iron-ore, for which she cannot pay in money and may not be able to pay in manufactured goods. What attitude Russia will take up and what will be the result of her demands on Finland is not known at the moment of writing, but if she can obtain control of the Aaland Islands, commanding as they do the passage of iron-ore to Germany, she will be in a position to call the tune to both Sweden and Germany. In any event Sweden is already affected more seriously by the creation of the new bases for the Russian fleet and air force on the eastern coast of the Baltic. This Russian move and the threat to Finland seriously affects the defence of Sweden and brings her hereditary enemy almost to her borders. She may soon have to make decisions of a vital kind involving her reduction to the position of a satellite state or the armed defence of her integrity. The recent conference of the Northern States at Stockholm indicates the nature of her answer and the realisation of its gravity. Like other small European democracies, she has in recent years pursued the "power politics of the powerless" by seeking to free herself from any obligation to take action against an aggressor or to take sides in any conflict. So long as the League of Nations preserved a semblance of reality, Sweden joined in a definite and positive policy for defending League principles and developing the League system. The so-called Oslo group of democratic powers—Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, Holland and Belgium—in which Sweden occupies the position of *primus inter pares*, have a fairly well defined policy of friendship towards each other as well as a common attitude towards

the League of Nations. They have also made tentative attempts to increase their mutual trade and reduce tariff restrictions between each other. Under present conditions their only feasible policy is a collective attempt to keep out of the war. Sweden began to re-arm in 1934 and has now an army of about 100,000 men, a small but efficient navy, and an arms budget more than twice those of Norway and Denmark combined. The armed forces are mainly conscript and the professional army is primarily an organisation for training conscripts. It is doubtful if they could offer more than temporary resistance to a serious military attack by either Germany or Russia—certainly not to a combination of these powers. Nor could they, with the sad example of Poland before them, hope for much help from elsewhere.

This brief survey has attempted to indicate Sweden's present position and her approach to the solution of modern social and economic problems. Whether this gallant attempt to avoid the evils of capitalism, power politics, and totalitarianism in its various forms will survive and develop or be destroyed in the European vortex is a question on which it is now idle to speculate. But anyone who knows Sweden and its charming people can only hope for one answer. Side by side with an industrial life based on an expanding foreign trade, the Swedish people have developed an organised life largely voluntary in structure and democratic in principle which increasingly protects the interests of the worker, the farmer and the consumer. The Swedish Government have used the national finances to prevent unemployment and to stem trade depression, so that unemployment figures in Sweden are amongst the lowest in the world. Freedom of speech and press, freedom of religion and organisation are in Sweden principles which stand above all party differences. But, in spite of these things, large sections of the population still suffer from low wages, malnutrition and overcrowding. It is tragic that the plans for their succour should be now halted by the menace of aggression.

JOHN J. HORGAN

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J.

LII

ON A PRINCE'S LIBERATION FROM CAPTIVITY

To Mág Shamhradháin (v. 7), Tómás +1343 son of Brian +1298 son of Donnchadh (vv. 4, 5, 9, etc.). His grandmother Mór (v. 38) was daughter of Amhlaoibh Ó Ruairc (+1259), and wife of Donnchadh Mág Shamhradháin. Tómás's wife was Nualaidh (vv 41, 42) daughter of Mág Uidhir and of Éadaoin (whose family name is unknown). The Clann Muircheartaigh of the Í Chonchobhair captured Tómás in 1338, but released him in the following year. This poem is a welcome to him on his release.

Aonġus Ó hEoġusa cct.

1. Millte Éire d'iomċnúċ Ġaoidheal
ní ġaol síoda an seol do-niad
a bfíoċ ġa ġcursun a caomċaċ
dursun naċ fríoċ d'aonġuċ iad.

2. Méad a n-iomċnúid fa iad mBanba
beanas díob Fódla an feoir ċuirr
an trád bud leo léim fo Ġallaib
ġleo ar ġaċ bféin i ġclannaib Cuinn.

3. A milltear d'Fódla is é milleas
ġan mian síoda ar sean ná ar óg
do mill ar n-oiléinne Éire
soiléime linn féine an fód.

4. Ní as fiadnaiġe d'iomċnúd Ġaoidheal
Ġabáil meic Briain an bairr cláiċ
id ar ċeann Tuama do ċeannad
ní huada as fearr ceanġal cáiċ.

5. Maiċ ċuimhnéaġas cúis a móide
mac meic Donnċaid dearġas ġó
mairġ is a dál as ġo n-acas
i nġlas láimh nó daġcas dó.

6. Ġabail Tómás tuġ an ċéadóir
críoċ Éireann ar ionċaib Ġall
do bí ar bfaire fa ġlas Ġaoidil
's ní raibe acht cas aoinfir ann.

7. Más Samradán do síod Gaoideal
do gab Dia ga dreic mar gris
táinig an fear a hid eile
dá tig mo cean reime a-ris

8. Do fuaslaig greim a glas láma
ní leigfe an mBréifne ar breit Gall
do bean an glaic as gérd aimdeoin
ait an bas gan ainbfeoil ann.

9. Táinig dá tig mac mic Donnchaid
ná déanad Gaoideal glór tláit
musglad fir Éirne as a idid
do-bir éirge ar cridiu cáich.

10. Nir coimse imsniom fear mBréifne
a bas Tómás is tú i láim
ba ndearnad ort nocord iongnad
socht i readrad fionnban bfáil.

11. Créad fa dtiocfaidea i dteach nGaoidil
a gnúis fir na n-earlad gcas
do féad tú gan tocht dod gabáil
nir dú gan olc d'fagáil as.

12. Maidm do géibinn a glac Tómás
Teallach neachach rob é a cáth
títe ó id an glais id gealbois
don bais gil do ceanngois cách

13. Saoth liom mar leanaid don iomchnúd
oireacht Bréifne bréagaid ciuil
gach géag geal re céile i gcoimmeas
Éire is ead boingeas d'íd Briuin

14. Ceangal síoda ar sluagaib Banba
beag bad iarrta d'airgneach Gall
cosnad cách a orrainn d'fódla
ní trát comainn d'fódra ann

15. Slóigead combága i gceann Tómás
tír do-béara ar beagán cáit
ó Taidg má tarla ar tí an forráin
ní bí tarba i gcombáid cáich.

16. Beag do-fionntar fraoch a gaisgidh
re gnúis ndeirg go ndéantar cion
go roich do mhac Briain go bunadh
dar lat biaidh go humhal d'fior.

17. Más Samhradán sirfeas comunn
an cneas min ní mairg re dtug
ní do teinne creasa an cloidhimh
seinge a sleasa roighil rug.

18. Mná aontumha ag iomrádh Tómáis
'n-a dtig uaigneas is air bíd
ní cóir gach laoi luadh an Bhréifnigh
a gruadh do mhaoi téigtir tríd.

19. D'ingreim Bhréifneach beag ba déanta
man ndonn gcassa mar chrann siuil
dál ar leith dá chineadh cadadh
milleadh neich bagar ó mBriuin.

20. Maith tig don dreim deabhta d'fagbháil
uathadh luchd dan luga an díoch
madh goire an deabhaidh ní déanta
d'fearaibh Moighe Sléachta an síoch.

21. Fraochda an éirghe d'oirchill bíodhbadh
beag a bhfios ma bhfreagraid ghliadh
sgiath geal re gach fhais mar réidhtir
sleagh ar bais gach Bhréifnigh biaidh.

22. Leasg dan dleasdha dul dá bhródhra
fir Bhréifne ó bíd slios re slios
leagar ós ceannaibh druadh deathach
ag luadh Teallaigh Eachach d'fios.

23. Gan éidiudh leo acht léinte tana
do threas deabhta deargaidh miuil
gnaoi ar na léintibh lá na trodha
a-tá a sléibhtibh bogha ó mBriuin.

24. Cródha a n-inneall d'fios an tachair
teaghlach an laoich lingeas díogh
cloidheamh fodha ar cliu gach churadh
trodha is riu do bunadh díod.

25. Sroiḋe sleaṁna sriana breaca
beartair cuca ar sculnsin sgéal
sgor seanṅ ó ṅraifniḃ na ngiolla
do bearr d'faiṫciḃ fionna a bféar.

26. Mairṅ naċ adrann d'fearaiḃ Bréifne
beitte fa ndíon dóiḃ as lia
dleaṅar teaċt i dteann re [cáire]
neart [an] dream dá ndáile Dia.

27. Ní ṅaol creiċe ciomsa a dtíre
Teallaċ nEaċaċ anba an tóir
beiṫ aṅ an fíor im Ṡleann nṄaiḃle
fiod ma sceann ní daiṅne dóiḃ.

28. Lán Éire d'uaṁan bar scoṅaiḋ
a ċaṫmac Briain i mbím lios
do radaḋ di [a] dílse sluaṅaiḋ
bar dtírse is í uaṁain d'fios.

29. Éasṅaiḋ dtrodа Teallaċ nEaċaċ
rob é mo ṡlór re ṅruaḋ mbreac
ṅéaḃa dá dtí siḃ ar sluaiṅeaḋ
dod ṫiṅ ní nar luaiḋeaḋ leat.

30. Súiṅre ċuṅaḋ cóiṅeaḋ nṄeanainn
i nṄlinn Ṡaiḃle an ṅreaḋa luait
ní cuma ċaol as fearr uirre
do ṫaoḃ a heanṅ tuille an tuaiṫ.

31. D'urċar áiṫ aṫcuire an ċraoisiṅ
le coiṅ dtana tóṅba an láiṁ
dearṅra a ċais nduinn [san] deaḃaiḋ
im ḃais ṅcuirr re fearaiḃ fáil.

32. Aiṫniḋ ḋaṁsa déanaṁ t'earla
iomḋa cuas ann iomḋa díoṅ
iomḋa claḋ is an ċéiḃ ṡlúimiṅ
do-ṅaḃ réir an Úilliṁ díod.

33. Ar caṫ mBréifne a bas a n-onċon
do féaṅ Dia ṅaḋ ḋealḃ i ṅcli
is ann rob áil cáċ do ċoiṁde
dáiḃ an tráṫ dod-roiṅne an Rí.

35. Máʒ Ṡaṁraḋán ma ṡeilḃ nḋúṫaiʒ
Ḋia ċunʒnas re cúl na sʒaṫ
tuʒaḋ ḋó ar na ḋoiriḃ sléiḃe
naċ mó ar moiʒiḃ réiḋe an raṫ.

36. Siotċáin Ċormaic na ċríċ ḋúṫaiʒ
ʒa ḋeirc ċuirr nar ċomaiḋ éaċt
ʒan ċoṁlaiḋ do ċar re dorus
foʒnaiḋ fa Máʒ solus Sléaṫt

37. Dá raḃ ʒa tiʒ dá dtí ar sluaiʒeaḋ
is é [a] aonar ainceas cáċ
mac Briain dá mbeaṫ i n-a ríʒe
biaiḋ a leaṫ tíre dá ṫáṫ.

38. Do ṁeasʒ Éirinn anba an ṁeisneaċ
mac ṁic Móire an ṁeaḋair ʒairʒ
formaḋ re neaċ ʒráin an ʒille
ʒiḋ báiḋ do ḃeaṫ ime ós airḋ.

39. Dá ḃfaʒa Ḃóinn bruiṫean ʒréine
ʒlór fear dTeaṁra a-tá n-a ċluais
dá súiʒe ʒrian sroṫa Sionna
tiar baḋ foṫa [an] ʒiolla i nguais.

40. Tómás ṁac Briain bruinne solus
re síol Craoiḋe caiṫfiḋ rinn
má tá i ḃfíoċ dliʒiḋ a ndearna
síoṫ cinniḋ Meaḋḃa do ṁill. Millte.

41. Maiṫ do toʒḃáil Teallaiʒ eaċaċ
inʒean ríoʒ Éirne as fionn barr
[ʒa baile] cáċ do-ní Nualaiḋ
ʒaċ trát dá mbí uaṁain ann.

42. Inʒean Éaḋaoine úr ʒcolla
corcra n-aiʒṫe ó ibeas diʒ
ḋaṫ an ċróiʒ ar caoin a trillse
aoiḃ a ʒlóir ní millse an ṁil. Millte.

Translation

1. Éire is ruined by rivalry among the Gaoidhil; their policy is not mutual love in peace; their anger keeps them apart; sad they cannot agree!
2. Their rivalry in desire of Banbha's Land has deprived them of thick-grassed Fódla; instead of attacking Goill every troop of Conn's race is in turmoil.

3. What ruins ruined Fódla is that neither young nor old desire peace ; 'tis Éire herself which has destroyed this isle of ours ; we find its earth too tempting an object of attack.

4. The truest witness to this rivalry of the Gaoidhil was the captivity of the soft-haired son of Brian ; the chaining of Tuaim's prince was not the best way to bind us all together !

5. Well does the son of Donnchadh's son, the great reddener of spears, remember what made him so angry, his hand or goodly foot being chained ; sad was his state till a relief was found.

6. Tómás's capture forthwith placed the land of Eire at the Goill's mercy ; the chaining of a Gaoidheal absorbed all our thought, and yet it was only the foot of a single man that was chained.

7. To the relief of the Gaoidhil God pardoned that hero of blushing face and so he escaped from another chain ; all hail to him now as he comes home !

8. God loosened the bond of his hand-gyves and will not leave Bréifne at the mercy of the Goill ; He took off him the grip that was reluctant to lose its hold ; glad was the hand now without sore flesh.

9. The son of Donnchadh's son has come home ; let it not be half-hearted, the cheer of every Gaoidheal ; the raising of the hero of the Éirne from his chains has taken a weight off the hearts of all.

10. Unbounded was the anxiety of Bréifne's men, O hand of Tómás, while thou wert in bonds ; no wonder the gaiety of Fal's fair women was hushed by the treatment meted to thee.

11. Why didst thou ever go as a prisoner to a Gaoidheal's castle, O thou fair face of the curley-haired hero ? Thou couldst have avoided capture ; evil was bound to come of it.

12. But, O hand of Tómás, the breaking of thy chains means now the uniting of Teallach nEachach ; by thy white palm, the marks of the chain-links on it, thou hast purchased our freedom.

13. Bréifne's nobles for whom music has such charm—sad I am to see how they indulge in rivalry, fair branches vying with each other ; 'tis this which has taken Éire from the power of Í Bhriuin.

14. Tis a small thing to ask of the harrier of the Goill that he impose peace on Banbha's hosts ; let each one hold his own part of Fódla ; this is no time for strife.

15. A warlike hosting against Tómás will reduce the land to a handful of chaff ; if Tadhg's scion comes into the fray (*i.e.* struggle for High-Kingship) the contentions of all others are useless.

16. Little is ever seen of the fury of his gallantry till some insult be offered to his blushing face ; Brian's son, ye may be sure, will give due respect to every man till things are pushed to extremes (?).

17. Lucky for the man to whom Mág Shamhradháin, ever anxious for peace, shows his gentle side ; 'twas not by frequent buckling of sword-belt that he has got the graceful form of his white waist.

18. Unmarried ladies all talk of Tómás, and of the loneliness in their homes ; 'tis not right to be talking thus every day of the Bréifneach, it makes ladies' faces blush.

19. Little anxiety need be felt about any attack on the Bréifnigh ruled by this curly-headed prince straight as a mast ; war is exceptional for his people, a threat uttered by Briun's scion is enough to crush his foe.

20. 'Tis a gain for this folk to be involved in war, for few folk suffer less (from it) ; the men of Magh Sléacht make no peace if war suit them better.

21. Fierce their rising out to meet their foes ; little they know as to the cause for which they answer battle-call, for the white shield of each Bréifneach is ready for every shower (of darts) and his spear will be ever in his hand.

22. He who has to march against the men of Bréifne is loath to do so for they stand side by side ; while the (foes') druids are urging an attack on Teallach nEachach smoke gathers over their heads (?)

23. With no armour but only their tunics the race of Briun make the clouds red with the fierceness of their fighting ; among their moist hills on battle-day they prefer those tunics.

24. The folk of this warrior, who attacks every bulwark, bravely prepare for the fight, every warrior has always a long sword on his left-side, for battles are his business.

25. Sleek horses and coloured bridles are brought to them when they get the word (for battle); the graceful squadron of horses raced by horse-boys has beaten down the grass on the fair lawns.

26. Woe to all who hold not by (the friendship of) the men of Bréifne; more and more their protection should be sought (?); growth in power should come by just conduct in the folk to whom God give strength.

27. Teallach nEachach's borders know little of raids—they would be too dangerous; while this hero watches over Gleann Gaibhle—its folk were no safer had they a wood around them.

28. All Éire dreads war with thee, O martial son of Brian in whose fort I live; thy land has been given soldiers worthy of it; it is dangerous to attack.

29. Ready ever for fighting is Teallach nEachach; often have I said to their blushing-cheeks: "One day when you go hosting you will bring home something that has not yet been mentioned for you (*i.e.* High-Kingship)."

30. Thou shalt absorb the Province of Geanann into Gleann Gaibhle of the swift steeds; her narrow confines suit her not; thou shouldst have the land beside her angles.

31. With a sharp stroke thou breakest the spear, with sharp sword thou dost sweep off the arm (of thy foe); thou shalt have its bright hilt all red with blood about (thy) stout hand in fighting with the men of Fál.

32. Well I know the fashion of thy hair; many the hollows and furrows and ridges in its curling tresses; thou hast used it in God's service.

33. God was providing well for the host of Bréifne when he formed thee, O hand of their wolf; when He made thee the Lord's wish was to confide to it the safety of all men.

35. 'Tis God who helps the curly hair of Mág Shamhradháin to serve his native land; the blessings lavished on his hill-forests were great but not greater than on his smooth plains.

36. Peace like the peace of Cormac (Mac Airt) reigns in his native land for no deed of violence could abide the hero's round eye; that every door is kept open is a blessing throughout bright Magh Sléacht.

37. He alone (and unaided) defends his folk whether he be at home or on hosting; if Brian's son rules it his portion of territory will be ever united.

38. This stern-spoken son of Mór's son—dread of the hero and his neighbours' jealousy had made Éire unquiet; this—though outwardly they showed good will—required much courage.

39. Ever in his ears is the call of the men of Teamhair; "If the sun's flames come upon the Bóinn and the sun dry up the streams of the Sionann—this alone can bring this hero of the West into jeopardy."

40. Bright-breasted Tómás, Brian's son, will ply his lance against the race of Craoidhe (Í Chonchobhair); if he be in anger 'tis the deeds of Meadhbh's race (*i.e.*, Í Chonchobhair) that deserve it, they have ruined their own peace.

41. Great source of strength for Teallach Eachach is the fair-haired daughter of the prince of the Éirne; when danger is threatening her home she takes the place of all (her husband, etc., in the field).

42. Bright-skinned daughter of Éadaoin—her face flushes as she quaffs her wine, there is a purple sheen on the surface of her locks, honey is not sweeter than the charm of her voice.

NOTES

Magauran MS. p. 36. All readings of the least importance which have been departed from are noted below.

1*c*. aiṙiċ ; -ṁṫ-. 2*d*. ċaċ. 5*c*. ɣanacas. *d*. ᴅacas. 6*a*. a ċe. 6*b*. néi. *c*. sa ɣlas. 7*d*. iris. 8*d*. ainḃeoil. 9*b*. ɣa. 10*b*. i llaiṁ. *d*. -ḃra ḃinᴅoḃan ḃail. 13*c*. coimeas. *d*. ᴅiḃuin. 17*a* sirṙeaᴅ. *c*. in śl. 18*b*. tiġ uaingniusa is. *c*. aibréiṙniġ. 20*a*. ᴅeaṙċa. 21*b*. ṙis ma ṙr. *c*. ɣaċ nais ma reġtir. 22*a*. ᴅo ᴅle. *c*. cf. Man. Cust. ii. 213. 25*d*. ᴅṙaiċċiḃ ; ṙer. 26*a*. aġrann. *b*. beᴅi ṙanᴅoin *c*. caimċi. *d*. a. 28*c*. a abest. 29*b*. ɣruaḋ. *d*. ᴅa tiġ. 30*a*. -ṙea. *b*. a ɣl. *c*. uirru. 31*a*. a cr. *b*. -ḃai. *c*. is. *d*. ṙea. 33*b*. ɣo ᴅea. *c*. ribail. 37*b*. a abest. *c*. ᴅo ḃeaṫ. *d*. i lleaṫ t. ᴅo ċ. 38*c*. i ɣilli. 39*a*. ngr. *c*. -ɣea. *d*. biᴅ ; an *abest*.; anġuais. 41*c*. ɣaḃail a caṫ. 42*b*. naiċċe. *c*. a ċr.

A POSTSCRIPT ON TONE

BY SENATOR FRANK MACDERMOT

THERE is a passage in *Tristram Shandy* concerning the art of literary composition which greatly impressed me when I first read it some thirty-five years ago and which contains precepts that I have tried to put into practice. According to Sterne (who, incidentally, was one of Tone's favourite authors) there is this in common between writing and conversation—that a writer who leaves nothing to the judgement and imagination of his readers commits a solecism, no less than a talker who insists on saying all that is to be said on whatever may be the topic of the moment and leaving nothing for his companions. A play, an essay, a history, even a novel, becomes tiresome if it is too voluble and too explicit, and if it assumes that those for whom it is written are incapable of drawing obvious deductions or supplying anything to the picture from their own intellectual resources.

With these considerations in mind, and also with a general desire to be brief, I said a good deal less in my recent book on Tone than I might have done about the conclusions to be drawn from the array of facts—many of them unfamiliar—which I presented to my readers. Whether this restraint has been appreciated I do not know ; but a perusal of the reviews has led me to think that it was perhaps too austere a line to adopt, if one were to succeed in destroying certain cherished illusions which obstruct the dissemination of historical knowledge concerning the latter part of the eighteenth century.

These illusions are not confined to one political camp. Orange writers speak of Tone as a republican schemer by whom the loyal, though sturdily democratic, Presbyterians of Ulster were lured up the garden path, and who repudiated him with all his works once they realised his true aim. Nothing could be further from the truth. It was the Nonconformists of the North who gave birth to Irish republicanism, who

first became infected by French politics, corresponded with jacobin clubs, applauded revolutionary excesses, and were the head and front of Irish disaffection down to about the middle of 1797. The only respect in which Tone can be thought of as giving a lead to the North is that of Catholic disabilities, and even on that subject Belfast had long been in advance of Protestants in other parts of Ireland. It would be far truer to say that the Presbyterians had seduced Tone into republicanism than the contrary.

A not uninstructive analogy may even be drawn between Ulster and Germany. It was in Germany that both Marxian Socialism and Communism—its modern derivative—were nurtured. Subsequently they were exported to work destruction elsewhere and to enable the country of their origin to assume a mantle of virtue and conduct a crusade against them. Similarly the Protestants in Northern Ireland produced an ideology which they exported to the south and discarded themselves. The seeds of corruption planted by northern missionaries have been watered ever since on appropriate occasions by northern politicians, equally expert at making the English disliked by the Irish and at trading on that dislike.

Nationalist opinion does not of course accept the legend of Ulster's uniform loyalty to the British connection, but it coincides with Orange comment on Tone to the extent of representing him as much more radical, more original and more consistent in his ideas than he actually was. Those who set him up as the greatest of Irishmen maintain that, even if he was not a complete separatist from the moment of his entry into politics, he developed into one by gradual evolution and conviction as he acquired by experience a fuller understanding of Irish conditions. In doing so he was, it is contended, the first Irishman to go to the root of things and to formulate a body of doctrine worthy of a nation.

My submission is, on the contrary, that his career exhibits no such orderly development and that he initiated nothing either in political philosophy or in political action. The spring of 1790 was the date of his entry into politics—that is to say

into Irish politics, for already in 1788 he and his brother had evolved the scheme of founding a British military colony in the Pacific ocean as a strategic base against Spain. In 1790 he reached the age of twenty-seven. There was no doubt about his brilliant talents nor about his charm, courage and spirit of enterprise, but he had certainly given little evidence of steadiness, patience or a sense of responsibility. Plunket is probably not far wrong in describing him as subject to rapid alternations of gaiety and gloom, and in saying that his mind was as impulsive as it was powerful and, " when foiled in one direction, charged with double energy in another."

His political career in Ireland lasted only five years. It seems to me to deserve a study far more minute than it generally gets if the subsequent course of Irish history is to be properly understood. In my book I followed the dull but, as I hoped, convincing method of assembling as much contemporary evidence about it as possible, from which readers could draw their own conclusions. Here I can only attempt a bird's eye view by summarising it in a

Chronological Table

1790.—Tone writes his first pamphlet, in which he enthusiastically praises Grattan and the official Opposition, and speaks complacently of the " perpetual bond of union " between Ireland and Great Britain.

Writes his second pamphlet, in which he urges that Ireland should remain neutral in case of war between England and Spain. Makes friends with Russell.

Corresponds with the Duke of Richmond and Mr. (afterwards Lord) Grenville about his scheme for seizing the Hawaiian (Sandwich) Islands, which he had unsuccessfully submitted to Pitt two years earlier. In writing to the Duke he not only lays on flattery with a trowel, but remarks : " Your Grace and every good Englishman will allow that *we* owe this return to Spain on principles of strict retaliation."

1791.—Consorts with Drennan, Stokes, etc., and is fired with enthusiasm by Paine's " Rights of Man."

Selects George Knox, an administration supporter, as godfather to his son.

Takes up Drennan's plan for a new organisation, for which the name of the " Irish Brotherhood " was first suggested, but which was finally called the " United Irishmen." At Russell's request composes resolutions and a manifesto for the new body and sends them to Russell

in Belfast along with a private letter advocating separation from England, an opinion which he considers too bold for present publication.

Writes his third and greatest pamphlet, "An Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland," in the course of which he professes enthusiastic loyalty to the King as King of Ireland and remarks: "An Irishman's first duty is to his country, his second to his King; and both are now, and by God's blessing will, I hope, remain united and inseparable."

Visits Belfast and helps to found the first Society of United Irishmen. Their objects are parliamentary reform and religious equality.

Helps to found the first Society of United Irishmen in Dublin. Gradually loses influence among them, not as being too extreme but rather the contrary.

1792.—Along with Hamilton Rowan, defends United Irishmen against parliamentary attacks.

Tries to procure a new commission in the British Army for Russell and employment as private secretary for himself from Lord Rawdon (afterwards Lord Moira and, as Marquis of Hastings, Governor General of India), a prominent Whig and intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, who had distinguished himself in the American War and was contemplating a political career.

Appointed Agent to the Catholic Committee. Conducts their propaganda on a basis of constitutionalism and loyalty to King, Lords and Commons. Helps to organise the Catholic Convention.

Encourages a scheme for raising a corps of republican National Guards in Dublin, in imitation of the French, whose emblem is to be a harp without a crown. Changes his mind and tries to prevent the formation of the corps.

Accompanies Catholic delegates to London to present a loyal petition to the King.

1793.—Strives unsuccessfully to persuade the Catholics to insist on complete emancipation and accept nothing short of it.

Composes an "Address to the Nation" for the Dublin United Irishmen (on the imprisonment of Butler and Bond for contempt) which Tone himself describes as moderate and Drennan as lacking passion.

Employment by Catholics terminates owing to dissolution of Catholic Committee after passage of Relief Bill.

According to his own statement (which, however, is open to doubt) breaks with the United Irishmen because they press the Catholics to take up parliamentary reform.

His letter to Russell of two years before is revealed to the House of Lords Secret Committee by a false friend and used by Fitzgibbon to discredit both him and the Catholics. He replies by a letter to

Faulkner's Journal declaring that he does not wish to break the link between Ireland and Great Britain "provided it can be, as I am sure it can, preserved consistently with the honour, the interests and the happiness of Ireland."

Composes a memorandum for Moira (to show to the Prince of Wales and others) explaining the shortcomings of the Catholic Relief Bill and, especially, of its administration under the influence of Fitzgibbon. The memorandum is full of "attachment to the best of Sovereigns" and promises that, if the grievances of the Catholics are met, Ireland "would be able and willing freely to concur and exert her whole strength in the common cause" of the war against France.

Rebukes Russell for resigning his magistracy and says that the Irish *sans-culottes* "are too ignorant for any thinking man to wish to see in power."

1794.—From living in Co. Kildare returns to Dublin and the Bar.

Is persuaded by Hamilton Rowan to meet a French agent (Jackson) and to compose for him a paper stating the reasons why a French invasion of Ireland might be expected to succeed. Is invited to go to France to back up these representations in person. While he is hesitating, Jackson is arrested; Tone makes a "compromise" with the Government, whereby he is excused from testifying and promised safety from prosecution provided that he (1) writes the Government an account, "for political purposes only," of his dealings with Jackson and Rowan; (2) leaves Ireland once Jackson's trial is over. Hopes are held out that the Government will find him a post in India, and he is willing to accept one.

The United Irishmen become a revolutionary body, but Tone has no connection with them at this stage.

1795.—Re-employed by the Catholics to help in the agitation for the completion of emancipation by the new Fitzwilliam Government.

Allows a Catholic deputation to approach Grattan with a view to obtaining Government employment for him in Ireland. This fails.

After Fitzwilliam's fall, again accompanies Catholic deputation to London to present a petition to the King.

Jackson's trial takes place and Tone emigrates to America, the proposed Indian post having fallen through. Before departure he resumes connection with the United Irishmen and undertakes to exert himself to procure a French invasion, if it can be managed.

This representative, though necessarily incomplete, factual record is no more in keeping with the idea of an orderly development of his political philosophy than it is with the notion of a rigid consistency dating from earliest manhood.

Once banished from Ireland, however, no course was open to him but to accept an obscure existence among people he disliked or to take the " path of glory " that led him to the grave. His hesitations were over, and there was no pressure of perplexing circumstances to torture him or to thwart his natural inclination towards bold and resolute action. Yet, even during his exile, he showed very plainly that he was not a man of deeply-rooted principles.

What fundamental concept can he be said to stand for ? Not democracy, for he had nothing to say against the ascendancy system that he found in France, where the people were not allowed to choose the representatives they wanted and where the popular will was eventually checkmated by a *coup d'état.* Not social equality, for he praises " subordination " and deplores having to consort with the " boors " of the American countryside or such " sad, vulgar wretches " as the United Irishmen in Paris. Not religious liberty, for he saw with indifference more persecution of the Catholic Church than had occurred in Ireland in his life-time, and looked forward to the forcible suppression of convents in countries conquered by France. Not self-determination, for he held that the French had a right to do what they liked with the territory of any nations they defeated. Not even freedom of the press, for he considered the Directory too liberal in that respect.

We are thus reduced to Irish nationalism as the one constant factor in his political creed, and that nationalism did not differ essentially in quality from the nationalism of such other Protestant Irishmen as were in favour of either gradually or immediately emancipating the Catholics and welding the various creeds into one nation. He was an Irish nationalist because he was an Irishman and a patriotic Irishman, who saw his country as a victim rather than as a partner of Britain. The real and manifest evils in the political system enraged him, and, in addition, he believed that the natural economic resources of Ireland were immensely greater than they actually are and that Irish poverty was solely due to British interference Nevertheless his deepest instincts were militarist and imperia-

list, and vast designs of conquest went to his head like wine. His sense of personal frustration was agony to him, and, while I do not for a moment think that he could have been seduced upon any terms into support of Fitzgibbon's Irish policy, there was nothing in his make-up to prevent him from serving British power in distant parts of the world.

It is therefore with some impatience that one reads his sweeping criticisms of other men. In his autobiography he claims that already in 1792 he had " long entertained a more serious contempt for what is called *opposition* than for the common prostitutes of the Treasury Bench, who want at least the vice of hypocrisy." Yet in that very year he was courting a number of Opposition leaders, frequenting Moira House and showing in his diary considerable satisfaction about these associations. Even after the outbreak of the war and the discovery by the House of Lords Secret Committee of his indiscreet letter to Russell of two years before, he continued to cultivate Moira and to flatter Grattan. If the ugly word hypocrisy is to be used, what of his own conduct ? Can he really afford to be so harsh and censorious ?

I do not wish to imply that he was more of a dissembler or of a careerist than most politicians at that epoch, or more than many a hero of history—Napoleon Bonaparte, for instance, who resembles him in many ways and not least in changeability. Indeed, the contrast between Napoleon's early faith in the ideas of Rousseau and his ultimate conviction that " uncivilised man is a cur " is perhaps more striking than anything of the kind in Tone's history. Moreover, all through his life, Napoleon tacked and veered in his struggle with circumstances much as Tone did, but he could afford to be more patient. It is easy to see that revolution, as such, must have had attraction for a man so poor and so able as Tone was, staggering under the burden of providing for himself and his family in a profession which he detested. Other motives, however, and his fundamental good sense pulled him sometimes in the opposite direction, and I do not believe that his memorandum of August 1793 about the desirability of uniting all sections of Irishmen in a war against French republicanism was merely

dishonest humbug. His jacobinism was as superficial as Napoleon's; at heart he, too, was an authoritarian. The difficulties of the time were so great that he is entitled to be judged with indulgence; but, if so, an equal measure of understanding and generosity is due to some of those he denounces.

The distance apparently traversed by Tone between that memorandum of August 1793 and his memorandum for Jackson in April 1794 is very remarkable. The war had confronted Irish nationalists with the same kind of choice that they had to make during the war of 1914–18. Were they to try to gain England's good-will by helping her or were they to ally themselves with her enemies? Tone is found, in effect, giving first the one answer and then the other. Had the Jackson episode occurred after the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, one could have better understood Tone's part in it, but in the spring of 1794 moderation and appeasement were in the air and, despite Defender prosecutions, there was no reason for Catholics to despair. Let me again recall that significant entry of January 1794 in the diary of the new Chief Secretary:—

"I had two conferences with Mr. Pitt on the affairs of Ireland, and two with Mr. Dundas, before I left London. They were very general. The common principle of both is that the Catholics, being the great majority of the inhabitants, must in justice and policy be admitted by degrees to a full participation of all the advantages now held exclusively by Protestants; but that this must be done as it were insensibly to the Protestants, who have at present the monopoly of the Government and good things, and whose real fear is not, as they sometimes pretend, danger to the Protestant faith (for Mr. Pitt seems to think the Christian religion more in danger than the overthrow of Protestantism by Popery) or, as [they pretend] at others, the restoration of the lands to the old Catholic proprietors, but the apprehension of losing that monopoly. Mr. Pitt thinks truly that such a monopoly is unjust and cannot long be maintained, but that, on the other hand, it is natural that those who had it should be very unwilling to relinquish it, and that it would be impolitic, and also even in some degree unjust, to wrest it from them with violence. This doctrine, which seems to me sound and moderate, must not be avowed in Ireland."

This account by Sylvester Douglas of Pitt's frame of mind is corroborated by the contemporaneous correspondence

between Dublin Castle and the British Home Office, which shows that the Government was anxious to enlist the support of Grattan and realised that this could only be done by liberal measures of conciliation. There had after all been important Catholic Relief Bills in the two preceding years, and George III had not yet discovered (with the assistance of Fitzgibbon) that further emancipation would be inconsistent with his Coronation Oath. The arrival of Jackson from France was therefore singularly inopportune. It would not have mattered so much if the only men implicated in his treason had been the more extreme United Irishmen, from whom Tone and the Catholics had deliberately kept aloof, but some of the noisiest of these shrank back from risking their necks, while Tone, with his contempt for braggadocio and his love for adventure, was fascinated by the prospect opened to him. Whether or not he acted with the connivance of the Catholic leaders remains uncertain, but it was suspected that he did, and his close association with them, both before and afterwards, was thus immensely mischievous to their cause.

It is easy to understand the anger of Grattan and his colleagues. By this episode, coming on top of the publication of the Russell letter by the Secret Committee, Tone was hopelessly compromised and could no longer be of any use in Ireland to the causes which he and they had at heart. He had played right into Fitzgibbon's hands and prepared the way for the crash of the following year. The fact that after all this he was still willing to accept Government employment made it the harder for them to excuse him.

This is perhaps enough to say on the subject of Tone's consistency. The statement that he initiated nothing needs less elaboration. He brought no new idea into Irish politics. He was not the first critic of the "revolution" of 1782 nor the first parliamentary reformer nor the first enemy of Catholic disabilities nor the first republican nor the first separatist. He was only one of several founders of the United Irishmen, and the idea of the organisation was originally Drennan's. At the time when that body changed its character and became revolutionary, he was separated from it and in the power of

the Government. He took a leading part in procuring a French invasion, but he was not the first to suggest it and, without the timely visit to Switzerland of Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor, it is not certain that he would have succeeded in accomplishing his mission.

The fascination of Tone remains when the illusions about him have been abandoned. His talents, his humour and his charm captured the hearts of some of the ablest of his contemporaries both in Ireland and in France, and they continue to delight those who read his diaries, even when they differ most from his opinions. He did himself an injustice by describing separation from England as his end and the creation of an Irish nation as his means. The second was the fundamental thing. We have still to apply ourselves honestly to the same task, and it is safe to say that, if Tone were with us now, he would be infuriated by our narrowness and blindness.

Of all the misunderstandings about him none is more fantastic than that which seeks to press him into the service of compulsory Gaelicization. One reviewer even implies that no one is qualified to write about him without knowing the Irish language. So far as I can gather, the only basis for this wishful thinking is that some of his acquaintances are said to have studied the language and that, on the eve of sailing for America, Mrs. Tone was overcome by emotion during the singing of a Gaelic song! Not a word of or about Gaelic can be found in Tone's literary remains, and to be moved by a plaintive Irish air when going into exile in a far country, without much hope of ever returning, is a good deal short of proof that either Tone or his wife was familiar with "the hidden Ireland." However much or little he knew of it, there is no possible doubt that his literary and cultural interests were elsewhere, and that he no more desired the overthrow of Anglo-Irish civilization than he did of Anglo-Irish property. This lover of Shakespeare, Addison, Sterne, Johnson, Fielding and Sheridan probably underrated the buried treasure of Gaelic culture as much as he overrated the mineral wealth of Ireland. He would in any case have detested

the intolerance and exclusiveness which characterise the Gaelic enthusiasts of our time.

A word may perhaps be added about Tone's attitude towards religion. It is customary to assume that he was an Agnostic or what was then called a Deist. The evidence seems to me to be against this view. It is true that his frequent visits to church seem to have been mainly for the purpose of getting an impression of the people in the locality where he happened to be. But he definitely repudiated the theological notions of Paine, and there are numerous passages in his letters and diaries which indicate that he believed in a Supreme Being, and One Who intervened in human affairs. There is in fact no reason that I know of to suppose that he was not a Christian, although he disliked clericalism and elaborate ritual. The manner of his death is irrelevant to the question, for he did not himself regard it as suicide.

I shall conclude these rather scrappy reflections by drawing attention to two new sources of evidence about Tone's period which have become available during the past few months.

In the columns of the *Daily Telegraph & Morning Post* there have been reproduced a number of letters from the *Morning Post* Paris Correspondent of a hundred and fifty years ago describing the Fall of the Bastille and the events that preceded and followed it. These letters throw no new light on what actually happened in Paris; on the contrary, they are outrageous perversions of the truth. It is not merely a case of events being tendentiously reported; the Correspondent does not shrink from telling downright lies about his own experiences, so circumstantial that they must have carried conviction to his readers. To take one example, he professes to have been present at calm and dignified trials of officials who are known beyond all possibility of doubt to have been massacred in the streets without any pretence of trial whatsoever. The importance of the letters is that they help to explain how it was that so considerable a proportion of the public both in England and in Ireland were deceived into approving of the French Revolution in its early stages. Facilities for propaganda and the dissemination of news were

almost monopolised by the revolutionaries. It so happens that our friend the Rev. William Jackson had been editor of the *Morning Post* before he emigrated to France, and it seems highly possible that he was the author of the letters in question.

The second recent publication to which I am referring is Mr. J. M. Hone's *The Moores of Moore Hall.* One of my critics has taken me to task for saying that the Connaught gentry held aloof from the Humbert invasion of 1798, " with few and mostly not very respectable exceptions." I regard my statement as amply supported by the evidence, notwithstanding some recent arguments to the contrary. Mr. Hone's book tends to reinforce this conclusion by the light it throws upon the personality of John Moore, selected by the French as President of the newly created Republic. Not only was he a ne'er-do-well, but his letters show him to have been eccentric to the verge of insanity. If he was the best figurehead that the French could find, there cannot have been much to choose from.

FRANK MACDERMOT

FINLAND AND ITS LESSONS FOR IRELAND

BY REV. EDWARD J. COYNE, S.J.

IN more than one way recent events in Europe carry our minds back to the early years of the nineteenth century. Then, as now, a "Berlin Decree" (November 1806) declared that "whereas Great Britain does not recognise International Law as observed by civilised nations," Napoleon would apply to her the measures of her own maritime code and declare a "Continental Blockade." Then, as now, two great absolute rulers, Napoleon and Alexander, signed at Tilsit (near Memel) a strangely incongruous treaty, leaving Russia in a state of semi-neutrality to be a mediator with or an ally against England. Then, too, Danzig occupied a prominent place in the picture: a "free city" under the joint protectorate of Prussia and Saxony. Even still more striking is the memory of Alexander's chagrin at a clause in the Treaty of Tilsit (1807) excluding "from the sphere of Russia's future activity the province (Roumelia) and the city (Constantinople) that formed the goal of her most ardent ambitions." The discussions between Caulaincourt and Romanzoff read strangely modern in these our days. The great left paw of the Russian bear was itching to stretch down and encompass the whole Black Sea and the greater part of the Balkans. "Russia's interest demanded that she should hold both of the keys of the Black Sea, and not one only." In a letter of May 31, 1808, just before the Erfurt conversations, Napoleon wrote: "The fundamental part of the great question is always this—Who shall have Constantinople?" Tsar or Dictator, Alexander or Stalin, in 1808 or 1939, the same desire moves Russia: its left paw to encircle the south-east Slav portion of Europe—and guard it against French or German or any other intruder.

But in 1808 yet another question was agitating Russia, as it is agitating her to-day. Her great right paw was feeling its way around the Baltic Sea. In February 1808, Alexander

summoned Gustavus IV of Sweden, who then ruled over Finland, to abandon the British alliance. Gustavus refused—and lost both Finland and, eventually, his throne : the one to Russia, the other to one of Napoleon's marshals. The Russian troops over-ran Finland and, in a famous march across the frozen sea, occupied those Aland Isles so much in the news to-day. By September, Finland had been formally ceded to Russia. It had been under Swedish suzerainty since 1154 or thereabouts—some six and a half centuries. It was to remain a Grand Duchy, indeed, with later on its own Diet, but uneasy and restless under Russian rule until 1917, when it began to shake itself free. For the last twenty-one years it has enjoyed complete political independence. But the ancestral itch in the Russian bear's paw is, to-day as in 1808, an ever-present threat.

Ethnologists and philologists provide us with yet another interesting coincidence. On the extreme north-west flank of Russia lies Finland ; on its extreme south-west flank lies Hungary ; and far apart as these two countries are they form, racially and linguistically, part of the same group, the Finno-Ugrians. There is much learned discussion and some picturesque descriptions of how these two peoples, Magyars and Finns, starting from the region between the Urals and the Volga, found their way so far apart and to such different lands, history and destiny. Slavs they are not ; nor yet Teutons ; but their history has always been closely connected with both these races.

It is, however, with modern Finland that this article is concerned—a modern Finland well-described in three or four relatively recent books.[1] In the Introduction to his fine book, perhaps the best of the group, Mr. Jackson makes a comparison of topical interest. " The parallel between Ireland and Finland is singularly close. Eric of Sweden invaded Finland in almost the same year that Henry II was invading

[1] *Finland.* By J. Hampden Jackson. (Allen & Unwin. 1938. 8s. 6d.).
Portrait de la Finlande. Par Jean-Louis Perret. (Plon. 1937. 16.50 frcs.).
Finland : The New Nation. By Agnes Rothery. (Faber and Faber. 1936. 12s. 6d.).
The Smaller Democracies. By Sir E. D. Simon. (Gollancz. 1939).
Finland Supplement. The Times. 1936.

Ireland. In each case the conquest bred a new race in the conquered country : in one the Anglo-Irish, in the other the Swedo-Finn. In each case the settler-people swamped the culture of the natives and set the pace of the new civilisation. In each the natives preserved their language and, within living memory, asserted their claim to economic equality and political power. And there the parallel ends. The English conquerors were as misguided as the Swedish were wise ; the Irish question still troubles England, but there has long ceased to be a Finnish problem for Sweden . . . The truth is that statesmen of London and Dublin—to say nothing of Belfast—have a lesson to learn from the history of Finland."

In modern times Finland has made notable contributions to music in Sibelius and others, to architecture, and to physical and athletic training. Moreover, taking into account its resources, it is said to have the best balanced economy in the world—and probably the best organised dairy industry as well. Yet it suffers under great disadvantages : it lies more north than the Shetlands, is covered with snow for a great part of the year, has a short summer and short winter days, and it is broken up by its tens of thousands of lakes and its sixty million acres of forest. But the student of Finland's physical conditions can find in them the cause of its success. "Finland is a vast granite plain broken by sixty thousand lakes : what more natural than that it should breed a race of athletes, since communication must be by ski, by foot, and by hand-propelled boats ? What more natural than that the buildings should be good, since the mistakes of the past, being made in wood, are all burned down and the monuments to the present have had to be hewn out of granite, a medium which is a discipline in itself ? What more natural than that music should be a living tradition, since the endless northern evenings left the people no recreation but singing ? . . . There have been Communist risings in Finland as everywhere else, but these have failed because the Finnish industries—wood manufacture and dairy produce—do not demand the concentration of a proletariat in large towns ; the population of Helsinki, the largest, is to-day not much

more than a quarter of a million. Therefore the workers of this northern world have never succeeded in uniting, and parliamentary democracy has persisted after its collapse in Russia, Poland, Germany, Italy and Spain. The economist would add that there are troubles in store for Finland: her recent prosperity has been built on a constantly increasing demand for wood products of every sort from unseasoned timber to newsprint and cellulose; it will only need a drop in the world prices of these articles to plunge her into chaos . . . There is little conflict of interests between town worker and country worker; the small-holders are also wage-earners, many of them going up to the lumber camps in the hard winter months. The industrial worker has in most cases a relative with a farm of his own on which he can fall back in time of trouble. The rich are not much better off than the poor; in 1931 there were only twelve people with an income exceeding £6,500 a year, and the standard of living of the civil servants and professional classes as a whole was not much higher than that of the artisans."[1] . . .

Modern Finland came into being as an independent state on December 6, 1917. There had been a certain amount of confusion after the March Revolution in Russia, and during those uncertain months the seeds of civil war had been sown. A White Guard had sprung up and armed itself. This was soon answered by the formation of a Red Guard, which was rapidly "swollen by Russian Communist leaders and by thousands of Russian as well as Finnish labourers who had been thrown out of work by the sudden cessation of war orders" (Jackson, p. 89). On January 30, 1918, the Red Guard carried out a *coup d'état* and proclaimed Finland a "Socialist Workers' Republic." Later on a most interesting "socialist" Constitution was drawn up—one of the first, if not the very first, of such documents. The White Guard accepted the challenge and civil war broke out. The German Government not only sent back one of its Prussian Jaeger battalions (composed of well-drilled Finns), but promised an army under von der Goltz. Early in April the Whites won

[1] Jackson: *Finland*, pp. 19–20.

a notable victory at Tampere, and in May the German army under von der Goltz finished the war. The victorious Whites asked Kaiser Wilhelm II to nominate one of his sons as King of Finland. The Kaiser refused, but allowed his brother-in-law Prince Friedrich Karl of Hesse to be elected by the Finnish Diet, on October 9, 1918, King of Finland. The collapse of the German Empire, however, brought the Finns back to their senses, and they elected a National Constituent Assembly in April 1919 to draw up a Constitution. The four months civil war and its aftermath had cost the country 24,000 lives—and very nearly cost it its independence and unity.

Finland had reached the goal of its ambitions now. But, as Mr. Jackson sagely remarks and as we Irish have learned and are still learning every day, " it is always surprising to find how little is settled by the realization of a political ideal." For the last twenty years the Finns have had to take off their coats and solve many social and economic problems which their political victory had left completely unsolved. They have achieved remarkable success in many directions, and their achievements have important lessons for us.

Of altogether more than usual interest and importance to Irish readers is the story of the Finnish dairy industry. Despite the fact that the area of Finland is 150,000 square miles (94,000,000 acres), only some 8,000 square miles are available for agriculture. The rest is forest (96,000 square miles : 62,000,000 acres) or inland water, lakes and rivers (13,000 square miles : 8,500,000 acres). That is to say, Finland has less than half the agricultural land that the twenty-six counties have—5,300,000 acres instead of 12,000,000. The farms in Finland are normally small in size : out of a total of 250,000, 130,000 are under 25 acres and another 40,000 under 50 acres. At first sight one would say that the climate (it is sub-arctic, with a period of growth of 90 to 105 days) would make prosperous dairy farming almost impossible. There is snow on the ground from late October to April, and cows have to be stabled for eight months of the year. As Dr. Henry Kennedy[1] says : " The existence of a highly developed dairying industry

[1] I am indebted to an article by Dr. Kennedy for much of this information.

in such adverse conditions of soil and climate is only possible in a farming population highly intelligent and highly educated." Yet that it is highly developed there can be no doubt. In 1936, Finland fed its own 3,500,000 people and had a surplus dairy produce of £2,300,000 value for export; in 1937, the figure was just £3,000,000. How is this achieved?

"Finland may well claim the position of having the best organised dairy industry in the world," writes Dr. Kennedy, "and the organisation is almost entirely on a co-operative basis." Yet co-operation in Finland is much more recent than in Ireland: the first co-operative dairy was set up in 1901. To-day Finland has 531 co-operative dairies; Ireland 231. Finland's co-operative dairies have a membership of 70,000; Ireland's 54,000. There is a central organisation, known as Valio, a union of all the co-operative creameries, "which is primarily responsible for the wonderful organisation of the Finnish dairy industry." "Valio began business in 1906 with a membership of 80 creameries and a capital of £6,000. Its total sales in that year were about £300,000. Its sales in 1930 were £3,140,000 . . . As regards price, owing primarily to the leadership of Valio in good production and good marketing, Finnish butter can claim second place on the British market."

Mr. Jackson gives us a very interesting chapter on this matter of co-operation in Finland. He prefaces it with a few words on land purchase and the *Lex Kallio*—another possible source of lessons for us. Land purchase, which only began in 1922, was conducted in such a way as to secure absolute fixity of tenure, in law as well as in fact, and so maintain the farmers' credit. Since that date the Government has transformed 65,000 leaseholders into owners, 53,000 landless into cottage-allotment owners, and has carved out 31,000 completely new holdings on unworked land (half of them farm and half cottage allotments). Both the area under cultivation and the productivity have increased. In 1920 the yield of milk was 1,865,000,000 kilograms; in 1935 it was 2,728,000,000. Finland produced in 1913 only 41% of her cereal requirements; in 1934 she produced 82%.

" It was not until 1899," writes Mr. Jackson, " when Dr. Hannes Gebhard founded a society (called Pellervo, after the old Finnish God of Fertility) for the dissemination of co-operative ideas, that the idea really began to take root among the rural population of Finland." In Ireland, too, the co-operative movement had been founded on the same sound principle : educate the minds of people, change their views, their outlook, their mental habits, and do not trust merely to efficient organisation or mechanical adjustments. The same principle is at the back of Muintir na Tire to-day ; the same principle is the source of all the success of the Danish co-operative movement. Unless the Irish farmers and rural dwellers give up wrestling with a contradiction—trying to keep their old mental outlook of individualistic isolation and self-sufficiency and at the same time hoping for all the benefits in higher prices, better quality and securer market of co-operative organisation—they will always be plagued with two nuisances : an irrational discontent and innumerable Job's comforters and advisers. In a free country farmers ought to be allowed to make their own choice. They may not want to organise or to develop co-operative methods—and there is a great deal to be said for such a point of view. The Danes or the Swedes or the Finns have their own ideas about what constitutes the " good life " ; these ideas may not be those of the Irish. But if Irish farmers do not want to organise or do not like to surrender a certain amount of individual liberty in co-operative methods, surely they are a little unreasonable in hoping to enjoy all the benefits which flow and have flowed from education, organisation and co-operation. Certainly it cannot be said that the " gospel of co-operation " has not been put before the Irish rural dweller : if he has rejected it, he has done so with his eyes open.

Mr. Jackson describes the two pillars of the co-operative movement in Finland. " Two great central organisations have been formed : the first, Hankkija, for supplying farmers' equipment ; and the second, Valio, for marketing dairy produce abroad. Hankkija supplies co-operative shops and dairies with fertilizers and cattle-food, seed and grain, machinery

and electric power-heating installations and refrigerators. It manufactures about 15% of the articles it sells and has been a pioneer in the manufacture of several types of agricultural machinery, notably of the famous Esa thresher. Valio has done equally important work, making itself responsible for the export of dairy produce, which amounts to a fifth of the total exports of the country. Its activities have embraced research and quality control, grading and the manufacture of new products, such as Dutch types of cheese, as well as the business of foreign sales. Nearly 94% of the Finnish exports of butter pass through Valio's hands." And perhaps the most important point to stress is brought out in two sentences by Mr. Jackson. "This increased agricultural productivity has been the greatest achievement of Finland under the Republic. It is perhaps encouraging to note that the State played a comparatively small part in promoting it." It was achieved by the individual farmers and rural dwellers working together as a true vocational group with the double aim of every such group: (1) to promote the interests and status of the group (2) and to improve the service—in efficiency, in quality, in cheapness—which the group renders to the community as a whole. "The key to their success is to be found in their infinite capacity for taking pains and in their extraordinary collaboration through the co-operative movement."

The question of reafforestation in Ireland has, in recent years, been much discussed. It is admitted by all that the country is gravely under-forested: instead of 18% of its area, which we are told is the "safety line of forest cover," there is only about ·3 of 1% of forest—that is, about 70,000 acres instead of 3,000,000 acres. Even if this latter figure is an enthusiastic over-estimate of what would be best for the country, there can be little doubt that a very great increase in our forest area is desirable. But one may justifiably wonder whether all the promises made by forestry enthusiasts—employment at good wages, high returns on capital invested, raw materials for many profitable industries, and the like—would be fulfilled. Finland gives us some facts, figures and experience to enable us to get this question, not of the desir-

ability but of the economic profitability of reafforestation, into truer perspective. It may be nationally and socially very desirable, even essential, to reafforest; but it may be economically of very little gain—possibly even quite unprofitable.

Finland possesses 62,000,000 acres of forest—that is, 75% of her total area. This amounts to 18 acres per head of population. Moreover, the annual growth amounts to 1,568,000,000 cubic feet; that is 565 cubic feet per head of population, very much higher than the Swedish figure of 275 cubic feet per head. If any country can be said to possess ample forests it is Finland. It is notorious, too, that the forests are extremely well cared for and scientifically exploited: the total sustained yield of the forests is actually utilized. In addition, there is a considerable industrial branch connected with the forests: sawmills, pulp mills, paper mills, cellulose factories, plywood factories, spool factories. What then is the employment given by this whole timber industry? Much of it is of a seasonal nature; but if averaged out over the whole year, it would come to 72,000 (including both men and women). In January, February and March—the months of fullest employment—the number engaged is between 150,000 and 200,000. This is mainly the employment given in the actual supervision of the forests, in felling and planting, and in the transport of raw material. In addition, there are some 15,000 to 20,000 employed permanently in sawmills, pulp mills and paper mills. Possibly an average total of less than 100,000 accounts for the whole forest, timber, woodwork, pulp and paper industries of Finland.

It has been publicly stated that in Ireland "a national forest, envisaging the *derivatives* of wood, will give employment to tens of thousands; while at maturity, after thirty-five years, the figure of employment should be nearer to 400,000." It is a little difficult to understand how, with such a wage-bill as 400,000 employed represents, an Irish forest industry could be commercially practicable. Finland handles 590,000,000 cubic feet for export and 685,000,000 cubic feet for home consumption every year, with a wage bill of about

100,000 men and women at Finnish rates. This is easily the highest amount of timber per head of population handled in any country in the world. It pays Finland to work this industry under these conditions: if she had to double the amount of labour employed it would not pay her. It is utterly fantastic to think that Ireland will ever have 590,000,000 cubic feet per year to handle—not to speak of Finland's total output of 1,275,000,000 cubic feet. If we take 30 cubic feet per acre as the annual growth (this is higher than Finland's growth), 3,000,000 acres would yield 90,000,000 cubic feet per year. If 400,000 men at Irish wages are going to be required to handle this cut and run the derivative industries—pulp, cellulose, paper and the like—the prices of these commodities will be completely prohibitive.

But there is a good deal more to it than that. Most of the land in Finland is unsuitable for agriculture and its price, when bare of timber, is roughly 4s. per acre in the east and central parts. In the south-west, however, as much as £1 per acre has to be paid. The cost of clearing can be put at 4s. per acre and of draining at 17s. per acre. Would it be possible to get 3,000,000 acres of land, in Ireland, ready for planting, at this price? In Finland a great deal of the planting is done by women at a wage of 2s. a day, planting about 500 seedlings at a cost of 6s. 9d. per acre. The replanting costs have been calculated to be less than one-tenth the cost in England. The cost of annual maintenance in Finland is, also, put at one-tenth the cost in England.

Then the transport of the cut trees is a very different proposition in Finland to what it is and will be in Ireland. Most of the felling and extraction is done in winter, when there is three feet of frozen snow on the ground. Over this perfect surface, annually renewed free of cost, huge weights can be easily moved on sledges the two or three miles to the nearest river. In Austria the same technique is used, and one sees great sledge-loads of logs tobogganing down the mountain roads. The rivers and lakes in Finland do the rest: the great booms of logs are floated down directly to the very mill-ponds of the saw-mills. And the sawmills

themselves and any traction engines required use as fuel the waste wood. Hence, with no large expenditure on the making and up-keep of roads and no cost of mechanical transport, Finland has enormous advantages in keeping down the costs of production. What would be the cost of roads and transport in Ireland ?

A careful calculation has shown that, on average soils in south Finland, a return of 3·5% to 5·0% can be realized on all money for the time during which it is invested in the forest. Such a return is the most favourable return known for Scots pine in any country. In Prussia the return runs from 2·5 to 1·0%; in Britain, with more rapid growth and much higher prices for standing timber, the return is seldom 2·5%. If in Ireland we are going to employ so much more labour per 100 cubic feet handled and at much higher wages—to say nothing of the higher cost of land, maintenance and transport—we are unlikely to get any return at all, and are quite likely to have to bear a loss.

As to the profitableness of the saw-milling industry, Finland's experience is not very encouraging. "One large company declared that it could not make the saw-milling industry pay if it were not for the sulphate mill which absorbed all the refuse not used in the furnaces; another that it was losing money; a third that it was only owing to very conservative finance in the past that it could show a profit." Very frequently the company was only able to compensate itself for a loss on its saw-mill by the profit it earned on its forest. Possibly a detailed study of the economics of afforestation as seen in Finland might make us be a little cautious and conservative in our estimate of the direct economic and commercial benefits of afforestation in Ireland. The social and climatic and other indirect economic benefits are another matter. On the other hand, we would do well to learn whatever lessons we can from the success of the Finns in agricultural educational methods and in their organisation of their dairy industry, both on its productive and its marketing sides.

E. J. Coyne

FATHER HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

1856—1939

BY C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

GRATITUDE and affection must be the excuse for this article, since its writer knows that he cannot write a proper "tribute" to Fr. Thurston. Possibly, unless you knew him very well, you might have come to think that you did not know him at all. Incalculable numbers must have felt gratitude towards him; few indeed could have met him at all often without beginning to love him. Still, though I did not know him "*very* well," to some extent I must have known him a little, if only because I *was* very fond of him, and always grateful.

Of course I did not know him personally during his young days. But there is one element in them—or rather lacking from them—which puzzles me now. Any young student, trying to learn, could not but be impressed and almost appalled by Fr. Thurston's enormous erudition; but now I am amazed by his seemingly having accumulated it, and marshalled and managed it, without any special training. No doubt he took his degrees in the London University; but I find no record of his having been confided by his colleagues to any special training there or of the University itself having guessed his gifts and possibilities. As a rule, there is a great difference between an intelligent man who has been trained and one who has not. After these many years, I can freely say that Fr. Joseph Rickaby more than once said to me: "Fr. R. F. Clarke is not nearly so bright intellectually as I am; but he has been trained, and so he will always do better than I really do." Fr. Clarke never told me what he thought about Fr. Rickaby: I expect that the truth lies halfway between the estimates formed of one another by these two touchingly modest men. I do not know how far London University wished to, or could, attend to and train individuals. I think that most students could prepare for their examinations entirely at home; anyhow Fr. Thurston did so. And "at home" it is quite likely that the standard of scholarship, save among a few who were not as a rule suitable for posts of practical authority, had sunk; and it may well be that not very many guessed what it meant to a man to want to do something very well indeed. I surmise then that he received not much stimulus, and no direction, at home either. In so far as these speculations are justified, we have all the more reason for admiring the tremendous intellectual appetite that Fr. Thurston must always have had, and for his moral value inasmuch as he never faltered (so far as I know) and never was defeated.

But it took time to appreciate that : at first one would be conscious of his immense knowledge, and shy accordingly. The feebler aspect of modesty might display itself, that is, human respect and a beginner's fear of making himself look not only silly and ignorant, but bumptious and intrusive, if he questioned, let alone hobnobbed with, such a man. So maybe for some time I shirked acquaintance with Fr. Thurston, or at any rate would not approach him about anything that concerned " eruditional " matters.

A paper like this cannot but be rather egotistic, because dates, skeleton outlines of a biography, and so on have already been a score of times provided : as for general anecdotes, I know none. I do not therefore hesitate to say that (like many another, no doubt) I began to be aware of him through his articles on Catholic devotions, such as the Stations of the Cross, the Scapular, or the Rosary. These articles, which (I gathered) seemed to some readers to be iconoclastic, produced exactly the opposite effect upon me. It may be put down to the snobbishness of a convert that the style in which devotional books or lives of Saints were then written was repulsive to me in the extreme. I cannot but be grateful for having independently *liked* scapulars, the Rosary, and practically every Catholic devotion of an authorised sort that I met with : otherwise almost everything I read about them would have prevented my using them. I was intensely interested in Catholic men and women who had followed Christ closely—therefore in the Saints. But in those times Saints' Lives were written in a dialect, indeed a jargon, in formulas, and with a banal moralising such as to revolt any taste save, so to say, one formed by a peculiar and exotic culture.

I am no more sure, but I think I applied to Fr. Thurston first about Lourdes. I *am* sure that I had (and have) a special devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes, partly by instinct and also for reasons that I need not specify : yet, after reading Lasserre and Husenbeth, I could not feel that things had happened just like that. But, if not *just* like that, how much *un*like that had they really been ? I felt in the awkward position of believing the fact and disbelieving the evidence, an annoying kind of subjective impressionism. Then or later, Fr. Thurston, whose own devotion was real and deep, put me on to better documents : the mind could draw deep breaths of sincerity and probity, and one could encounter a treatment of evidence at least as exhaustive, honest and sensitive as anything I was by then getting at Oxford about secular topics. Fr. Thurston, though he would not admit it, helped me thus towards a general attitude towards the preternatural of the following sort. It was seeming to me, about that time, that just as one's normal way of knowing implied receiving from outside some shock to the nervous system (*e.g.* by way of sight) and that in due course the

intelligence could strip this of many a limitation and provide you with an idea, so a spiritual agency could insert its proper sort of contribution directly into the mind, which would forthwith set the rest of one's human " compositum " astir, so that the idea would vest itself with all the imaginative raiment which was normally at one's disposal. So then did it seem to me that a supernatural force might act " at a point," indivisibly—otherwise than by ideas even, let alone the senses—upon the soul, and that in a flash the whole human organism *might* (I don't say " necessarily would ") be set sympathetically astir. Thereupon the supernatural fact would become responded to by ideas, ideas by verbal formulas, and even by the pictorial imagination which would use all the stock-in-trade with which it was already furnished. This helped me, for example, when studying St. Ignatius, who said that his vision of the Trinity was " like " three spinet keys or three teeth of a comb—no one can say that St. Ignatius was a very pictorially-creative man !—and again, when studying St. Margaret Mary, who undoubtedly received something " new " from God and yet described it—and even drew it—according to the literary and even graphic categories with which she had for so long been equipped.

Fr. Thurston always insisted that he " didn't know " anything about " that sort of thing," but all the same I think he was, throughout, reverently occupied with disentangling what was the contribution of the Saint in question (not to mention his biographers) from what was the Gift of God—*i.e.* from his essential sanctity. This explained, I thought, what sometimes puzzled me—his seeming readiness to accept evidence for preternatural occurrences alleged about those who were not Saints or even Christians. I felt as though he *wanted* to admit instances of stigmata (an easy task), physical imperviousness to fire (not much harder), physical life sustained without food, and indeed levitation as verified quite outside the regions inhabited by Saints or, as I said, Christians or religious people. He said to me, years ago, that if you rejected the evidence for St. Joseph of Cupertino's levitations, there was no historical evidence that you *could* accept. Latterly I asked him what he now thought : he said (giving solid reasons) that there was *one* instance which you simply could not get round. But I did not think he treated *non*-holy levitations quite so vigorously.* It seems to me, then, that his reverence for *sanctity* was such that he really *wanted* to wean the devout from concentration on those semi-physical or maybe purely psychological phenomena on which the greedy-for-oddities do prefer to concentrate.

Hence—but only in part—his rather surprising readiness to admit

* He always admitted the " that " of the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood ; always confessed he could make no suggestion as to its " how " ; resisted desperately the suggestion that it must be miraculous. That there is, or was, so much blood liquefaction in the Naples area was ample to give him pause.

evidence for "poltergeists" and so on. I said that my objection to them was ethical, not metaphysical (if that is the right word). It has always seemed obvious to me that man is on but the fringe of spiritual existence: look at the words that St. Paul piles up—Powers, Dominations, Princes, and so on—which we echo in our Prefaces to Mass. Fr. Thurston agreed readily that "spirits" are such as to "differ" among themselves at any rate *upwards—i.e.* that there could be what you might call "ordinary angels" immeasurably transcended by Archangels, Seraphim and other superb creations of God Almighty. Well, I asked, if we did not know how high such creatures might go, did we know what was the "lowest" condition possible to them for good existence? In physical creation a slug is good, but we don't think of it as very highly developed. Could you have a sort of slug-angel, absolutely good of its kind but able to entertain (for example) hardly any ideas at all? He welcomed the suggestion delightedly, and said that that was just what poltergeists probably were. But then, I urged, they break people's cherished china, make them jump, and so on—and that is not *kind*. You could not have *unkindness* even in low-grade good spirits . . . He said it was just being "mischievous"—childish. I agreed that earth, purgatory and heaven was a series about which we knew as proper to *us*, and that we had been told nothing about what, if any, series might be true for unembodied spirits; but I did not *like* to think that the spiritual world contained a hierarchy of creatures that were (i) not wicked; (ii) not yet perfect, and definitely (iii) silly even from our human standpoint and, once more, unkindly so. He would reply: "There may be plenty that you don't like." And no doubt that is so. After all, Revelation contains what is necessary for our salvation, and is not an exhaustive account of all that is. Anyhow, I don't think he had much objection to spirits being "impish," or mischievous, because he had a sufficiently impish side to himself.

Fr. Thurston therefore represented himself to me as a very "complete" man, and the highest version of the complete man—the Catholic man. It is odd to me to reflect that, long before I really had any right to form a judgment, certain authors made an uncomfortable impression on me: I could not feel that they were *quite* sincere (indeed they turned out to be most definitely not so) or quite trustworthy which I wanted them to be, however much I also longed for a little audacity, vivacity, along with a respectable knowledge of as many facts as man might be reasonably expected to have), and yet that Fr. Thurston never made any such impression on me. I knew that he enjoyed good food, music and pictures; I knew that his physical endurance was great and that he was still in soul a cricketer; I admitted that he had special gifts—he began to write in the *Month* directly

after his Juniorate, before I was born . . .; I knew his modesty and generosity, which he shared however with most remarkable scholars or scientific men; but not until, at the end of my theology, I fell ill and was fired off to his pet nursing home, did I begin to appreciate alike his kindness and his spirituality. He came there regularly to offer Mass; so it was to him that I went to confession and from him that I received Holy Communion. It was then that the origin of his "completeness" became clear. His centre and origin of force, his freely, fearlessly exploring tendency into all of God's creation, his serenity (which did not imply anything like a placid temperament: he could feel savage and be sharp), his extreme humility, and his truthfulness were all God or due to God, whence he started and whither he returned. This was one reason why, being modestly at home in the divine Court, he felt also at home with its grander inhabitants, the Saints; and why, precisely because of his respect for their sanctity, he could not bear to see them tricked out in tinsel nor vulgarised by paragraphs which distracted readers from everything that was most real about them. May this honourable man receive from us our whole-hearted homage; we are sure that his indomitable energy has found that "rest" which means freedom and scope for work which cannot tire.

I can, then, but ask to be forgiven if what I have said of him has been said all too much from my own selfish little angle.

C. C. Martindale

MELBOURNE'S CATHOLIC CENTENARY

BY GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J.

It may be vain to endeavour to re-create for readers in distant Ireland the picturesque splendours and the full significance of the recent celebrations of Melbourne's (or, better, Victoria's) Catholic centenary—splendours that have engaged the pens and the cameras of our daily newspapers, and significance that has (we may hope) fixed itself in many hearts. But these things are really worth the sympathetic attention of Catholics and others all over the world. They were the true and unforced flower of a plant that has grown and flourished marvellously during a short interval of time.

The celebration held in the opening week of last November had a twofold centre—easily fusing into one—the centenary of the first Mass offered in Melbourne and the completion and blessing of the towers and spires of Melbourne's cathedral. Both stories—that of the hundred-years' growth of Catholicism in Victoria and the almost synchronous one of the rise of Victoria's chief cathedral—are wonderful and touching. In 1839 the handful of Victorian Catholics had but one priest—a new arrival—to minister among them and but a roofless shed wherein to gather for his Whitsunday Mass. After that Pentecost, as they grew in numbers, so they "went from strength to strength" and from effort to effort in every form of religious activity. Led by such chiefs as Goold, Fitzpatrick, Donaghy, Carr, Mannix, and some laymen who would deserve mention, they built up in Melbourne—twice changing a smaller plan for a bigger one—their now-completed cathedral, on which by 1886 they had already expended £100,000—of which £43,000 came from the bishops and clergy—and for the completion of which, within the last eight or ten years, they have again expended £100,000.

That such lavish generosity might have produced something architecturally and aesthetically disappointing or repulsive unhappy examples in the past have shown. That the result in Melbourne has been very much the contrary is admitted by all who have seen St. Patrick's. The design worked out is due to an eminent English architect—Wardell, a pupil of Pugin's. Children of many lands have indeed contributed to the glories of this memorial of St. Patrick; but it is to the Saint's peculiar children that the greater share of the praise for all is due—down to the last symbolic contributions, the stone from Armagh sent by Cardinal MacRory and the cross crowning the central spire sent by Mr. de Valera. It was an Irishman too, Father

James Malone, who featured the cathedral well in verse, of which we quote a few lines :—

> Pillared on earth and pointing to the skies,
> The peer of old-world temples, there it stands . . .
> And gazes out across the southern seas,
> A work of centuries crowded into years,
> The shrine and symbol of a deathless race.

It was hardly so much the fine material outlook from the Cathedral Hill that the poet was thinking of as the invisible panorama—so wonderful in all it suggests. Only a hundred years back a solitary priest, Father Geoghegan, O.S.F.—who as a boy had been rescued by Franciscan hands from heretical " soupers " in Dublin—had set foot in Victoria. He appeared there as the envoy of a Vicar-Apostolic, the young Benedictine Dom Bede Polding, whose vast vague diocese of " New Holland " included several million square miles and who counted but a score of priests labouring among this thinly scattered flock.

That was in 1839. Now, in 1939, a noble cathedral, overtopping all else in Melbourne, sees winding through its aisles a long and brilliant procession, wherein are archbishops and bishops representing some thirty dioceses, several scores of priests representing the total 2,300 of their Australian brethren, a delegate from the Holy See, a line of purple-robed monsignori, brown-habited Franciscans, the vivid white or white-and-black of Carmelites and Dominicans, various representatives of newer Orders, one hundred surpliced seminarists, with a throng of some seven thousand lay-worshippers, while a thousand more (helped by acoustic arrangements) are following devoutly, from the lawns and approaches of the cathedral, the ritual performance within.

Within the Gothic richness of the sanctuary one sees the sacred liturgy performed in its fulness with the utmost dignity and reverence ; one hears rendered by hundreds of well-trained voices—now the immemorial chants that bring us back to Gregory and Ambrose, now the complex polyphony of Palestrina and his successors. How much genuine devotion underlies so much movement and curiosity has been made plain by the crowded communion-rails in Victoria's churches that morning. In St. Patrick's Cathedral, at one early Mass alone, 1,500 members of the Catholic Young Men's Society have received Holy Communion. On each day of the week preachers chosen from the episcopate are enforcing lessons of piety or zeal connected with special aspects of the centenary : we were reminded of duties to the yet unconverted heathen, to the poor at home, to the souls suffering in Purgatory, to nations at war.

On the closing Saturday night the spectacular drama " Credo "

draws a huge proportion of the city's population to the Melbourne Cricket Ground—transformed for the occasion into a medieval or antique theatre. Ireland has not yet witnessed this " Credo " ; let us hope that its early appearance there will render needless any comment on it here. It may be said, however, that in Melbourne it has proved itself quite worthy of its prominent featuring no less by its noble religious content and character than by its grandiose impressiveness as a dramatic spectacle. It is a " mystery " grander (we think) than any left to us by the Middle Ages, and alive to the deepest problems of our time.

Those problems, and the difficulties that spring from them, are known no less to Australia than to other lands. Indeed, have not some recent writers, wise and well-informed, presented to the world in no bright colours the present and the conjectural future of Australia, confronted as she is with a dwindling natality, a declining population, drift of her people from the land to the cities, unemployment, erosion and sterilization of cultivable soil—while religious leaders complain of their deserted churches, conventicles and schools ? In one quarter only is there no voice of despair or of idle complaint. The Church knows Whom she has trusted, and her hope is a certainty. She has always done her duty by the souls of her little ones ; that alone must give her a future to count on, while she sees with sorrow her rivals, who sacrificed religion in the schools, losing gradually their remnants of Christian faith and practice—

mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

As she marches through her millennial anniversaries and centenaries, she appears in every land as the " strong woman " prefigured in Scripture, who never fails, night or day, to justify the trust reposed in her. " Her children arose and called her blessed ; her husband, and he praised her."

G. O'Neill

REVIEWS

Biblical Studies

THE BOOK OF JOB. Translated from a critically revised Hebrew Text with Commentary. By Rev. E. J. Kissane, D.D., L.S.S. Dublin: Browne and Nolan. 1939. pp. lxvi × 298. 12s. 6d.

THE Book of Job is perhaps the most difficult of the inspired writings of the Old Testament. The obscurity of the language makes it far from easy to determine the exact sense of a number of passages. The text moreover is not particularly well preserved in the original Hebrew and the Greek version is too imperfect to be of much help in establishing it. But the attractions of the work more than outweigh its difficulties. It is a masterpiece of Hebrew poetry cast in dramatic form, the sole specimen of that type of literature in the Bible. Its subject matter, the problem of human suffering, is always with us, but was felt more acutely by the Hebrews of that period owing to their ignorance of the doctrine of retribution in a future life. Dr. Kissane has chosen this most difficult and attractive book as the object of several years of close study, and he here presents us with the ripe fruits of his long labours.

In a concise but adequate introduction the author first discusses the plan, problem, composition, text, date and metrical structure of the book and concludes with an extensive bibliography. Then follows, after a brief indication of the argument in each case, first translation and then commentary of the various sections into which the book is naturally divided. The author wisely omits the critical and philological arguments on which his text and translation are based in disputed passages, as these would unduly lengthen the book and would be of interest only to specialists in Hebrew. It is evident however, from the discussion in the commentary, that he has constantly consulted all available sources of information and that his readings and interpretations are entirely reliable. His translation is literal, but not obscure or inelegant. As the line of thought in the speeches is not always lucid, his indications of the argument at the beginning of each section of the commentary will be found very helpful by the reader.

The most important contribution of Dr. Kissane to the interpretation of the book is his strophic theory. A strophe is a number of verses, just as a paragraph is a number of sentences, which develop the same thought. The strophic arrangement in the book of Job, which is determined by the number of verses in the strophe, varies with the different speeches but remains constant in the same speech. Sometimes all strophes in a speech have the same number of verses—*e.g.* 4 : 4 : 4 ; sometimes, on the other hand, there is a regular variation in the alternating strophes—*e.g.* 5 : 6 : 5. It is obvious that such a theory once established is of the greatest utility in re-arranging a disordered text. Now it is generally agreed among modern critics that in Job cc. xxv–

xxxi part of the speech of Bildad and the entire speech of Sofar have been incorporated into the long monologue of Job. The reader will see, by referring to pp. 163–165 of Dr. Kissane's work, how efficacious his strophic theory is in re-establishing the original order of the text and explaining at the same time the confusion of the existing text in this section.

The most vexed question in the study of the book of Job is the origin and purport of the speeches of Elihu. At the conclusion of the dialogue between Job and his three friends and before the *dénouement* in the speeches of Jahweh, this young orator suddenly intervenes, finds fault alike with the arguments of Job and his friends and gives his own views on the subject with conscious authority as the defender of the justice of God. Some commentators hold that the speeches of Elihu were composed by a later writer and interpolated in a work with which they had no organic connection. Others hold, on the contrary, that these speeches are an essential part of the drama, expressing the writer's own authoritative views on the subject. An intermediate view, for which there is excellent authority, seems the more probable to Dr. Kissane. Elihu's speeches are an afterthought, incorporated in his work by the original author at a later period. The thesis that Elihu's speeches are an essential part of the work has been recently defended with strong arguments by Szczygiel in a commentary published at Bonn in 1931, which does not figure in Dr. Kissane's bibliography. Dennefeld strongly upholds the same view in a recent article in the *Revue Biblique*, which appeared after the publication of Dr. Kissane's work. It seems to me that the arguments in favour of this view are stronger than they appear in Dr. Kissane's introduction. Thus he makes no mention of the two occasions on which Job, fearful of contending directly with Jahweh in judgement, expresses a desire that a human arbiter should hear his case, and thus apparently prepares the way for the intervention of Elihu. Nor does he find in the discourses of Elihu an original contribution to the solution of the problem in the consideration of the educative value of suffering as an antidote to the pride which is natural to man and fostered in its growth by prosperity. It must be admitted however that this new point of view is not expressed as clearly or as forcibly as might be expected. Dr. Kissane may be correct in excluding it from the discourses of Elihu, which are obscure and admit of different interpretations.

Whether or not the educative value of suffering is embodied in the teaching of the book of Job, it is clear that we do not find there a complete theoretical solution of the problem of suffering. It was enough for the sacred writer to insist on the infinite Power, Wisdom and Justice of God, who must have his own wise ends in allowing an innocent man to suffer. Man must submit to God's Will with faith

in his infinite attributes, but cannot expect to be able to penetrate all the designs of his mysterious Providence. Even in the new dispensation, with the example of Christ and the sure hope of retribution in a future life to comfort us in affliction, this great lesson from the book of Job still retains its value.

We strongly recommend Dr. Kissane's book to our readers. Modern English Catholic commentaries on the books of the Old Testament are practically non-existent. May we hope that this volume is the first of a series of such works? The answer must largely depend on the welcome which it receives and which it certainly deserves from those for whom it is intended. E. POWER

THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE. By M. Cardinal Faulhaber. Edited by Rev. Brendan Keogh, S.D.S. London: Coldwell. 1939. 7s. 6d.

THIS publication of the great German Cardinal, whose name in the last few years has been so prominently before the world as the heroic defender of the Faith against the new ideologies, is not a new work. It has not been provoked by the recent challenge to Old or New Testament. It was written in 1912, when Cardinal Faulhaber was Bishop of Speyer, to redeem a promise made by him some years before when he was Professor of Theology. It was dedicated—very fittingly—to his mother and was the first volume of a series of studies in Church History. The series, which was assembled and edited by women-members of the Association of German Catholic Women Teachers, was planned with the co-operation of experts. It is well known that the former Professor of Theology is a first class exegetist and Bible research worker. In the period of the first appearance of this book the question of women's rights, women's work and women's place in the world was a burning one. If was particularly suitable that Cardinal Faulhaber should open the series, planned and directed by women teachers, with a gallery of portraits of women of the Bible, culminating in the figure who is the glory of womanhood, the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Cardinal had in mind the idea of Carlyle that the real riches of humanity are to be found in the personalities that it produces and in their deeds. It is significant that he includes women in that category. He sees in the heroic women of the Old Testament the forerunners of the women of the New, and he maintains—as if in a prophetic vision of what the present Anti-Jewish trend might bring in the way of attack on the sacred books—that the New Testament figures are not intelligible without the Old Biblical History and Poetry. Fittingly he opens the study of Biblical women with the figure of a queen—the "Valiant Woman" of the Book of Proverbs—forerunner of the woman

educationist. The series also includes Rachel, Miriam, Anna, Debbora, Judith, Esther, Queen Respha, the Mother of the Machabees; women in the Gospel, women in the Apostolic Communities, and Mary the Mother of Our Lord. All through the evocation of these figures the author stresses the *leit motif*—the fundamental moral equality of woman with man. He is at special pains to show how Jesus not only implicitly but explicitly preached His Divine Gospel for both sexes equally and how His Blessed Mother was included in the circle of the Apostles. The great variety of types that are included in these studies shows that the strong souled woman, the expert buyer and seller, the deliverer of her country, the public professor of the Faith—all are met with in Old and New Testament. Singer and Saviour acknowledge them—in praise and blessing.

Cardinal Faulhaber is a German writer of classical stature. His language is simple and strong, his feeling for rhythm sensitive, his sense of imagery delicate, his phrase full of pith and marrow. He is at home in the literature of the East and the West, and he enlivens his Scriptural theme with excursions into the works of writers like Goethe, Grillparzer and Ludwig who found, as did the great mediaeval painters, shapes and forms in the Old Testament that still hold the stage in some of the great dramas of the German tongue.

The book is well translated and printed. It is a mine of interest which is not lessened by its almost topical character—the translation coming at a moment when all Europe is interested in the attempt to alter the content of the Christian Faith so as to exclude the Hebrew values. This work is worthy to stand beside the Cardinal's book of 1933—*Judentum, Christentum, Germanentum*—the text of Advent Sermons preached in that year in St. Michael's Church at Munich. One and the other are works of rescue. MARY M. MACKEN

Biography

REGENT OF HUNGARY. By Owen Rutter. London: Rich and Cowan. 1939. 18s.

THIS is an authorized life of Admiral Horthy and is based mainly on a Hungarian biography by Baroness Doblhoff, the German version of which has been used by the author. Mr. Rutter is the London Editor of the *Hungarian Quarterly*, and his work on this interesting book has been facilitated by information and help from a variety of sources, British and foreign. The photographs, which are excellent, are partly from the Regent's own collection. The story of the happenings in the life has been brought by Mr. Rutter down to 1938. They include the taking over of those portions of Slovakia and Ruthenia of which Hungary had been deprived in the Peace Treaties and which were

assigned to her by the arbitration of Germany and Italy at Vienna on the 2nd November of last year.

The author can hardly complain of lack of incident in his theme. The, approximately, three quarters of a century which make up the life of Nicholas Horthy include the " association " of Hungary with Austria in the Hapsburg monarchy,the overthrow of the oldest dynasty in Europe, and the break-up of an Empire which went back to the beginnings of Christian civilisation on the Continent. The last two decades of Horthy's life have brought him, the son of an obscure country gentleman of Eastern Hungary, into the palace of the Hapsburgs, invested him with all but royal dignity and with a power sufficient to gainsay the last of the Emperors when twice in 1921 Charles VII attempted to regain possession of one at least of his crowns.

In spite or perhaps because of the fact that Rakoczi blood ran in their veins, the family of the Horthys played no part in the stormy struggles that preceded the compromise of 1867 which established the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Mr. Rutter does not tell us whether Stephen Horthy was perhaps anti-Deak—a follower of Kossuth, who would have nothing to do with the " Union." That might well be, since at the wedding of Stephen Horthy in 1857 the guests renounced the usual " gala " of the Magyar gentlefolk and appeared in mourning for Kossuth. In any event the Regent's father did not travel in 1867 from his country estate at Kenderes to Budapest to witness the picturesque ceremony of the taking of the oath to Hungary by Francis Joseph. Nor would he enter Parliament or accept any paid office. His sole business, apart from his family duties, was the management of his estate and of the affairs of his county. He was a good Hungarian, and had his son Nicholas educated at Debreczen—a Protestant centre—in his home county. The boy even learnt his German in Sopron on the Hungarian side of the Austrian frontier.

One of the interesting features of this book is the glimpse it gives of home, school and naval life. We probably owe to the fact that it is an authorized life the detailed accounts of the Regent's naval career—his daring, his skill, his early promotion to admiral's rank, his proverbial luck. To this day he remains—even to his uniform—a seaman in a country without a sea, an admiral in a " kingdom " without a fleet.

The major portion of Mr. Rutter's work deals, as a matter of course, with the period 1918 and after. It is the controversial period—if indeed there is any period in recent Hungarian history which is not so. After the abdication of Charles VII, one form of government succeeded another in Hungary. Horthy's allegiance was to none of these—but to the " Whites " in Vienna and Szeged, the aristocratic conservative group. The story of the Admiral's creation of a National Army in 1919—1920 is told by Mr. Rutter in detail down to the evacua-

tion of the country by the Rumanians, the retirement of Bela Kun, and the setting up of a constitutional state with Horthy as Regent. The subsequent " White Terror " is not exactly passed over. It is, perhaps, only natural that in an authorized life it should not be too much stressed. The notorious Lieutenant Héijas is, indeed, mentioned ; but his exact connection with Horthy is not discussed. It was a period when " atrocities " on both Red and White sides were canvassed. If doctrinaire democratic British writers condemn Horthy and " his men," that is neither the beginning nor the end of the story. One thing emerges clearly from this book, and there is no doubt that it is the truth. Horthy as man of action and of quick decision in emergency impressed not only his own Bethlen–Karolyi group. What was much more important in the then Hungary, he impressed the members of the Interallied Military Mission, the American member of which is so entertainingly quoted from time to time by Mr. Rutter. They made it possible for him and his people to get a government of their making recognised, and to proceed at last after two years of civil war and foreign occupation to the work of stabilisation under new and difficult conditions.

To those who know something of Hungary and would understand a good deal more, this book seems disappointing in its externalization of national processes and human personalities, in its lack of psychological interest, and in its presentation after 1921 of a series of " accomplished facts." This is, no doubt, inevitable in a volume dealing with present-day developments in Central Europe, as these are reflected in the person of one still living, and who holds the position of sovereign of a constitutional state. Such a history must, we regret to suppose, take on the appearance of a series of " royal visits," diplomatic approaches and social political manoeuvres. They are the curtain behind which the real action goes on. The curtain has a gorgeousness which tends to be monotonous—despite the relief afforded by vignettes of Hungarian country life.

Hungary is and has been a much discussed political problem. Arthur Griffith familiarised us with it long before the World War. Since the Peace Treaties the World Press has been busy with its pros and cons. The Hungarians themselves have seen to that. They are excellent propagandists. Their anti-partition work could give us many headlines. Moreover, they are as full of charm as their land is of colour and picturesqueness. Such " ambassadors " as Count Apponyi and Count Bethlen—good linguists all—have served them excellently. They send out their best—their magnates, legitimists or otherwise. They are all good Hungarians. Count Apponyi, whose name has been known to us since the first appearance of Saorstat Eireann in Geneva when he showed himself so astonishingly familiar with the

person and the work of Daniel O'Connell, moves—somewhat too much like a shadow—across the background of this book. He appears for an instant as rival of Horthy for the Regency, as leader of the Peace Delegation at Versailles, as supporter of Charles VII in that monarch's second attempt to regain the crown of St. Stephen. We would gladly have been initiated into the relations between him and Horthy, and into the part he played as "non-partisan member" of the Hungarian Parliament. But this book belongs to the Regent and "distance" must be observed. This is not to say that the Regent is not human. He is. But he is sailor, soldier, man of action rather than of thought. He has little interest in politics, though he contemplated for himself in 1920 a Dictatorship. He seems to me essentially a man of compromise—a Protestant squire whose mother was a fervent Catholic, an Imperial Aide-de-camp who sent an army against the last of the Emperors, a man of deeds voluntarily condemned at 53 to a life of inaction and "representation." A career such as Admiral Horthy's may know no failures. It looks like it to the man who was fortunate enough to ride at the head of his troops across the Danube last November to take over in Kosice (Kassa)—the resting place of his hero-ancestor Rakoczi—territory of which Hungary had been despoiled. There, too, was compromise. He had learned enough Slovak to speak to his Slovak subjects in their own tongue, whilst he ended up on a Magyar note for his Magyars. The lessons which Count Apponyi did not learn when he was Minister of Education in the pre-war cabinet were not lost on the Regent. Life has its ironies. The book makes pleasant reading.

Mary M. Macken

SAINT-JUST. By J. B. Morton. London: Longmans. 1939. 15s. net.

No country presents, within a similar limited period, a portrait gallery of such varied human types as France does during the five feverish years that followed the fall of the Bastille. Noble and ignoble, base and heroic, fanatic and opportunist, they pass to and fro across the stage of the complex drama of the Revolution. Historians and biographers have given us pen-pictures of the chief actors, and have resurrected the turbulent time in which they lived with its wild passions that swept so many of them swiftly to their doom. Mr. J. B. Morton is one of those writers who, during the past few years, has produced several vivid books on the period. His latest, a fine study of one of its most attractive and enigmatic personalities, fills a *lacuna* in the English bibliography of the Revolution. For, while there are several biographies of Saint-Just in French, none strangely enough has, so far as I can remember, ever appeared in English.

Few if any of the great Revolutionaries presents to a biographer a more difficult subject for treatment than Saint-Just. Little more than a boy when he flung himself with all the ardour of youth into the revolutionary maelstrom, his entire career, political and military, was of less than two years' duration. He was not yet twenty six when it ended on the guillotine. Endowed with a striking beauty of feature, he possessed a sort of dual personality; ruthless and uncompromising in his public life, he was gracious and chivalrous in his private life. He had a brilliant intellect, showed many statesmanlike qualities, and as a soldier was renowned for valour and gallantry. A profound sympathy with the sufferings and hardships of the poor was one of the passions of his life. Attaching himself to Robespierre, with whose political and social doctrines he sympathised, he clung with loyalty to the Incorruptible through all vicissitudes, dying with him on the scaffold.

Mr. Morton presents Saint-Just as one of the heroic figures of the time who toiled selflessly to build a new and finer France on the wreckage of the monarchy. In him is to be found, he suggests, the noblest expression of all that the men of the Revolution were trying to achieve. In his fine study he makes a convincing case for this view, though the old legend of Saint-Just as an unhuman monster, ruthless and sanguinary, will die hard. While Mr. Morton's book is a sympathetic study of, and to some extent a glorification of, Saint-Just, he does not hesitate to face the darker aspects of Saint-Just's complex character. For example, he does not acquit him of complicity in the shameful circumstances of Danton's death. But when all is said that can be said against him, he is far, very far, from being in the same category as Carrier, Fouché, Tallien and the other unscrupulous adventurers whom he rightly regarded as disgracing the high cause of the Revolution. And there are pictures of him that must stir the imagination even of those who regard his political theories as futile and fantastic. One sees him, a mere boy, riding at the head of the armies of France on the frontiers, in Alsace and on the Sambre, "the solemn face of him blazing into flame" as Carlyle says, and communicating his enthusiasm to young soldiers and old generals. And there's the picture of him at Thermidor when, struck down by a band of ignoble intriguers, his dreams shattered, he goes to his death on the guillotine with characteristic dignity and with a "majestic silence." R. H.

MERRY IN GOD. A Life of Father William Doyle, S.J. With frontispiece. London: Longmans. 1939. pp. 326. 2s. 6d.

IT is now some twenty years, or very nearly, since Professor O'Rahilly's book made the world acquainted with Father William Doyle. It is not too much to say that the world was startled. The number of

people who procured and read through that massive volume, dense with thought and ascetical learning, could not in the nature of things be very great, though in fact it was considerable; but its echoes were heard far and wide, and in the most unexpected quarters. Not only Catholics, but Anglicans, Methodists, Unitarians vied with one another in the praise of Fr. Doyle. No doubt, his natural character was very attractive. Nature and early training had endowed him with courage and enterprise beyond the common, with a love of manly sports and the physical capacity for them, with a bubbling gaiety that hid a deep seriousness, and at the same time with a radiant purity and an almost feminine delicacy of mind:—"It is easy to see," once remarked a much older fellow-novice, "that his mother had the chief part in his bringing up." But what so moved the readers of his life was the record, taken from his intimate notes, of a continued striving after the most heroic sanctity, a spiritual tension amounting to anguish of soul, an austerity recalling the Fathers of the Desert or the early Irish monks; an insatiable and devouring thirst for self-immolation, only to be slaked by heroic death. All that called for interpretation, and it was very fortunate that in Professor O'Rahilly a consummate master of spiritual doctrine was found, to be the interpreter.

To not a few Catholics, and even to some of his religious brethren, Fr. Doyle's spirituality presented difficulties; not all of them recognised as promptly as did the General of the Order, that it was the spirituality of the *Exercises* and in thorough accord with Jesuit traditions. Consequently, the profound and exhaustive study of Jesuit asceticism, which Professor O'Rahilly has interwoven into his biography, was much needed and is of the greatest service to serious students of the spiritual life and in particular of the *Exercises*. But there are very many who are attracted by Fr. Doyle and would dearly like to come in contact with him, and who nevertheless do not feel competent, or simply have not the leisure, to go into these deep questions; they are willing to take all that on trust, and get on with the story. It is for them that the present book has been written.

The Foreword declares that the book is written "for young people, or for old people who are young." Youthfulness might almost be said to be Fr. Doyle's special characteristic, and his life has made a very special appeal to the young. The number of young people to whom it has pointed the way to a higher life must be very great. There is something very infectious in his enthusiasm. He was born to be an apostle, and his whole spiritual life, his prayer and his penance as well as his active work, was saturated with the apostolic spirit. He longed to be holy, not, one might say, merely for the sake of being holy, but for the sake of being an instrument in God's hand for the salvation of souls; and from beyond the grave he reaches those young

souls whom he longed to enlist in the cause of his beloved Master. Through this book, a record of his life in very simple language—its simplicity testifies to the writer's skill—he will, it is to be expected, reach them in much greater numbers than heretofore. We wish it every success.

The work is, it is hardly necessary to say, based largely on Professor O'Rahilly's book ; but the anonymous author was an intimate friend of Fr. Doyle for a great part of his life, and has been able to add a number of vivid little touches that make *Merry in God* a very living portrait.

The book is remarkable value for half a crown ; but it is a pity that the proof-reading leaves something to be desired here and there.

M. F. E.

A DICTIONARY OF THE POPES FROM PETER TO PIUS XII. By Donald Attwater. London : Burns Oates & Washbourne. 1939. 10s. 6d.

More than one effort has been made to tell the story of the Popes in a single volume ; but we have no hesitation in commending Mr. Attwater's new work as the best and most useful of these compilations. He has gained space by making no attempt at literary form : his book is, as it professes to be, a *Dictionary of the Popes*, in which each of the long line has separate mention in a short but exceedingly competent biographical note. Mr. Attwater collaborated with the late Father Thurston in several of the volumes of the revised *Lives of the Saints :* no better training could have been wanted for a work of this kind. Not all the Popes were saints, and Mr. Attwater has not been afraid to set down the essential truth, even where truth has not the appearance of edification. Yet his series of biographies remains deeply edifying, for here we have the story of God's dealings with His chosen servants. Alike for reasons of space and clearly defined purpose, Mr. Attwater has concentrated on the ecclesiastical side of his story, excluding all but the most necessary information as to the political activities of so many politically minded Popes. I have tested his work at certain periods of special interest and have found it always well-informed, critical in spirit and helpful. There is an art in packing much useful information into a small compass, and this volume may be commended as a good specimen of that art.

P. D.

History

IRISH LIFE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY AFTER CROMWELL. By Edward MacLysaght, M.A. Dublin : Talbot Press. 1939. 12s. 6d.

This book fills a gap which has hitherto existed in our knowledge of social conditions in our native land in past centuries. We have

had accounts of life in early Ireland, in Tudor Ireland, in the Ireland of the eighteenth century; but Mr. MacLysaght is the first writer who has treated in detail of the daily lives and the surroundings of the various classes in the country in the years between the Cromwellian Settlement (1654) and the end of the seventeenth century.

The seventeenth century was as our author says "a period of transition." This was especially true in the case of Ireland. The small virtually independent states, Celtic or Anglo-Irish, with their chiefs or overlords, surrounded each by his little court, with his brehons, his seanachies, his bards to do him honour, were no more. Private wars were ended; English power and English law held sway over the whole land—at least theoretically; and each year from 1603 to 1641 saw the reality approaching more nearly to the theory. When the 1641 insurrection and civil war ended in 1652, the progress was resumed and became more rapid. Traces of the past still certainly remained; but they showed more in beliefs, customs and the personal outlook of individuals than in political matters. But these too were passing away as the century went on.

Differences, however, still were there between those days and our own or those of our immediate predecessors. We doubt whether, as our author asserts, the motives and ideas of (say) Sir William Petty or Dick Talbot are really "as intelligible to us as those of John Mitchel or William Dargan." Yet when we read this book and note the national peculiarities, the tastes, preferences and dislikes of Irish men and women as portrayed in it, we are more often struck by their close resemblance to the traits and peculiarities noticeable in our countrymen to-day than by the differences between them. "They" (the Irish), our author says, were "hospitable and generous, great gamblers, intensely conservative, credulous, superstitious, curious and eager for news, litigious, improvident and quarrelsome, fond of music and dancing." Elsewhere he remarks that they seem to have been rather given to excess in drink, but took little interest in food; that they loved athletic exercises and out-of-door sports; that they had little affection for animals and were often indifferent to their sufferings. Are not most of these characteristics—good, bad and indifferent—fairly prominent still amongst us?

In the chapter on "Morals" it seems to us that too much credence has been given to charges of intemperance, sexual laxity and the like made by English authorities prejudiced or ignorant or both. The statement that polygamy or bigamy was common appears to rest on poor evidence. It is true that the Commons in 1634 at first rejected a Bill against bigamy, which however they subsequently passed. But the Lower House was, at the beginning of the Session, indulging (as the Lord Deputy admits) in a fit of sulks, which made it reject every

Bill put before it by the Government. Certainly also, in 1640, the Lords vainly attempted to have the Bigamy Act rescinded. We do not know the details; but it seems more probable that they considered the death penalty, which the said Act assigned to the offence, to be too severe than that they approved of the practice of bigamy and desired it to remain wholly unpunished.

The Irish landed gentry of the seventeenth century, like their successors till almost our own time, appear generally to have led pleasant idle lives, devoted to out-of-door sports and little interested in the welfare of their tenants. The latter, on the other hand, both men and women, worked hard—their labours beginning at dawn. Our author makes the curious remark that, while the upper classes strove to imitate English ways and more and more, as time went on, abandoned Irish usages, dress and language, the rural poor and the farmer showed an opposite tendency and became rapidly hibernicised. We are told that, in many cases, even sons and daughters of Cromwellian soldiers did not know a word of English.

Town life in Ireland does not seem, at this period, to have differed much from what it was in the eighteenth century. Dublin, with its sixty thousand inhabitants, was by far the largest city; indeed, in the British Isles it ranked second to London. Its population, like that of the other considerable cities, consisted of a majority living in squalor and poverty, a fairly numerous middle class, and a minority constituting "society." The members of the last division spent most of their time in amusements, opportunities for which were fairly abundant—in Dublin especially. Some of the gentlemen worked a little now and then. (There were sinecure offices in plenty for the friends of Government). Even in Parliament there was not, at this period, much to do. The ladies in general did not work at all—except at embroidery, "knotting" or the like. The business men, of course, led more strenuous lives; while the poor toiled for amazingly long hours, receiving wages which were, by our modern standards, very low indeed. It must be remembered, however, that even in the cities food was very cheap. Much later than this the diet assigned to paupers in the Dublin workhouse (the items of which are given) was estimated at costing little more than two shillings a head per week. Milk cost 6d. a gallon and beef less than 2d. a lb. On the whole, the condition of the Irish poor, both in town and country, seems to have been less wretched in the seventeenth century than some eighty or a hundred years later.

Neither were the Catholics in so degraded position as were their descendants of the penal days. While many individual Catholics suffered severely, they were not yet frankly penalized as such to any great extent: they could still hold land, enter the professions, and

enjoy other elementary rights of citizenship (p. 281). Till the Restoration period they possessed the franchise and could sit in Parliament.

The difficulties of communication in seventeenth century Ireland were even greater than those in England of the same period. The roads were, except on the chief routes, so bad that in wet weather they were almost or quite impassable for the clumsy heavy coaches of the day. If one were active enough for horse exercise, it was better to ride than to drive. The inns also were, as a rule, not good and in the remote parts were atrocious. Neither did their cheapness compensate in any measure for their bad quality. Both they and the town eating-houses were relatively dear. Dunton remarks that, in spite of the cheapness of provisions, the latter were in Dublin dearer than in London.

Apropos of this, it may be remarked that Mr. MacLysaght does not fall into the error common amongst writers who treat of life in past centuries—the error of regarding the price of food as the only criterion of the value of money. In the Ireland of the period of which he treats and of the next century the prices of the common articles of food were generally no more than a sixth or a seventh of what they are to-day; but other necessaries, notably clothes, were by no means proportionally cheap. In the mid-eighteenth century the authorities of the Dublin workhouse paid 1s. 3d. a yard for narrow blue serge to make dresses for the pauper children. Quite good cloth could be had now for that price—especially if large quantities were ordered. Luxury clothes—such as ribbons, lace, velvet and silk—were very dear, while the cheap substitutes which are so extensively used to-day were then unknown. Town rents too seem to have been relatively high. John Dunton, in the closing decade of the seventeenth century, was charged five shillings a week for a room (probably a very small one) which he hired in Westmoreland Street, Dublin, to store and exhibit some books which he wished to sell. Our author is probably correct when he states, as a conclusion (p. 147), that "the value of money can be regarded as four or at most five times as great in the period under consideration as it is to-day."

Some letters of John Dunton, now printed for the first time, are given in an appendix; they throw valuable light on the manner of life and the customs which still prevailed in remote parts of the country. The elimination of some of the coarser passages, which is mentioned in a foreword, might perhaps with advantage have gone a little further. That is one suggestion which we venture to make, if a second edition of this valuable book is issued. Another suggestion is that English translations of the Irish quotations in prose and verse should be

appended. This addition will be welcome not only to readers outside Eire, but also to the weaker brethren amongst us—to some of whom the poetry especially would probably present considerable difficulty.

M. T. H.

CHRISTENTUM ALS NEUHEITSERLEBNIS. Von Karl Prümm. Herder: Freiburg. 1939. pp. 500.

FATHER PRUMM is admittedly one of the foremost Catholic scholars in modern Germany, and he has concentrated on the problems of early Christian thought and piety as contrasted with the surrounding paganism of the Graeco-Roman world. From the apologetic standpoint these problems are of immediate topical interest, for the rationalist attack has come largely from that quarter in the past twenty or thirty years. Four years ago Father Prümm gave us the results of many long years of study in his two volumes, *Der christliche Glaube und die altheidnische Welt*, which was reviewed in STUDIES (March 1937). But there is a new as well as an old paganism, and Father Prümm must often have felt that the mentality revealed in the old texts of the Graeco-Roman world had startling parallels in this modern world which his priestly brethren were being called to face, sometimes in grim earnest, always with grave anxiety. He himself was a priest, keenly interested in the problems of modern apostolate. Hence this exceedingly able and inspiring book.

Some dates are worth noting. Father Prümm published his two volumes *Der christliche Glaube* in 1935. In the spring of 1937 he was invited to lecture on the problems of ancient paganism and Christian truth at the Jesuit Seminary of St. Georgen at Frankfurt. I have a vivid recollection of a day spent at that Seminary in the early summer of 1935. The Nazi persecution of the Church had not yet reached its full intensity, but there was no doubt then as to the anti-Christian spirit animating the leaders of Nazi Germany, and I can well remember the eagerness with which the community, both students and professors, were discussing the present situation and the future prospects of their own work. One young seminarian from the diocese of Berlin took me for a walk, and spoke of his own hopes and impressions. His unshaken courage, and the manifest pride with which he spoke of Germany's Catholic leaders in the hierarchy, has remained an inspiring memory with me to this day. One of the professors with whom I spoke (I had known him in earlier and happier days) was no less courageous. He has since dropped dead, killed by over-work. Such an audience must have been an inspiration. A year later Father Prümm was invited to lecture on the same problems at a Congress of Catholic theologians held at Innsbruck in the autumn of 1938—six months after the *Anschluss*. Once again, what an audience for a

scholar who was also a priest and whose mind was filled with the memories of early Christian days!

The substantial volume lying before me as I write is plainly more than the written text of these lectures. Its author is a typical German, who finds it morally impossible to omit anything that he has gathered in his notebooks; and the book is most certainly not light reading. None the less, it is an impressive reminder of that profoundly Christian spirit which animates the Catholic minority in Germany, whose Christian fortitude is a lesson to us all. Father Prümm lays stress principally on those mysteries of our faith which, for the past two thousand years, have strengthened the inner life of countless Christian men and women. First and foremost (though not placed first in the order of chapters) is the Christian's unshaken faith in the fact of his redemption through Christ. From that central fact, so utterly unlike any pagan theory of religious life, flow all those other consoling and strengthening mysteries of our faith: the life of grace in God, the communion of saints, the brotherhood of man, the mystical union that is to be found in the Christian sacraments. In each of his chapters and sections, Father Prümm is at pains to contrast the Christian view of life with pagan thought: showing not merely the essential contrasts but also the numberless approaches of truth—sad witnesses to man's unfailing desire for the life of Christ. His chapters on the Christian sacraments of baptism, Eucharist and priesthood are perhaps the most impressive portions of this volume; but there is much to be found all through the book. Of peculiarly topical interest are his sections on the Christian states of life: married life, virginity, priesthood, martyrdom. Each of these four states calls to-day for the same Christian fortitude and heroism which was so abundant in the first glad days of early Christianity. A. G.

THE ENGLISH RECUSANTS. By Brian Magee. Pp. xxx+230. London: Burns Oates & Washbourne. 1938. 10s. 6d.

RECUSANT POETS. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Vol. I: St. Thomas More to Ben Jonson. Pp. 419. London: Sheed & Ward. 1939. 18s.

FOR those not familiar with the history of Catholicism in England let it be said at once that Recusants were Catholics who *refused* to conform outwardly to the state religion by attending Protestant service and who suffered as a consequence either in their persons or their property.

The first of these two books, as its subtitle tells us, is "a study of the post-Reformation Catholic revival and the operation of the recusancy laws." It purports to show that a majority of the English people were opposed to the change in religion and that it was not till

towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth that the balance began to incline against the Catholics. Even then the Catholic decline was for long a slow process. But it was a steady and unceasing process. It was hastened by the revolution of 1689, and a century later—say by 1785—English Catholicism, as Mr. Belloc says in his Introduction to Mr. Magee's book, may be said to have disappeared.

The Introduction just referred to is a vigorous piece of writing with all the characteristics of Mr. Belloc's ideas and style—his theory of Europe and the Faith and of the essential part played by England in the destruction of European unity, his polemic against the official picture of English history since the Reformation, the clear and definite picture which he substitutes therefor. It is difficult to follow Mr. Belloc in his contention that, " if England had not been torn away from the unity of Christendom, that unity would be intact to this day." Nor have I found the arguments he advances for this contention at all convincing. But that in no way affects the main thesis of this book. In support of it Mr. Magee has brought together a valuable mass of documentary evidence. And if, at times, one hesitates to accept certain of his deductions from that evidence, the upshot of his work is to shed a great deal of fresh light on the vitality of the Faith in post-Reformation England.

In the second of the two books under review fresh light is likewise shed on English Catholicism, though from a different angle. Mr. Magee studies primarily its numerical strength; Miss Guiney's work brings out its quality. It is difficult, in the course of a brief review, to convey an adequate notion of this important work. It might be described as an anthology of English Catholic poetry written during the penal times—*i.e.*, roughly from about the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century. It is that, but it is a good deal more. For, though the literary quality of the poems selected has always been a consideration, their selection has been governed by principles other than purely literary. Minor poets have been included and even at times verse of poor quality whenever considerations of historic or religious interest seemed to warrant such inclusion. Moreover, as far as possible such poems have been chosen as " bear in some way upon Christian verities or Christian ideals in the right conduct of life."

In other respects also this is something more than the average anthology. Nearly a quarter of a century of research has gone to its compilation. For some seven years, until shortly before her death in 1922, Miss Guiney worked in collaboration with Father Geoffrey Bliss, S.J. The latter continued the work, but was unable to complete it. It was finished and prepared for the press by Mr. Edward O'Brien. The result is a work of minute and painstaking research. It is hoped

that in the completed work some eighty or ninety contributors will be included, of whom some thirty find place in the present volume. These are of the most varied type—noblemen such as Lord Morley, the Earls of Surrey and Arundel, and Baron Vaux of Harrowden; scholars and men of letters such as Richard Stanyhurst, Thomas Lodge, Henry Constable, Richard Verstegan, Ben Jonson, and greatest of all St. Thomas More; priests and religious such as Gregory Martin, Thomas Langdon, O.S.B., and the Jesuits Thomas Pounde, Henry Walpole, and Robert Southwell; laymen, some of them all but unknown, others noteworthy in their day, such as Francis Tregian, friend of the Irish refugees in Spain, Blessed Swithin Wells, the martyr, William Blundell of an ever faithful Catholic family, Thomas Prideaux, and others. Ben Jonson, William Alabaster, and perhaps one or two others were recusants only for a time.

Concerning these confessors and martyrs the editors have collected from a vast variety of sources every available scrap of information, though not all of it is here set down. Authorities for nearly every statement of fact are given, but it is a pity that what should be foot-notes are printed not at the foot of the page but all together at the end of chapters. The poems are fully annotated and these notes are the fruit of much learning and research.

As to the poems themselves, one reader at least found his interest and pleasure in reading them spoiled by the retention of the original spellings, a practice difficult to justify in a work of this kind. But even spelling fantastic to our eyes cannot greatly mar the beauty of Richard Verstegan's "Our Lady's Lullaby" nor the touching earnestness of William Blundell's "Changes" and "A Recusant's Prayer." Among the one hundred and forty-four poems included in this first volume there are many other beautiful and touching pieces. The book is a treasure both for the lover of poetry and for the lover of the Faith. S. J. B.

ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT. By Carlo Scarfoglio. London: Putnam. 1939. 7s. 6d.

THE author of this witty but hastily written book is an Italian journalist who has been a student of international politics since the days of Versailles. His thesis is simple—too simple to be effective. England, he argues, has been perpetually at war for the past three hundred years—since the age of Cromwell. She has troubled the Continent without ceasing for all that time, and she has done so in the name of democracy and liberalism, perpetually renewing the combinations against all threats of hegemony. But hegemony, in Carlo Scarfolgio's judgment, has never been more than a convenient bogey. The root-cause of England's unending wars has been her

" self-righteousness " : her religious conviction that she alone has seen the light and that all continental nations are sinners. The book opens with an amusing chapter, in which the author analyses this quality of self-righteousness and argues that religious influences have always been stronger in moulding the public opinion of England than anywhere on the Continent. There is no doubt some truth in the contention. English public opinion is still profoundly Protestant and Calvinist : there will always be Englishmen who believe that they represent the Lost Tribes of Israel. But has this religious self-righteousness been the dominant force in English foreign policy for the past three hundred years ? Is it not simply that maddeningly insistent quality which irritates all continental (and Irish) observers, as it has most certainly irritated Carlo Scarfoglio ?

The book gives a rapid survey of English foreign policy since Cromwell, and the author argues consistently that the Whigs represent the self-righteous, Protestant element in public opinion, whilst the Tories have a saner and more balanced outlook on continental affairs. The selection of Cromwell as the founder of a new tradition conveniently ignores the reign of Charles I, whose wars would fit ill with the author's thesis. And there is a magnificent assumption of historical certainty ; as when the author sweeps aside all talk of French hegemony under *Le Roi Soleil* with the claim that his rule was " the first realisation in Europe, after the naive attempts of Charlemagne, of an intelligent, centralised, all-seeing administration : the magnificent creation of a great spirit." France under Louis XIV could not defeat so small a country as Holland. Why talk then of hegemony ? So, too, with Napoleon : his last tragic phase of disordered ambitions was solely due to the senseless, blindly selfish opposition of English policy. No nation in Europe felt itself in peril from French policy until England once again began to weave the net of a war of encirclement—the trick that she had learned so well from William of Orange.

The application of these principles to modern international politics needs no further illustration. Hegemony, to-day as yesterday, is a convenient bogey which England uses to civilise the Continent according to her self-righteously democratic ideas. Strange that France, who has suffered so often in the past from English policy, should to-day be so conscious of the dangers of this very continental hegemony ! The book will help English readers to understand why Italians have been maddened by the campaign of men like Eden and Attlee. And there is no small measure of truth in the author's conviction that the Tories being less self-righteously minded than the present Opposition, are more likely to find a just solution to the present world-crisis. For those who wish to understand the mind of Fascist Italy, this is a book to read—and the mind of Fascist Italy

is at least as well worth studying as the mind of Nazi Germany. Here and there, too, there are flashes of witty comment which help the reader to forgive a good deal of hasty writing. Take this, for example, from the author's analysis of Chatham's policy: "The great Pitt is to us an inexplicable phenomenon, unless perhaps it was the Will of God, expressed through this man's folly, that the continent of America should not remain in the hands of the English, for fear there might be in future times, instead of a monopoly of helium, a monopoly of air."

The book was written in 1938 and ends with a striking tribute to the author's "moral hero," Mr. Chamberlain. P. D.

THE QUEEN OF IRELAND. An Historical Account of Ireland's Devotion to the Blessed Virgin. By Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M.A., D.Litt. Dublin: Gill. 1938. 12s. 6d.

IRELAND'S LOYALTY TO THE MASS. By Father Augustine, O.M. Cap. Illustrations by John O'Gorman. With a Foreword by His Grace Archbishop Finbar Ryan, O.P. London: Sands. 1938. 3s. 6d.

This volume makes a splendid companion to Dr. Concannon's *Blessed Eucharist in Irish History.* In her introduction the author reveals the encouragement and aid she received in both works from the Irish Redemptorists. For this latest volume they put at her disposal the MS. of that saintly Redemptorist Father, Henry Berghman, his amazing collection of Marian narratives. This great servant of God had been much distressed to find that all the nations, save ourselves, had each their own history of the mercies shown to them by the Mother of God, but there was no Irish anthology corresponding. He laboured to fill up the gap and his MS. *Hibernia Mariana* was lent to Dr. Concannon by the Provincial of the Irish Redemptorists, thus enabling her to complete her own collection and write the present book, which is a veritable "Golden Legend of the Queen of Ireland," the glories of Mary told by both Gael and Gall from the days of Patrick to the Eucharistic Congress. I don't know if the high-brows will be pleased with it; they might fancy erudition and textual criticism, all that makes for pride and spiritual sloth; but clients of Mary, who are simple souls, will love this book and thank its author and all who encouraged and helped her in the work, for she has honoured the Queen of Ireland.

Ireland's Loyalty to the Mass is the second edition, revised and enlarged, of the book published in 1933 and reviewed in Studies. This edition contains a few minor but not unimportant corrections and some new and very precious matter relating to the martyrdom of Blessed Oliver Plunket and his last hours. All those who had the

great privilege of taking part in the Eucharistic Congress of 1932 could not but value the first edition of Fr. Augustine's book—for them a memento of a great event. They will value still more highly this second edition. JOHN HOWLEY

THE ORIGINS OF THE REFORMATION. By James Mackinnon, Ph.D., D.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1939. 16s.

DR. MACKINNON was for many years Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Edinburgh, and he has given his most mature years to the history of the Protestant Reformation. His best work was done some years ago in his elaborate four volumes on *Luther and the Reformation* (1925–30), with a short companion volume (1936) on *Calvin and the Reformation.* The present volume brings us backwards to a period with which the author seems less familiar, and is certainly in less direct sympathy. There is the same manifest desire to be fair to all parties and the same remarkable comprehensive bibliography. Dr. Mackinnon is admittedly a most conscientious writer; but his work, though lengthy and detailed, is written at second-hand. There is not, so far as I have been able to gather, a single original thought or judgment in this study of a most fascinating problem. All the old familiar figures reappear in the old familiar proportions. Two or three chapters on the Avignon Papacy, three chapters on Wyclif and the Lollards, three more on Hus and the movement in Bohemia; and so onwards to the "Unreformed Papacy," Savonarola and the Humanists. It seems a pity that so much labour should have been given to this second-hand work, though Protestant students will find here a competent statement of the old-fashioned judgments, backed by a sound knowledge of much modern literature. It may seem ungracious to speak so slightingly of a work that has one great merit: the absence of all bitter polemics, or cheap sneers at Catholic traditions. But the student who wishes to get fresh light on one of the central problems of modern history will not find it in the four hundred pages of Dr. Mackinnon's work. A. G.

Literature: Medieval and Modern

LITTERATURE LATINE AU MOYEN AGE. (Bibliothèque catholique des sciences religieuses). Par J. de Ghellinck, S.J. 2 vols. Paris: Bloud & Gay. 1939.

To the casual reader these two small volumes will probably seem to be no more than another addition to a well-known collection of popular manuals. Their appearance is indeed deceptive, for they contain far more solid learning and breadth of outlook than is usual in publications of this kind. Father de Ghellinck has spent his life among old books, and he knows the literature of the early Middle Ages as few

men have known it. A true bibliophile, he has the scholar's weakness for the out-of-the-way or the newly-discovered treasure; and it is the bare truth to say that these two volumes are packed with erudition which would not easily be found elsewhere. Names that are little known to any but specialised students appear side by side with the more familiar names; but these latter are not listed after the manner of an expert cataloguer. Father de Ghellinck has almost always got something new to say about each author's place in the wide field of medieval learning and culture; and he seldom ends his notice without some seemingly casual remark that reveals accurate acquaintance with the by-paths of modern research. Long years of loving familiarity with these ancient authors have gone to the making of these books.

The first volume contains a section on the Carolingian Renaissance that has special interest for Irish readers. They will find here competent notices of that group of Irish scholars who were drawn into the circle of Carolingian learning; but there is something more than that. Father de Ghellinck draws a sharp distinction between the two stages of the Carolingian period: the earlier stage of an effort to restore Latin learning in Western Europe, with two or three Italian pioneers and Alcuin as the ablest organiser of the group; and the second stage, in which these efforts have begun to bear fruit and Irish scholars like Scotus Eriugena or Sedulius are associated with a number of other scholars, mostly of Frankish origin (Eginhard, Rabanus Maurus, Hincmar of Rheims, Walafrid Strabo, Ratramnus) who have inherited a culture unknown to Western Europe for some three or four centuries. There is also an excellent account of the gradual transition from late classical to medieval forms of verse.

The second volume leads up to a great figure: the Benedictine doctor, Saint Anselm, who appears as the culminating point of Benedictine scholarship during these early centuries. Father de Ghellinck loves Anselm well, and he is right. Few writers have left a deeper mark on medieval thought, and none is more attractive. But Anselm stands midway between the later Renaissance of the twelfth century, whose first great figure he is, and the preceding century of strife and effort. What a century it was! Small wonder that it has left its mark in an amazing output of prose and verse. The central episode is the struggle of the papacy for freedom from German imperialism. Hildebrand, Peter Damian and the imperialist lawyers are here the dominating figures; the pamphleteering activity of those stormy years opens a new chapter in European literature. In the midst of the storm William the Conqueror set out to win a new kingdom, and succeeded. Ordericus Vitalis is the most familiar name of the subsequent Norman chroniclers; but students of Freeman's great *History*

will remember the variety of contemporary annalists and songsters who give colour to the story. That achievement was as of yesterday when the Normans of Southern Italy set out to conquer the Byzantine Empire under Robert Guiscard; and then a Pope on whom Hildebrand's mantle had fallen stirred Europe to the supreme effort of the Crusade. Once again, a host of chroniclers—one of them the anonymous author of the first *Gesta Francorum*. We do not know his name, but he and his fellow-pilgrims live before us in his simple narrative.

Father de Ghellinck tells the story of these first efforts at historical prose. But he gives as much space, and more, to the great scholars of the period: Lanfranc, Yvo of Chartres, Berengarius, Hildebert, Anselm of Laon and, above them all, Anselm of Canterbury. It is a goodly company, and I wish the reader joy of the discoveries he will make in these two volumes. One minor point by way of illustration. Are we not too apt to forget the significance of Lothair's Middle Kingdom in the history of European thought and culture? Lorraine was the centre of an important reforming movement; it was also the centre of much sound literary work. But there were other notable regions, and Father de Ghellinck would rightly protest against any narrow outlook, for his scholarship is essentially European. A. G.

POUR COMPRENDRE LA DIVINE COMEDIE. Par Alexandre Masseron. Paris: Desclée. 1939. 32 fr.

M. Masseron was Secretary to the French Committee which organised France's celebration of the Dante Centenary in 1921. Since that date he has been a popular and most successful lecturer on Dante's poems. In 1922 he published his *Enigmes de la Divine Comédie*. To-day he gives us, in a most useful summary, the substance of his work as a lecturer during the past twenty years. For Dante is little known in France, despite the magic of his great name; and French scholars have done less than English scholars to interpret his poetry and his thought. M. Masseron has no new theories of his own: he is far too familiar with the immense flood of Dante literature to attempt the folly of new interpretations. He has felt a more real need: some simple, straightforward guide, that may help the modern reader, especially the Catholic reader, to venture on a first reading or a closer study of the *Divine Comédie*.

The book opens with a brief summary of the contents of the *Inferno*, *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*; for M. Masseron is well aware that Dante is popularly remembered as the poet of the *Inferno*. A second section, *Mensonge et Vérité*, discusses some of the principal problems raised by the poem's difficult allegory. The third section, *L'Humanité dévoyée*, gives an excellent account of the social and political background of Dante's own life, showing why the poet felt

the need of a guide for mankind, so far astray on the path to beatitude. The fourth section, *La Dantéide*, recalls the suggestion of an Italian eighteenth-century commentator that the poem should be known, not as *La Divina Commedia*, but as *La Dantéide*. Dante's biography is an essential part of his work, and M. Masseron has gone to great trouble to collect in convenient form all the stray allusions to his own career that Dante has inserted, so carefully and sometimes so unobtrusively, in his masterpiece. A final section is devoted to Dante's scientific theories, his moral doctrine and his theory of poetry.

M. Masseron is nowhere startingly original, but he is everywhere most helpful; and he has succeeded in avoiding many of the exaggerations that have brought the literature of Dante's commentators into no small disrepute. Most precious quality of all, he has succeeded in writing a book on the *Divine Comédie* in which the commentators are seldom named, whilst the poet's own words are frequently quoted, and abundant references to the actual text are to be found on every page. We commend this work most heartily to all who may have been discouraged by a first attack on the mysterious allegory of a great poet and thinker. A. G.

THE IRISH DRAMATIC MOVEMENT. By Una Ellis-Fermor. London: Methuen. 1939. 10s. 6d.

We may be a little disappointed at first to find that, despite her title, Miss Fermor covers only the old ground, up to about 1912. But she promises a second volume. And in this one, laying the foundations, her treatment is both fresh and thorough. It is her aim not to compete with such Irish accounts as Mr. A. E. Malone's, but to give an outsider's view. It is time, she thinks, that the Irish drama should be assessed in terms of world drama; with Yeats's death its earlier period passed from national to international, from its moment to all time. Thinking that this drama must hold a permanent and important place, Miss Fermor makes several claims for it, some perhaps new, others not, but more clearly defined and better substantiated than before. It produced at least two great dramatic poets, Synge and Yeats. (Yeats, she says, may not have been primarily a dramatist, but neither were many of the Elizabethans; but he is like them a poetic dramatist because his plays are neither mere library plays nor yet poetry loosely hung on to plays). Irish drama gave back poetry to the whole English-speaking stage; without Yeats there would be no O'Neill, no Eliot, no Auden; this is well made out, and shown to hold when the fullest allowance is made for Ibsen's influence. Thirdly, Irish drama is highly interesting to the student of drama generally because it alone has a full accompanying critical literature. Miss Fermor finds that the papers in which Yeats and Lady Gregory record their problems

and experiments cast light on such dark matters, for example, as Elizabethan dramatic collaboration. Again, the Irish drama and its records are of interest to the language philosopher, who may study here the working out of a new medium. In what she says of this matter I am inclined to think that Miss Fermor errs a little through not knowing enough about earlier Irish literature. She writes as if the language of Irish drama was altogether Gaelicized English. Synge indeed made much use of translated idiom, but he had also the English of Ireland. This had been used in literature for a century, sometimes greatly; and it is probable that his editing of Carleton had put Yeats upon a revival and development of it. Synge and Lady Gregory poured in a strong infusion of Gaelic, but no later dramatist has accepted this.

Here is shown to us the tremendous exertion of Yeats, from whose character the whole movement emanated, in whose poetic faith it was rooted. Drama must be born again, he thought, and he brought it about; starting from first principles so that once again as in the great ages the poet came first, the actor second, the scenery last; working always for his audience, with an admirable combination of yielding and independence.

Lady Gregory's contributions are shown to be, chiefly, the first good use of dialect, the earliest dramatising of the peasant's thrifty hardness, preparing the way for the realists; and above all the creation of a specially Irish type of comedy of errors—a succession of fictitious events, created by the Irish agility of inference and readiness to believe anything, leading to a climax of situation. This was the groundwork of Synge's comedy of mythical character. Unexpected and interesting is the ascription to Lady Gregory of the now common type of history play in which modern and therefore live characters are put in an old environment.

With Synge, Miss Fermor starts from the point that he is a paradox; a dramatist who was a mystic—that is, the sort of poet to whom dramatic expression is normally impossible. He is shown solving the problem by making nature a protagonist in his plays. By marvellous chance he came upon a people in the Aran Islands who were themselves nature mystics, and thus found his characters. (Miss Fermor does not touch on the question how far these islanders were children of Synge's own imagination). She describes Synge as a reviver of old Irish nature poetry; not of the mist and storm only, but also of the brightness, the sweet and sane Celtic noonday, and quotes appositely from Meyer's *Ancient Irish Poetry*. Perhaps more Synge-like than anything she quotes is *Suibhne Geilt*. In this as in Synge the nature intimacy is associated with something like madness, the pathos and delight of rising or sinking out of humanity. Synge was and still is rather feared

and disliked because he played with one of our deepest and most dangerous tendencies. It is well for the outsider to speak of "that delighted exploration of his own personality which Christy Mahon pursues breathlessly through *The Playboy*," and to go on and quote him as henceforth "master of all fights." He is not; the bubble, we know, will burst. How many futile self-glorifiers have there been in Irish literature, down to Joyce and O'Casey! What is amiss is not that Synge presents the type, but that he does so in a manner fatally confused between admiration and satire. *The Playboy's* weakness is that it lacks the norm of right reason, indispensable to comedy; just as, and this Miss Fermor does note, Synge's tragedies lack any religious implication and, therefore, any resolution.

Lastly, Miss Fermor deals with the three first realistic dramatists. I note, as typical of her valuable and often quite fresh observations, just one more; that the wreckage wrought by the determined devotion of strong-willed women (such as Mrs. Harte) was first put on the stage effectively by our dramatists. J. J. H.

MODERN POETRY. Chosen by Robert Lynd. London: Nelson. 1939. 247 pp. 7s. 6d.

IT is natural to compare Mr. Lynd's anthology with Yeats's *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*. Both books begin with Hopkins, Bridges and Hardy and come down to poets still in their early twenties. Roughly the same number of poets appear in each, but Yeats had more space and could therefore give more from the major writers and make them stand out; there are in Mr. Lynd's crowd no such rallying-points. Yeats, again, was much more personal in his choice; he wrote a long introduction, and throughout the book one had some sense of his presence, his comment. Mr. Lynd's preface is sensible but brief; his choice, giving fair and equal space to traditionalists and modernists, is impersonal. It must be added, though, that Yeats's personal touch was not without wilfulness and sometimes wrong-headedness. He gave much space to some who did not really deserve it, and some of his omissions were serious losses. The war poets Yeats omitted almost altogether, even Wilfrid Owen; Mr. Lynd gives them their due. No fewer than thirteen Irish poets excluded from the *Oxford Book* are given here—Dr. Hyde, Katharine Tynan, MacDonagh, Pearse, Seamus O'Sullivan, Kettle, Alice Milligan, Moira O'Neill, Clarke, Ledwidge, Monk Gibbon. Here will be found, not in the other book, some of the things in modern poetry that have become household words: Binyon's

> They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old;
> Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
> At the going down of the sun and in the morning
> We will remember them.

And here is Chesterton's *beer is best*, on which the brewers have conferred the proverbiality of a line of Pope. The poem it comes from is a good one. Chesterton has his place in this anthology, and why should he not? Perhaps he was not a great poet; but he was a great personality and a poet, which is more than can be said for many well-intentioned versifiers whom discretion compels the anthologist to receive while a severer judgment is pending.

Mr. Lynd offers his anthology, well chosen and well turned out, to the young and to the general reader. It should be welcomed by both. J. J. H.

Politics

THE IDEA OF A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY. By T. S. Eliot. London: Faber and Faber. 1939. 5s.

THE subject-matter of Mr. Eliot's book is narrower than his title suggests. He is concerned, no doubt, with the general problem of a Christian Society, and much of what he says has a universal application. Nevertheless he feels that he can only discuss profitably situations with which he is familiar. His present theme is the idea of a Christian society in England and its realisation through or in the Anglican Church. "Your opinion of what can be done for this country in the future, and incidentally your opinion of what ought to be the relations of Church and State, will depend upon the view you take of the contemporary situation. We can abstract three positive historical points: that at which Christians are a new minority in a society of positive pagan traditions—a position which cannot recur within any future with which we are concerned; the point at which the whole society can be called Christian, whether in one body, or in a prior or subsequent stage of division into sects; and finally the point at which practising Christians must be recognised as a minority (whether static or diminishing) in a society which has ceased to be Christian."

England is in this third phase in a sense which Mr. Eliot carefully defines. It has not become positively pagan; it has a culture which is mainly negative, but which, so far as it is positive, is still Christian. It is his contention that this culture cannot remain negative, because a negative culture "has ceased to be efficient in a world where economic as well as spiritual forces are proving the efficiency of cultures which, even when pagan, are positive." The choice before England is between the formation of a new Christian culture and the acceptance of a pagan one.

Liberalism is disappearing from the philosophy of life of the people. It belongs to an age which is passed. "By destroying traditional social habits of the people, by dissolving their natural collective consciousness into individual constituents, by licensing the opinions of the most foolish, by substituting instruction for education, by encourag-

ing cleverness rather than wisdom, the upstart rather than the qualified, by fostering a notion of *getting on* to which the alternative is a hopeless apathy, Liberalism can prepare the way for that which is its own negative: the artificial, mechanised or brutalised control which is a desperate remedy for its chaos."

The fundamental objection to fascist doctrine is that it is pagan. There are other objections, but they are more superficial. The example of Italy shows that the imposition of a pagan theory of the State does not necessarily mean a wholly pagan society. But Italy is an agricultural country. The more highly industrialised the country, the more easily will a materialistic philosophy flourish in it, and Britain is highly industrialised. A system in which Christians are tolerated is not an adequate solution—" the most intolerable thing for Christians is to be tolerated." And a Christian society cannot be made immediately attractive to those who see no prospect of deriving direct personal benefit from it; " even the majority of professing Christians may shrink from it." But the alternatives are to sink into an apathetic decline, without faith, without a philosophy of life, Christian or pagan and without art; or to get a " totalitarian democracy " having much in common with other pagan societies. " To those who can imagine, and are therefore repelled by, such a prospect, one can assert that the only possibility of control and balance is a religious control and balance; that the only hopeful course for a society which would thrive and continue its creative activity in the arts of civilisation, is to become Christian. That prospect involves, at least, discipline, inconvenience and discomfort: but here as hereafter the alternative to hell is purgatory."

Mr. Eliot next proceeds to what he calls " a slight outline of what I conceive to be the essential features " of this Christian society. He makes a working distinction between the Christian State, the Christian Community and the Community of Christians. The State must be in some sense Christian. He does not mean that the rulers are chosen because of their eminence as Christians. " A regiment of Saints is apt to be too uncomfortable to last." What is important is that persons in authority are confined by the temper and traditions of the people to a Christian framework. " They may frequently perform un-Christian acts; they must never attempt to defend their actions on un-Christian principles." In the Christian Community the Christian faith would be ingrained but would express itself in only a largely unconscious behaviour. The Community of Christians, a body of indefinite outline, consisting of both clergy and laity, more spiritually and intellectually developed, would display a conscious Christian life on its highest social level. In working out the relations between these three categories in the Christian society Mr. Eliot has many acute

things to say on such problems as Christian education and the conditions favourable and unfavourable to the arts.

He now comes to the problem of Church and State within the Christian society. He does not discuss the general problem in relation to Christendom as a whole. "I have limited my field to the possibility of a Christian society in England, and in speaking of Church and State it is the Anglican Church that I have in mind." The outline of Christian society given by Mr. Eliot compels certain conclusions. First, unity is vital. The majority of the sheep must belong to one fold. That a diversity of theological views is a good thing is incompatible with the idea of a Christian Society. Mr. Eliot sees very clearly the evils of a nationalistic Christianity. "Truth is one and theology has no frontiers." Therefore any National Church must be part of the Universal Church. Nor can the Universal Church be regarded merely as a pious ideal or as a kind of spiritual League of Nations. "The allegiance of the individual to his own Church is secondary to his allegiance to the Universal Church. Unless the National Church is a part of the whole, it has no claim upon me." "And what is worst of all is to advocate Christianity not because it is true, but because it might be beneficial." "It is not enthusiasm, but dogma, that differentiates a Christian from a pagan society." The higher devotional forms of life cannot be regarded as of minor importance in such a society. "I cannot conceive a Christian society without religious orders, even purely contemplative orders, even enclosed orders." The logic of this argument leads far, but not farther than Mr. Eliot is prepared to go. Whether the Church of England would be prepared to follow is another question. In this book Mr. Eliot is not concerned with the problem of how such a Christian society can be brought about. He is dealing with the end rather than the means. D. O'K.

EUROPEAN NOTE-BOOK. By Bernard Wall. London; Sheed & Ward. 1939. 7s. 6d. net.

This Note-Book is also something of a scrap-book; and not all the scraps are of equal worth. It betrays a certain haste in compilation as well as in proof-reading. Some pages are unnecessarily involved and obscure, while a few minor slips have escaped the proof-reader's eye.

This may seem unpropitious. But it is only put first to clear the way for the praise which the little volume as a whole deserves. Mr. Christopher Hollis has styled it "the most admirable of books" (*Tablet*, Dec. 11, 1939). Superlatives are proverbially dangerous; but we can, and indeed must, say that it is truly admirable. It will prove invaluable to all who, cut off from close contact with the continent of Europe, yet wish to understand the international tension which has led up to the present fatal impasse.

Mr. Wall possesses one advantage over most English writers who discuss the European conditions. He holds the faith of Europe—inasmuch as it retains any faith at all—and they do not. This enables him to penetrate to the roots of the spiritual problems agitating continental peoples. Hence his criticisms and analyses are thoroughly informative. Nor are they, on the other hand, one-sided or bigoted. They are too intelligent for that. He has collected his impressions from so many sources by personal investigation on the spot that we get a very vivid picture of the whole psyche of Europe just before the outbreak of the war. Even if here and there we may differ from his views, we cannot deny their verisimilitude and for the most part we can only agree, with an added appreciation of the reasons for agreement.

Though written before the outbreak of hostilities, the book is still valid and useful. Peace can only come through understanding; and this little work will contribute greatly to that end.

There is much one would like to cite and discuss, if space permitted. One extract, out of many equally prescient, will enable us to see how accurate were the views this outside observer was able to elicit from his sources. It deals with Poland, and we must remember that it was written prior to the *Blitzkrieg*, which fulfilled to the letter the apprehensions felt in advance: "Fixed between two immense empires, as they are, the real fear of the Poles is that Germany and Russia should come to terms and crush Poland between them as at the time of the partition. The industrial and military results of such a union between two complementary empires are obvious; and there are many Poles who are inclined to think that the controlled economies of the Nazi State give Germany more in common with Russia economically, as the years pass, while in Russia Stalin would need but few alterations to make the ideology not incompatible with the German. Such a combination might indeed come to dominate the world."

It is perhaps in dealing with Italy that Mr. Wall is most likely to be useful to English public opinion, which in general is both prejudiced and ill-informed with regard to the peninsula that is the very cradle of European culture. Religious bias and old propaganda obscure the facts for the English-speaking world almost as much in the case of Italy as of Spain. Yet Christopher Hollis wisely warns his countrymen: "We may be able to win the War without Italian assistance. We cannot possibly win the Peace."

Indeed the lesson of this Note-Book is that war threatens to become endemic in Europe because of racial animosities based, for a large part at least, on the fact that the various nations have drifted so far apart on first principles that mutual comprehension has become increasingly difficult. If this goes on, we can only hope for stability when some conquering race has made a solitude and styled it peace.

P. J. Gannon

Philosophy

L'ESPRIT. By Jacques Maritain. Paris: Desclée de Brouwer. 1939. 20 fr.

THESE four essays on some of the stranger results of the union of soul and body show M. Maritain behaving well in somewhat disreputable company. For he here fraternises with the psychoanalyst, the yogi, the caveman, and the communist.

An essay on the psychology of magic will especially interest serious philosophers. It begins with a penetrating exposition of the philosophy of the sign. On this foundation M. Maritain builds an illuminating interpretation of the mentality of primitive man. It is the same mentality as our own but in another state, the state of submission to magic; this consists in substituting an imaginative for an intellectual sign and in an identification, never fully assented to even by the primitives themselves, of the sign with what it signifies. Thus the idol, the imaginative sign, is adored as a god, but with some misgiving that it is not quite satisfactory, not quite a god. Man's progress therefore is not from religion to science but from a dim condition of religion *and* science to a brighter state of both. M. Maritain sees in modern western occultism a reversion to the dimness in a second childhood.

Not so, however, in the occultism of the Hindus. He explains their natural mysticism (and he declares with truth that the evidence for the fact of natural mysticism is too impressive to be scorned) as an expulsion from the consciousness of all definite thoughts, or of any thought of "the other," so that in a state of intellectual abnegation the adept can intuit his own soul. This indeed he cannot see in essence, but he can see it as an existence; and thus he can contemplate existence *ut sic*, hence as including dimly in its intelligibility its source, the Supreme *Being*. M. Maritain thinks that asceticism can render this self-intuition possible. The theory has its difficulties, but it is attractive and suggestive. In the last essay M. Maritain shows that a philosophy based purely on scientific empiricism (and communism is such) misses all that is important by its contempt for metaphysics.

But the fourth essay on psychoanalysis does not leave the same impression of masterly speculation. As one would expect, M. Maritain's general verdict on Freud is orthodox. He rejects Freud's principle of mechanical determinism by the unconscious in favour of conscious self-control. But he admits the existence of the unconscious, not merely of the subconscious. Moreover he is not content with an unconscious furnished with the *determinations* of psychic activity (habits, *species impressae*, etc.) such as St. Thomas explicitly admits, but he will have it that there are unconscious psychic activities, thoughts

and elicited desires, *pensées inconnues, englouties dans les eaux de l'inconscient.* But if thought can be unconscious, then surely consciousness becomes unessential to thought, an epiphenomenon such as Herbert Spencer describes; self-control explicable only as conscious control vanishes; thought becomes a mechanical directive, and Freud's iron determinism is vindicated. If the unconscious is rejected, not much remains to Freud's credit. Most people will agree with his principle that the conscious recovery of the forgotten is often a cure for a phobia. But is there any revolutionary note in the doctrine that fear disappears when attention is directed to the inadequacy of its cause? Nevertheless this book on the whole is one of M. Maritain's most fascinating. A. L.

COSMOLOGIA. Auctore G. Esser, S.V.D. Techny (Illinois): Mission Press. 1939. Pp. xix and 357.

Cosmology, the philosophy of nature, aims at applying philosophical principles to scientific data and thus building up a coherent system of knowledge about the material universe. The author of *Cosmologia* accordingly begins by analysing the elusive notions of quantity, space and time. Ancient and modern opinions on these and allied questions are critically considered. No opinions are accepted unless they are supported by sound arguments. When dealing with the modern scientific contention that material beings can have four or more dimensions, Fr. Esser points out that such a contention cannot be proved nor on the other hand can it be refuted. A sceptical attitude is also adopted towards the theory of relativity, although the author seems to take for granted the value of the Michelson-Morley experiments on which the whole theory depends. Perhaps, when dealing with this matter, mention might have been made of Dr. Miller's experiments, which, by revealing ether-drift, seem to shake the pillars of Einstein's theory (Cf. *Nature*, vol. 116, p. 49ff).

In the sphere of organic cosmology it is conceded that evolution transcends the systematic species but not the limits of the phyla and classes. Metaphysical problems are also carefully considered. The traditional arguments favouring a real distinction between matter and form are subjected to searching criticism. The Thomist and Scotist concepts of prime matter are clearly expounded, but neither side is taken. The same impartial attitude is adopted towards the controversy about the plurality (*versus* unicity) of forms in an organism.

The Latin style of *Cosmologia* is simple and clear, the theses are well chosen and systematically treated—proofs in syllogistic form being followed by the solution of difficulties. But the chief merit of the work lies in its clear and succinct summaries of modern scientific theories and their philosophical bearings (for instance, the theory of

relativity, the quantum theory, etc.). In these and other matters Fr. Esser steers clear of obscurity and prolixity—the Scylla and Charybdis of philosophical excursions. T. V. F.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAW OF JAMES WILSON. A Study in Comparative Jurisprudence. By William F. Obering, S.J., Ph.D Philosophical Studies of the American Catholic Philosophical Association. Washington : Catholic University of America. 1938.

This monograph on the legal philosophy of an eminent American Jurist has a wider interest than one might at first suppose. It in fact raises a general problem which has not been sufficiently studied—the influence of Catholic philosophy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The writer finds in Wilson, who seems to have had little direct access to Catholic philosophers and theologians, many doctrines and principles which ultimately can have come from no other source. He shows how such doctrines were transmitted by many writers like Hooker and Grotius. The common medieval theory that political power comes from God to the ruler through the people—a theory revived and restated by Saint Robert Bellarmine and Suarez—was very influential in the seventeenth century. It was, of course, usually misunderstood by those who, like the Parliamentary pamphleteers, used it as an argument for democracy. It would greatly add to the value of this careful piece of work if the author had added an efficient index. D. O'K.

THE SCIENCE OF LOGIC. By P. Coffey, Ph.D. 2 vols.
ONTOLOGY OR THE THEORY OF BEING. By P. Coffey, Ph.D.
EPISTEMOLOGY OR THE THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE. By P. Coffey, Ph.D. 2 vols. New York : Peter Smith. London : Longmans. 1938. 15s. each volume.

It would be superfluous to review the philosophical works of Dr. Coffey at this time of day. It is over twenty years since the last work on Epistemology appeared and over twenty-five years since the first work on Logic appeared, and during that time they have been recognised as standard works on their subjects : the fullest and in many respects the completest scholastic treatises in English. They represent very well the strength, coherence and adaptability of scholastic philosophy. In all the subjects that Dr. Coffey treats there is felt the whole coherent background and foundation of its metaphysics. The books are long and the discussions at times prolix ; but they are always intelligent, close-reasoned and cogent. Dr. Coffey meets objections fairly and squarely ; he is never satisfied with a verbal or purely systematic answer.

The republication of these works will be welcome news to students

of philosophy. The first edition has been long exhausted. The rare copies that turned up in second-hand catalogues were marked 'out of print.' By arrangement with Longmans the five volumes are republished by Peter Smith, New York, just as they appeared in the first edition—with no change; even the dedication to Cardinal Mercier, written in 1912, has been preserved and tends to give a sense of age to the book. But it is to be regretted that they are not brought up to date. The twenty-five years that have passed since they were first published has been a time of great philosophical activity and fecundity: a time of wide and deep discussions which have inevitably resulted in an advance—at once intensive and extensive. In a revised edition of his Logic one would like to see a discussion and estimation of Logistics, that attempt to algebraicise the relatios of terms and propositions, which has been developed by Couturat and Bertrand Russell; and in his volume on Induction one would like to see a discussion of the theory of scientific investigation and explanation of Meyerson.

His Epistemology is Dr. Coffey's most valuable work. It is a thorough and successful defence of the validity of knowledge from scholastic principles; it is at once loyal to tradition and honestly progressive. It bears a deep impress of the ideas and methods of Mercier and Jeannière. But Dr. Coffey maintains his independence and always thinks for himself; and it is worth noting that he abandons his masters on two important points: the nature of initial doubt and the use of the principle of causality in sense experience; and in this he has anticipated the judgement of all later scholastics. Mercier was a pioneer in epistemology; and although his solution of the critical problem has not been accepted even by his successors in Louvain, yet his attempt has done much to focus attention on what is the main problem in modern philosophy, both within and without the School. Dr. Coffey's solution is partially that of Mercier: he finds the justification of the mind in its acceptance of immediate judgements of the ideal order. That is a position which many later writers would accept—*e.g.* Maritain, Garrigou-Lagrange, Jolivet, etc. Still others would consider that it is not radical enough: they would say that the abstract order itself must be justified and that the fundamental solution must be sought in an intellectual, concrete intuition in which *actual* being is apprehended. Dr. Coffey's examination of Kant on all the great epistemological questions and also his treatment of sense cognition are very full and acute.

But here too there is the unmistakable sense of the passage of time: the feeling that the philosophical landscape has changed. Within twenty years there has been an enormous lot written on the critical problem by scholastics. The extent of the progress made may be gathered by noting the number of questions that now occupy much

attention, but had scarcely been heard of when Dr. Coffey wrote. Some of these points are: the great importance given to the ninth article of the first question of *De Veritate*, in which St. Thomas's final justification of the mind is being sought and on which an entire criteriology is being built up; the theory of Père Maréchal, which (whether it is accepted or not) bears the stamp of genius; the theory of Père Picard, which is so close to Descartes and yet so far away; the methodical realism of Gilson; the immensely important effort to estimate the objective value of the new scientific knowledge, to determine whether it is a form of realism or of conceptualism, a question on which Maritain has done much good work; the phenomenology of Husserl; the new realism among English and American thinkers: etc. These are some of the questions which we look for in a full modern treatise of epistemology—but they have come to the fore only within the last twenty years. In ontology also certain questions have assumed proportions that they had not when Dr. Coffey wrote. As an example we might cite the treatment given to analogy and to essence and existence in Père Descoq's *Metaphysica Generalis*.

These lacunae do not reflect in any way on the learning or ability of the author: they are simply inevitable in the circumstances. We finish this notice with the wish that Dr. Coffey would bring out a revised edition of his Epistemology: such a work would be a notable contribution to the solution of what is just now the most vital question in scholastic and indeed in all philosophy. H. K.

Theology

THE THEOLOGY OF PRAYER. By Joseph Clifford Fenton, D.D. Member of the Faculty of Sacred Theology in the Catholic University of America. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company. 1939. $2.25.

This is a learned, complete and very American exposition of the Summa IIa IIae, Quaestio LXXXIII, De Oratione. It treats of prayer *sub specie petitionis*. Prayer in its ultimate analysis is petition—with "of becoming things" as a logical difference to distinguish, where necessary, prayer to God from the solicitation of an electoral office by some carpet-bagging politician. There are some prayers, still in use, which date from the time of Louis XIV and remind one of an harangue addressed by one periwigged personage to another. Perhaps there was more dignity about a *Président à mortier* than a candidate for an American judgeship or for a post as District Attorney; but the note of petition is common to both.

There is a great danger in exclusive over-simplification. Old

Butler's Catechism told us in answer to what is prayer : " An elevation of the soul to God . . ." (and the rest). But is prayer anything else ? it proceeded. " An humble petition to God for all necessaries, etc." There are then two elements in prayer : elevation of the soul and petition. But they are one and inseparable. Dr. Fenton starts with the concept of petition, and by an able dialectic reduces the Anabasis of the Soul to petition. We cannot ask from God without a mental and moral ascent to Him. But then, as we are *creatures* and He is *creator,* we cannot ascend to Him without petition. If we exclude petition from prayer we are quietists of the worst breed ; and if we do not raise up our minds to God or, better said, if we do not have our minds raised up to Him by His Grace, our petition is not prayer as the Church understands it.

Dr. Fenton's reduction of the Anabasis to petition is very ingenious. Can the souls in Purgatory pray ? Dr. Fenton inclines to the negative view. The souls cannot petition ; therefore they cannot pray ! Again Dr. Fenton seems to regard the values of meditation and contemplation as only cashable at the petition counter ! I wonder what kind of comment the learned Doctor would make on *The Cloud of Unknowing* and on that saying of St. Antony's " *Non est perfecta oratio in qua monachus se vel hoc ipsum quod orat intelligit.*" If petition is the *essence* of prayer, the Anabasis of the Mind to God is the *existence* of prayer. They are principles you cannot separate in the concrete act. If for purposes of exposition we distinguish these principles, we must (it seems to me) avoid exclusiveness. Dr. Fenton's system may be sound dogmatically, though more anthropocentric than is quite seemly or even safe. The super-Marthas who study him attentively and devoutly with a view to practice, should look out for more than an average share of scruples.

As a theology of petitionary prayer Dr. Fenton's book is excellent, though personally I would prefer St. Thomas's *Quaestio* taken neat. The last chapters dealing with contemplative prayer are sketchy, and their orientation is, I think, very questionable. To treat meditation and still more mystical contemplation as " ordered " towards petition is, to say the least, an excessive view. The theorists of " pur amour " like Fénelon may have erred, but surely all prayer cannot be reduced to " amour intéressé." There are hardly any direct references to the teaching of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross in this book. Prayer=Petition, and hence a number of things which we usually consider as prayer are treated as " trimmings." If it were merely a theology of Petitionary Prayer, one would have no fault to find. We are all beggars before God ; but some, like St. Teresa, want to serve the Eternal King as " gentlemen."

JOHN HOWLEY

WHY THE CROSS. By Rev. Edward Leen, C.S.Sp., M.A., D.D. London: Sheed and Ward. 1938. 7s. 6d. net.

THE TRUE VINE AND ITS BRANCHES. By Rev. Edward Leen. London: Burns Oates & Washbourne. 1938. 7s. 6d.

Dr. Leen is a past master in the art of adapting the speculations of theologians to devout use. His books supply us with ample material for enlarging the scope of those "grandes considérations" which freshen and illuminate the daily meditation and save us from the repetition of trite thoughts. He gives the directors of retreats silos of green fodder for their sheep, and the patient nun or cleric, or even the pious layman who meditates, can draw for themselves fresh and juicy food for spiritual mastication.

Nova et vetera! Meditation is not the tramp of the ass or the ox in a perpetual circle; there must be some new ground to cover, some new grain to grind, or weariness will grip you. Few can find this new grain for themselves in Holy Writ or in memories of past retreats. The Ignatian ideal is hard to live up to; we need help to select our thoughts and to understand what we read and think. We need someone who will bring to us the old and the new. That is Dr. Leen's great service, he freshens up the musty tomes of theology and makes from them a palatable spiritual meal.

In *Why the Cross* Dr. Leen studies the Fall and the Passion with great and interesting detail. He possesses that art of telepsychology which enables the spiritual writer's imagination to body forth "the form of things unknown," to transcend the data of Holy Writ and fill in the gaps left by the Evangelists. It is an exercise of the pious imagination, grounded on Ignatian principles, but very often passing beyond prudent limits. For example what justification has Dr. Leen for writing: "He suffered violence and insult from men *and from women*" (*Why the Cross*, p. 346, italics mine) or on p. 353: "In the days of innocence He walked *in human form* under the trees of paradise" (italics mine)? Here we have speculative theological conclusions treated as history, which seems to me excessive. Again, on p. 315, he credits, not to the priests but to the mob, the whispered in Pilate's ear "We have no king but Caesar."

In *The True Vine and Its Branches* Dr. Leen deals with the development of the spiritual life of the Christian in a very luminous and attractive fashion. I think it will appeal to our separated brethren more perhaps than to the old hardened shell-backs of Peter's ship. He does not shock or jolt the reader. He makes Christ very human, perhaps too human for our times, when the world is once more Arian. But there is a great charm about his treatment of Jesus of Nazareth and His Mother, a charm that I think will appeal to the religious Protestant, even to the free-thinker who has a sympathy with the

carpenter's son. Dr. Leen is superb in his treatment of the child as model for the spiritual life. Wonderful the influence of Teresa of Lisieux!

I hope the admirers of Dr. Leen will forgive my carping. Every book that is worth while has its defects. The perfect volume is dull or inspired. John Howley

Miscellaneous

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION VERSUS THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE. By Albert Eagle. Published by the Author, The University, Manchester; also obtainable from Simpkin Marshall, London. 1935. 5s.

This book is strange but interesting for its virtuosity in speculation. It is indeed more effective when destructive of falsehood than when it essays to construct the truth. Explicitly intended for ministers of religion whose flocks are being seduced by scientific propaganda, it is very impressive as an attack upon the dogmatic materialism of fashionable science. But the ministers of religion will feel rather bewildered when they are invited to accept, as apparently the only alternative to materialism, a complex of pantheism (despite the author's disclaimer) and spiritism.

The author first outlines the now orthodox argument to prove that electrons, should they move with the velocity of light, would have infinite mass. All electrons therefore, he says, are non-material realities—presumably because it will follow that their mass can no longer be considered in terms of spatial extension. Now he argues that, since the ultimate parts are not extended, bodies that resist each other must be composed of electrons vibrating in period. But bodies whose ultimate parts vibrate out of period can interpenetrate and thus, coincident in space with this world, we can have a multitude of other worlds each utterly unknowable and inaccessible to any inhabitants that may exist in any of the others.

We may say in criticism of this rousing doctrine that the argument proves no more than that the older physicists wrongly associated what they called mass with volume; but it does not disprove the existence of volume. Even if the author had validly concluded to the existence of the *ens punctuale* or unextended but localised being, he would only have proved of it one of many conditions necessary for pure immateriality. True Thomists would be perplexed to assign it a place in their philosophical status. It would seem, for instance, (and it is a heartening thought) that a punctual being can never be in time. Meanwhile enough has been said to suggest that Mr. Eagle, and indeed his friends the spiritists, have after all a very material concept of what is spiritual.

Mr. Eagle then excellently shows that the development of the mature plant from the seed is insufficiently explained if the seed is regarded as a mere agglomerate of chemical elements without some additional reality superior in organising power to brute matter. But it is not clear that one must therefore conclude with him to a complete non-physical body composed of " non-material matter " controlling the organism's growth and development. Man, he holds, is composed of four substances : (1) the physical body ; (2) the non-physical body as in plants ; (3) the mind or stuff in which ideas or memories gathered from without reside (a naive subjectivism which takes all knowledge almost literally for a picture in the knowing subject leads the author to postulate a special screen for it which he calls mind) ; (4) finally there is the inner-ego or personality, the *penetralia* of the innate individual character (the inner-ego is " perhaps roughly spherical ").

Since creation out of nothing seems to him unthinkable, Mr. Eagle holds that the ultimate substance, God, is the only substance and that the world is but a pattern on His surface. This is a precise statement of the essence of pantheism. Nevertheless man's non-physical body, his mind and inner-ego, survive the death of the physical body and continue to inhabit the place of our world but in an interpenetrating world of their own. Mr. Eagle shows convincingly that there is no immediate danger of overpopulation in the next world, since every soul that has died since man began can still possess more than ten billion square miles of space for itself alone.

Nevertheless it would be a thousand pities if dissatisfaction with the author's own philosophy blinded readers to the real achievement of his work. It is a telling polemic against Materialism. The chapters that attack relativity and the principle of indeterminacy (despite the author's advice to neglect the first one) should be seriously considered by all who do not base their belief in doctrines solely on the prestige of their exponents. Finally, the author will not take it amiss if we advise him to take a look (or another one) into St. Thomas. Not all ministers of religion are as helpless as he deems before the challenge of physical science. Their inability is not to find an answer but to make that answer intelligible to a public uninstructed in philosophy. A. L.

RELIGIONS OF UNBELIEF. By André Bremond, S.J., Professor of Philosophy, Maison Saint-Louis, Jersey. Milwaukee ; Bruce Publishing Company. 1939. $1.75.

Bons chiens chassent de race. If we knew nothing about Père André except that he was the brother of Henri Bremond, we would have the right to expect not merely good writing, but learning, skilled swordsmanship, and perhaps a touch of that gentle inimitable *malice*

which made the illustrious Academician a real Immortal. But Père André Bremond is a seasoned knight who has won his spurs in many a field of classical and philosophical battle. The present series of essays should interest those without as well as those within the Fold; for like his brother, Père André knows how to talk to "those other sheep"—always a very difficult task for those who have not bought their citizenship at a great price.

You can only discuss religion usefully with an unbeliever when you understand thoroughly his point of view. The mere capacity to answer objections is useless, if you fail to appreciate the force of these difficulties to one who has not received the light of Faith. Simple answers, obvious to the believer, will not cut any ice. Refutation is good, but conviction of sin is better. We have got to meet the unbeliever on his own ground, to take him at his best, to show him that best is inadequate, and give him, with the help of God, a Divine discontent with himself and his systems. If we can only help him to see that what is best in him points to Christ and that what holds him back is not his better mind, but his worse; if we can do this, we will have done for him all that human wit can do; the rest is the Grace of God. *Non in dialectica complacuit Deus salvum facere populum suum.*

The present volume of essays should do good work in this direction. They take up and examine the efforts made by unbelievers of various types to find a substitute for religion. The fourth chapter on Wells's Invisible King is a model of this type of exposition.

> Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
> Full without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Wells, that Thackeray turned theologian, has such a theory of his god which seems the obverse of Article 7 in Question 8 of the Summa, Tertia Pars. One does not need to be a prophet to guess the name of the Invisible King. But Père André, wise and charitable man, shuns a gibe of this sort and deals with Wells's elucubrations in grave and wise fashion.

We are grateful to the Bruce Company for giving us these essays in such an excellently printed volume. Their books are a pure physical pleasure to handle, a worthy dress for worthy matter. JOHN HOWLEY

CLÁR LITRIDHRACHT NA NUA-GHAEDHILGE, 1850-1936. I. Na Leabhra. Risteárd de Hae, LL.D., agus Brighid Ní Dhonnchadha, B.A., do chuir i n-eagar. Áth Cliath: Oifig dhíolta Foillseacháin Rialtais. 1938. Leathanaigh 287. 3s. glan.

BIBLIOTHECA CELTICA, 1929-33. New Series. Vol. I. Aberystwyth: Llyfrgell Genedlaethol Cymru. 1939. Pp. 422. 5s. post free.

THESE volumes from the National Libraries of Ireland and Wales suggest that cataloguing on a giant scale has now a prominent place

in the work of all such institutions. Dr. Hayes and his assistant give a complete list of the books published (whenever written) in Irish between 1850 and 1936. Though text-books of Mathematics, Geography, Grammar, Dictionaries and the like remain unmentioned, the volume is of impressive bulk. There are seven main divisions—periodicals, the history of literature and literary criticism, prose, drama, poetry, first lines of poems, and an index. No labour has been spared to make the list complete. Even the text-books of poetry for schools are catalogued exhaustively. It will certainly not be the fault of the National Library if students of Modern Irish fail to find their way through the labyrinth of its printed literature.

The volume from Wales is in part more restricted, in part more elaborate in its scope. It deals with a period of four years only, but it covers everything written in the Celtic languages or relating to any of the Celtic countries or peoples. The number of Welsh books and articles listed is immense. School-books, Michelin Tyre Co. maps, pass-lists of matriculation students, examination papers, nursing and other handbooks take their place beside works in Welsh, Irish and English literature. Even typescript lucubrations are not disdained. Two titles from the last-mentioned class may be quoted: "Memorandum on the Position of Farmers' Co-operative Societies dealing in Milk" and "Partial Protection of the Fresh Pork Market." In the matter of library catalogues, at any rate, it looks as if the Celtic Peoples are entering into a Golden Age. S. M.

Biography—(*continued from p.* 679)

SAINT CLEMENT, C.SS.R. Patron of Vienna. By John Carr, C.SS.R. London: Sands. 1939. 3s. 6d.

"Poor Poland! I see thee dripping blood" . . . "The news from Germany could not be more disheartening. Throughout all Germany, they are talking of a religious system entirely independent of Rome; in fact, the establishment of a church that will be neither Catholic nor Lutheran seems imminent." These are but two quotations taken from Fr. Carr's book to illustrate the very close parallel between the Central Europe of Clement Mary Hofbauer and that of our own day. In fact, one has at times only to substitute the name Faulhaber or Galen for that of Hofbauer, and one is reading modern history. The same post that brought Fr. Carr's account of the Apostle of Vienna, brought also news of the arrest of Pater Bichlmayr, S.J., who perhaps more than any other one man deserves the title of Apostle of modern Vienna. To get really "inside Europe," a study of the period covered by this book will be more useful than all the exciting but shallow pages of John Gunther. To understand Hitler, one must understand the Austria from which he sprang. And that Austria was in great part the product of that Josephinism which St. Clement spent so much

of his life in combatting. The period of the book is the period of the Seven Years' War, the Partitions of Poland, the *Aufklärung*, the French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars and the Congress of Vienna. The names of Catherine II, Kosciusko, Metternich, Frederick William III, Napoleon, Davoust and Archduke Maximilian appear again and again in its pages.

Clement Mary Hofbauer would have felt quite at home in the bewildering change of frontiers which has marked the growth of the Third Reich. Hofbauer was the German equivalent chosen by his father for the Slavonic name of Dvorác, when he came to settle in Moravia. And on several mornings of his life the saint woke up to find that he owed a new political allegiance. What a modern touch there is about this extract from a letter of his written in Suabia in 1806 : " I have news for you : since yesterday we belong to Bavaria " !

It was in 1784 that Clement entered the novitiate of the Redemptorists at San Giuliano, fifty-two years after the foundation of the congregation which he was destined to extend to Northern Europe. He had been baker, hermit and university undergraduate in turn. And, if modern hikers need a patron (St. Stanislaus Kostka had seemed the obvious one hitherto), they can scarcely find one better than the singing youth who had tramped three times to Rome before he was twenty-four ! Much of his life, like that of St. Paul, was to be spent " in journeying often "—indeed, his character as well as the circumstances of his life often remind the reader of St. Paul. Within a year of his ordination, he and his great friend Hübl were on the road for Vienna with the great resolve to plant their Congregation north of the Alps. The story of Clement is largely the story of the execution of that resolve. And what a story it is ! He endured perils and hardships by the score ; he faced the Gestapo of the period and often foiled them with his humour ; he suffered vilifications and calumnies that even *Der Stürmer* would hesitate to print ! Warsaw was the scene of his labours for many years. The " Perpetual Mission " of St. Benno's, with its five sermons and three High Masses a day, had a tremendous effect on the spiritual life of the city. But 1808 saw Clement and his brethren savagely expelled : Davoust had his paltry triumph. They headed for Vienna, and there the saint spent the remainder of his life—winning, by his untiring efforts for its sanctification, the title of Patron of Vienna.

Vienna was in a sorry way. Josephinists, Jansenists, Illuminati, Freemasons—all were up and doing, and doing great damage to the Church. Clement took up the challenge, and from the pulpit of St. Ursula's he preached sermons that were anything but *prurientes auribus.* In defiance of Josephinism, he restored the splendour of the ritual, and his Eucharistic devotions and frequent Communion sapped the

foundations of the Jansenists. "*D'Gmüatlichkeit*" which makes the Viennese so charming to converse with and so difficult to convert was a problem for Clement. A Viennese will walk two streets with you to point out his parish church; yet, in all probability, he last saw the interior on Easter Sunday—and then because there happened to be a Mozart Mass with full orchestra! Clement's gruff good-humour was just the thing to win their hearts; and one must admire the Providence which gave a singing apostle to the city of Schubert, Strauss and Lanner. He had a real understanding too for the problem of the Catholic man of letters, and he would have agreed with François Mauriac that the solution lies in "purifying the source." He gradually gathered about him an influential group of writers. Foremost among them was Schlegel, who became one of the saint's most intimate friends. Schlegel's wife, Dorothy, Mendelssohn's daughter, was also of the group, as were Klinkowström and the volcanic Werner. Amongst the university students too he exercised a remarkable influence. They gathered often in his room; and there is a charming picture of the saint seated in the midst of a merry group with a cloth over his head to ensure some measure of recollection for the preparation of an urgent sermon. This very topical saint had even his black-out!

During the Congress of Vienna he played a very important though hidden part. He was in close contact with many of the delegates and was confessor to the Crown Prince of Bavaria. That Wessenberg failed in his plan for a national church was in no small measure due to the efforts of Clement.

Worn out by his labours, Clement did not live to see the full realisation of his life's ambition—the solid foundation of his Congregation in Austria. He died at noon on the 15th of March 1820; but, before evening, the Emperor had signed the decree that admitted the Redemptorists to Austria, and next morning it was laid on the dead saint's breast. May his patronage be a pledge for the resurrection of that sad, gay, captivating, beautiful city that is Vienna!

We wish Fr. Carr's excellent book many readers, though we fear it will be somewhat marred for many of them by the frequency with which the author points the finger of edification. A good life of saint speaks for itself; and the straightforward earnestness of St. Clement, backed by a wealth of illustrative incident, makes comment almost superfluous. D. O'S.

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